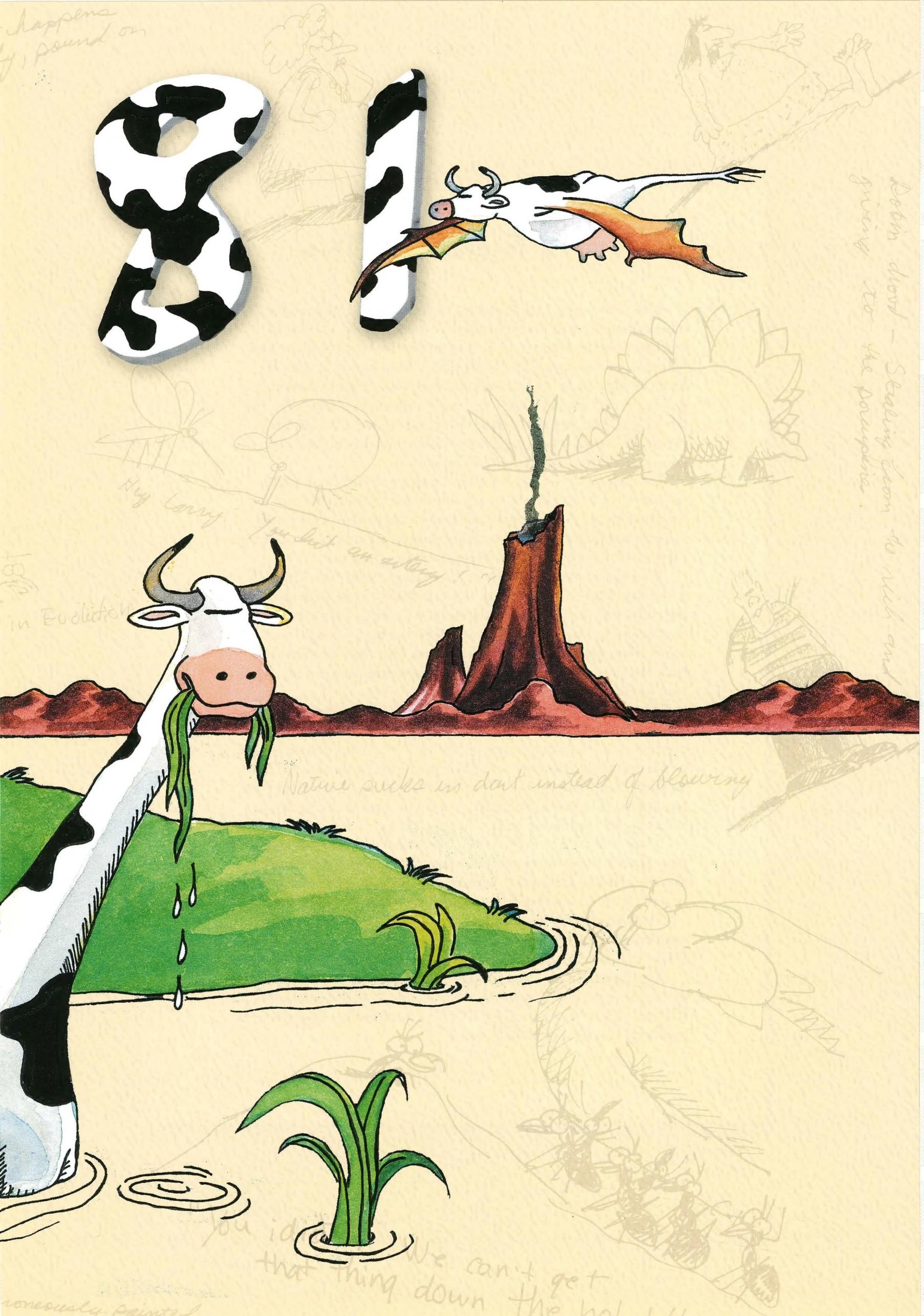


happens
if you sound on
a piano

Robin hood - Scaling from the rich and
giving to the poor people.



With a Friend Like This ...

Many years ago, I traveled with my friend Ernie to a remote, mountainous area in northern Mexico. Ernie was the curator of reptiles at our local zoo, and he had invited me to accompany him on a mission to capture and bring back a little-known species of Mexican king snake. (Okay—it's not everyone's dream vacation, I grant you; but getting a tan on a beach somewhere always gave me the willies.) Oh, one other thing: Ernie was insane. Not clinically insane, of course—just your garden variety, watch-your-ass-when-you're-around-this-person kind of insane.

One afternoon we had been exploring a potential king snake habitat when I turned over a rock and discovered a couple of huge whip scorpions. (Some people call them vinegarroons, but for the three entomologists who have always dogged my trail on these details, I'll formally identify them as *Mastigoproctus giganteus*.)

I wanted to photograph these interesting critters, but I had left my camera back at camp. I did, however, have a large collecting jar in my backpack. Gingerly, I herded the slow-moving scorpions into the container, figuring I would simply schlep the happy couple back to camp, photograph them, and release them later. But we didn't get back to camp until dusk, so the photo-op would have to wait a day. I set the jar aside, next to some gear.

The next morning, warm and cozy inside my sleeping bag, I awoke to hear Ernie moving about, making a fire and getting breakfast together. I was reluctant to get up myself, since it was always so cold in the mornings before the sun got a good grip on the day. So I just lay there in my bag with only my face exposed. I still remember the tranquility of it all—surrounded by saguaro cacti, listening to the crackling fire, staring up at the Mexican sky.

That's when Ernie walked over. He paused and stood over me, then lifted a corner of my bag with one arm and plunged his other arm deep inside. He quickly withdrew it and leaped backward. A few seconds later, he was doubled up with laughter.

I still wasn't fully awake, and I remember just looking at him, wondering, what was the deal? And then I saw something in his hand. It was a jar. *The jar. Whip Scorpion Inn.* And the Inn was now vacant.

The basic scenario came groggily into focus. Ernie plus jar, minus whip scorpions, plus strange behavior (common with Ernie), plus laughter equals WHIP SCORPIONS (or, technically, *Mastigoproctus giganteus*) IN MY SLEEPING BAG!

There are people who claim your entire life flashes before you when disaster is imminent. I assure you that if the disaster involves something that looks like this (close to life-size, I might add) ...



your life will definitely not flash. This is all you're going to see.

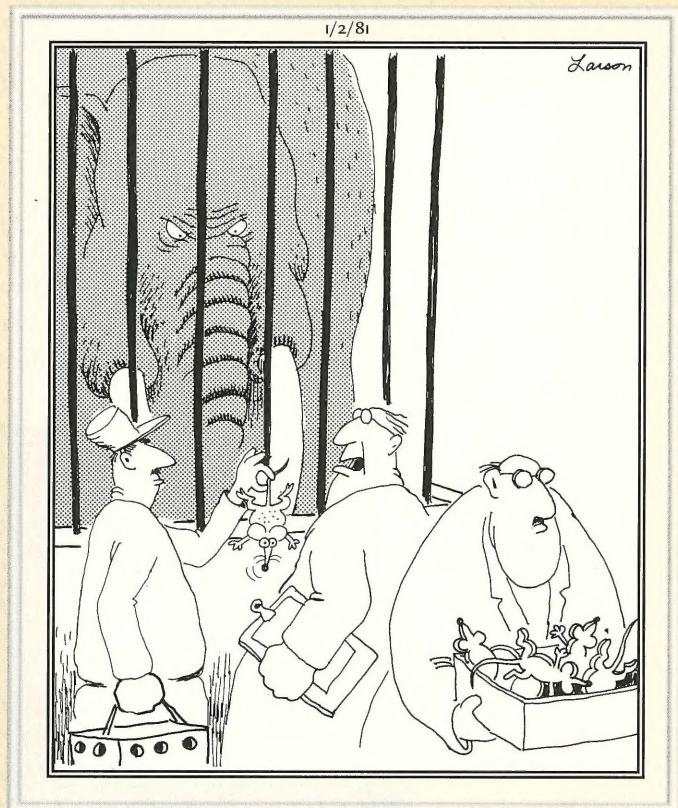
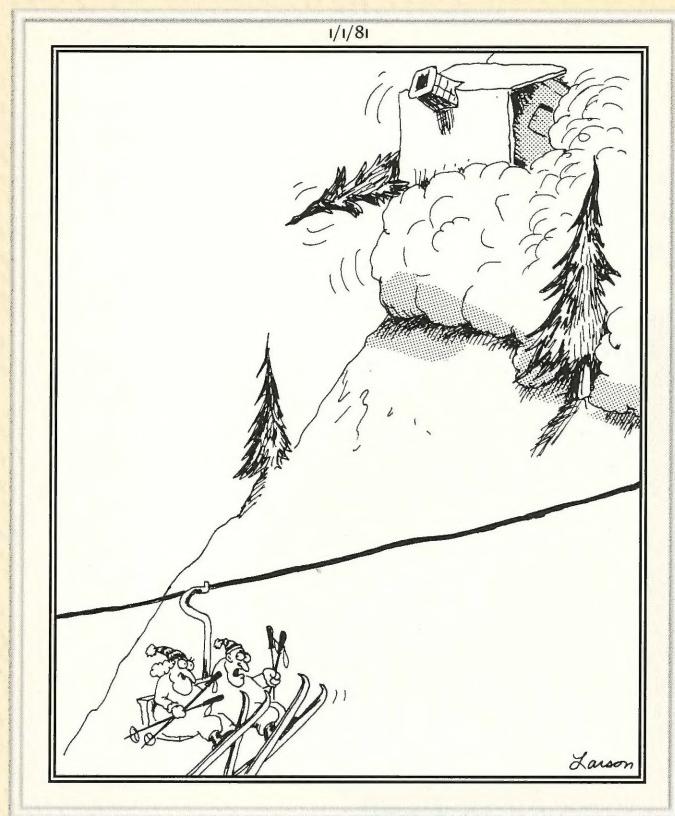
I was now awake. Whip scorpions are not dangerous (no stingers), but look at this animal again. I ask you: Does it matter it can't sting?

It's interesting to note how quickly the nervous system can switch gears. Without a hitch, my brain shifted from dreamily contemplating the Natural World to the more basic there's-a-scorpion-in-my-bed mode. As a cartoonist, I enjoyed plumbing this aspect of human nature, the phobias and common fears many of us have to one degree or another—I just don't like to be personally involved in the research. (Especially, I might add, when it involves an arachnid whose Latin name ends with *giganteus*.)

I didn't bother with the zipper; I just shot out of that bag as if it was on fire—screaming, I'm afraid, like a girl cartoonist. When I finally stopped jumping around, one of the whip scorpions was clinging to my shirt collar. Another round of jumping, please. Between fits of laughter, Ernie kept saying, "God, if only I had a camera!"

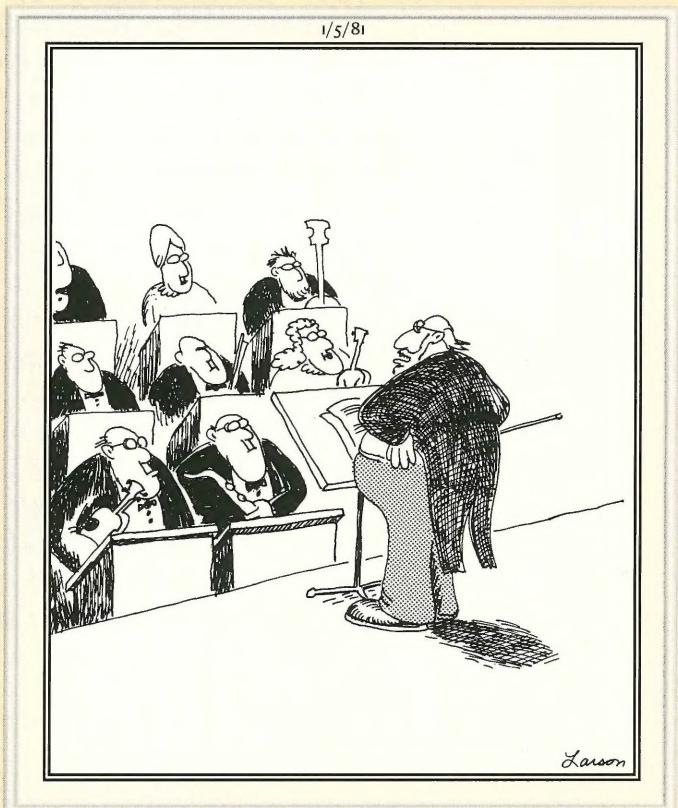
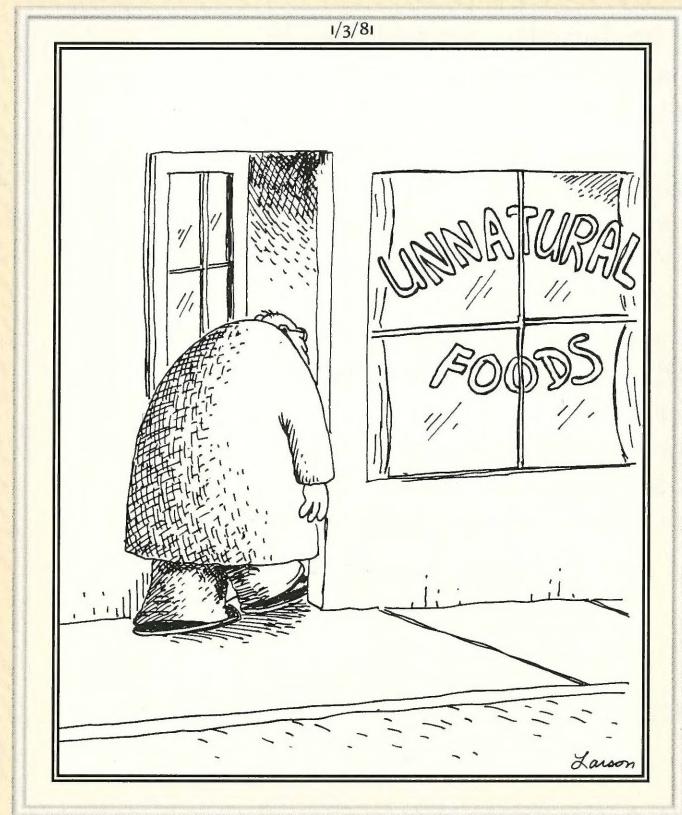
Ah, friends. To any scorpion fanciers out there, rest assured that the little creatures were unharmed. And likewise rest assured, I did get my revenge on Ernie—but that's a story he can share in his own book.

January 1981



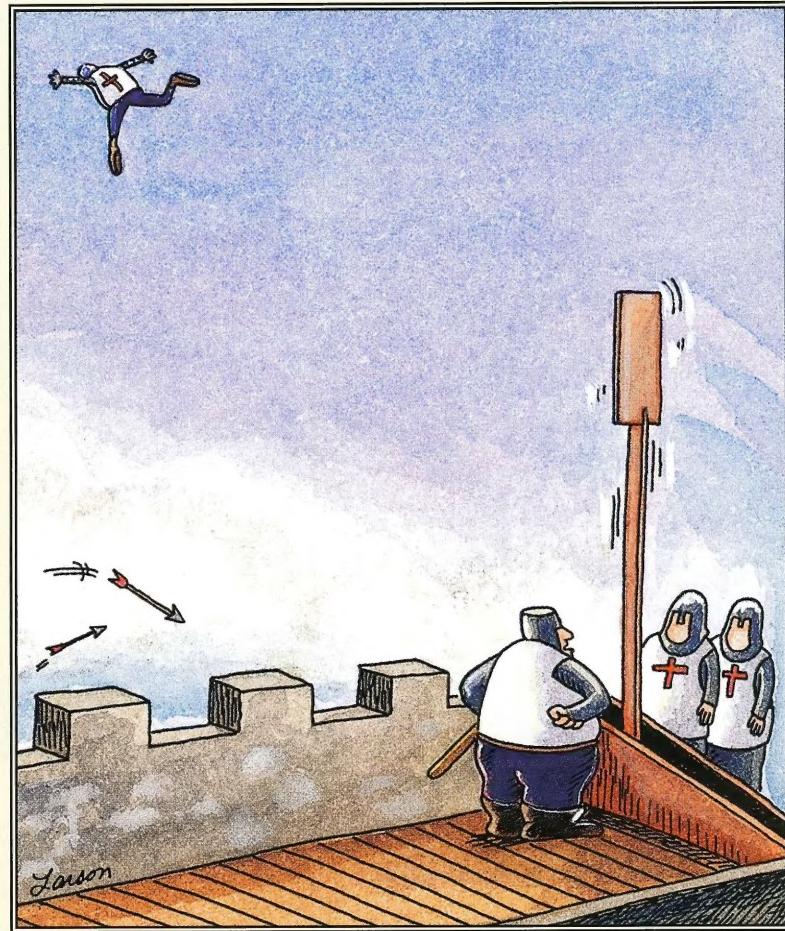
"That won't be necessary, Carl. ... I think we can safely conclude that they're definitely not afraid of mice."

"My stomach? ... Your stomach's rumbling!"



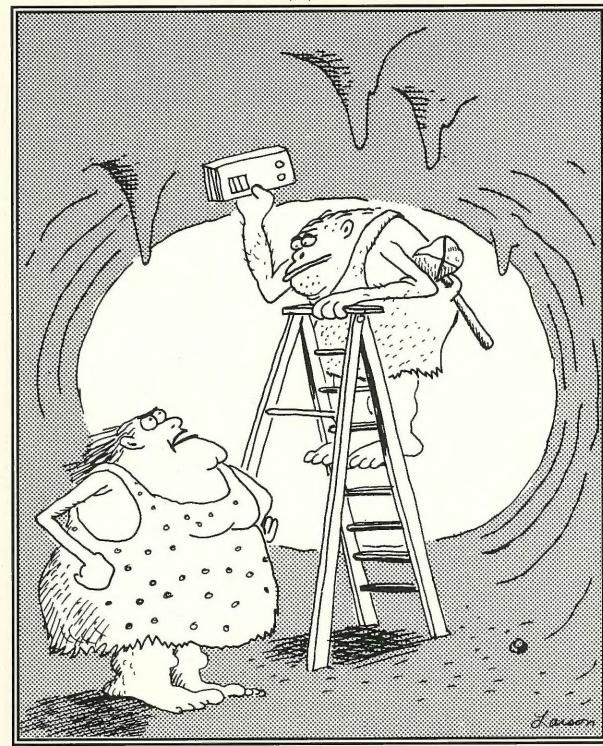
"I don't know which one of you is doing it, but at the end of the sonata we shall refrain from playing 'Shave and a Haircut.'"

1/7/81



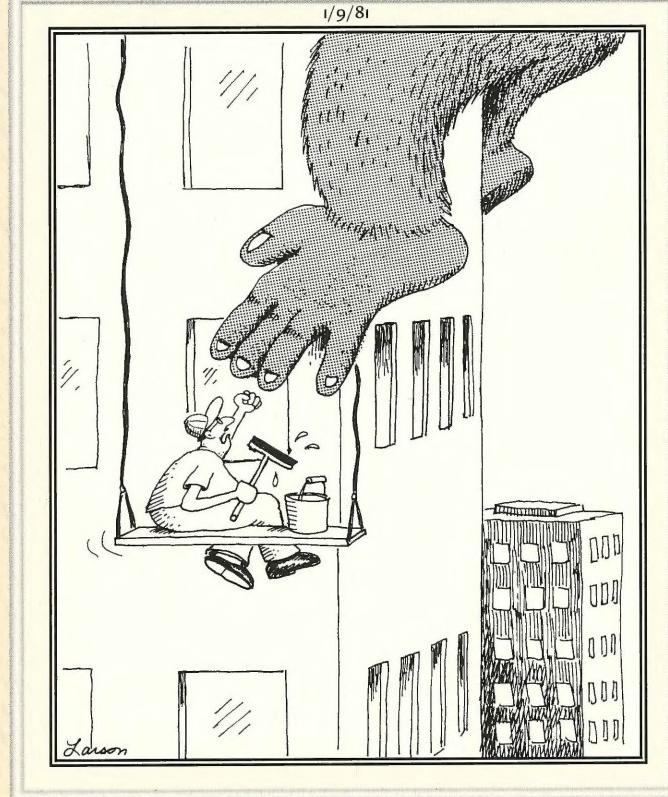
"I told you guys to slow down and take it easy or something like this would happen."

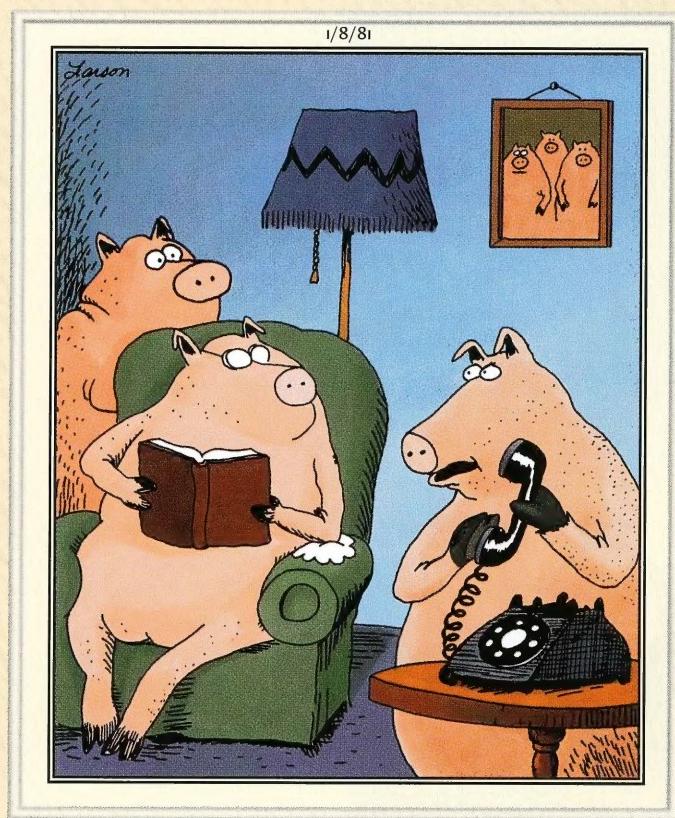
1/6/81



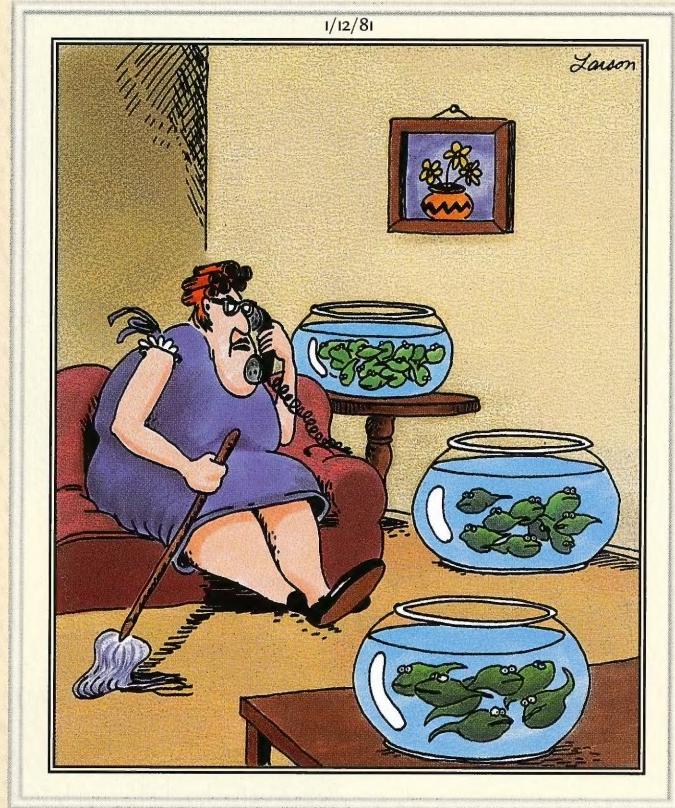
"You idiot! ... Twenty bucks for a smoke alarm and we don't even know what the stuff is!"

1/9/81

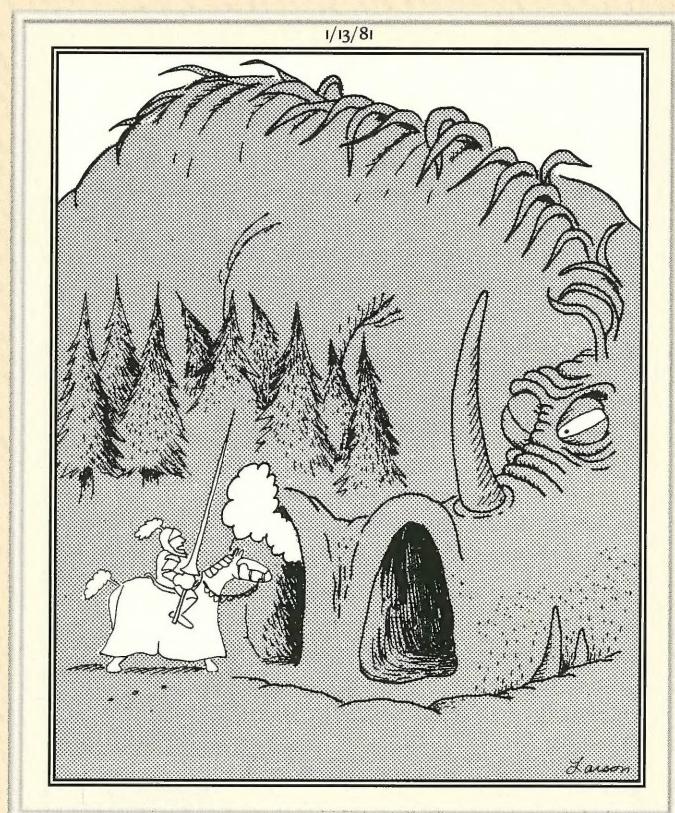




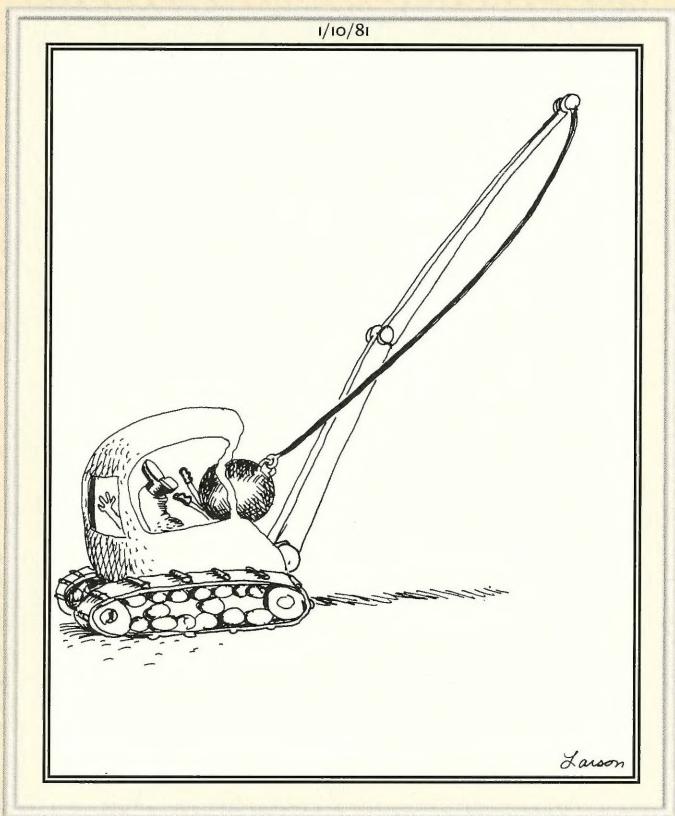
"Disgusting! ... It's just a sort of heavy huffing and puffing."



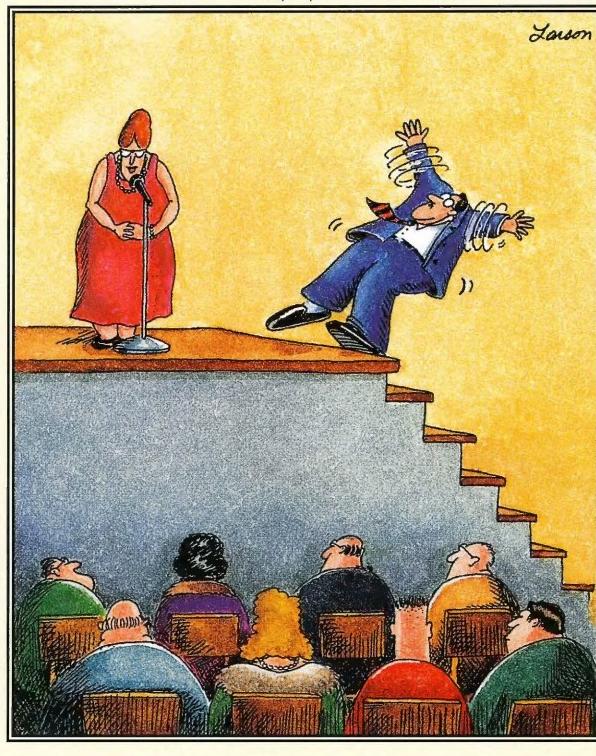
"Well that's how it happened, Sylvia. ... I kissed this frog, he turns into a prince, we get married, and WHAM! ... I'm stuck at home with a bunch of pollywogs."



"Come out of that cave and meet your doom, you miserable dragon! You can't hide in there forever, you overgrown chameleon!"

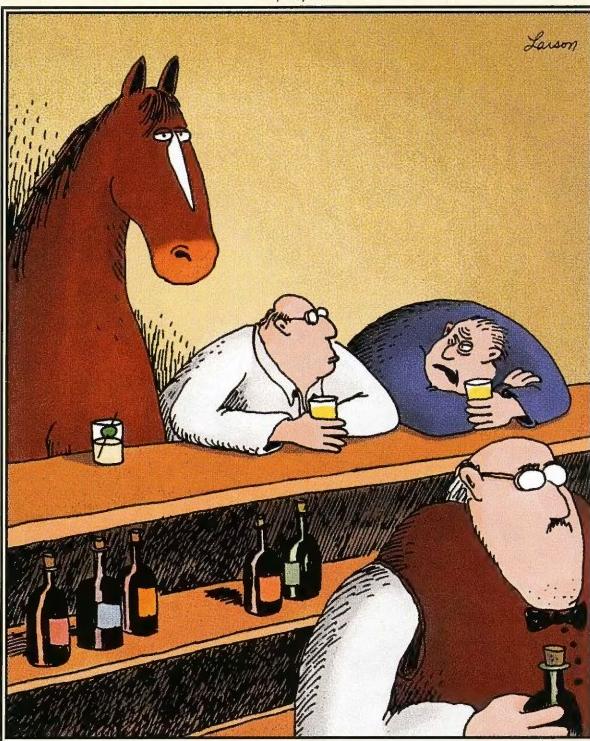


1/20/81



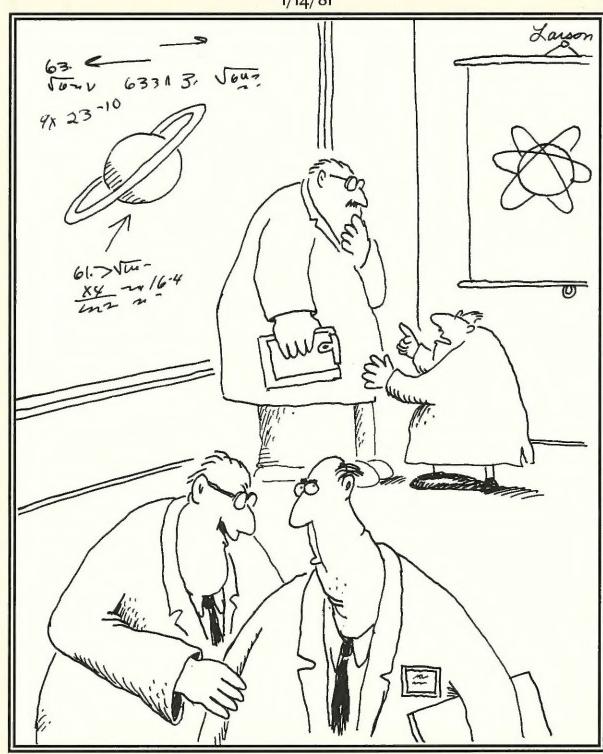
"And now, standing at my side, I give you
the man who conquered Everest, the
Matterhorn, Kilimanjaro ..."

1/22/81



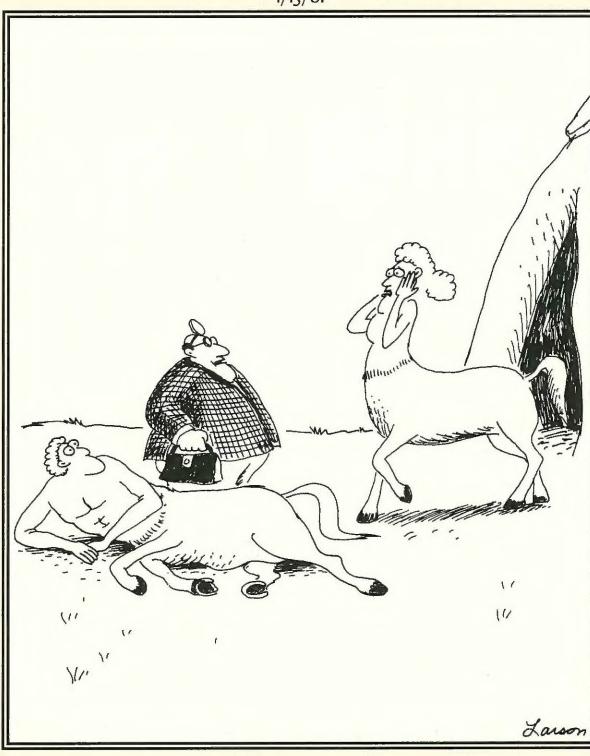
"Sure—but can you make him drink?"

1/14/81



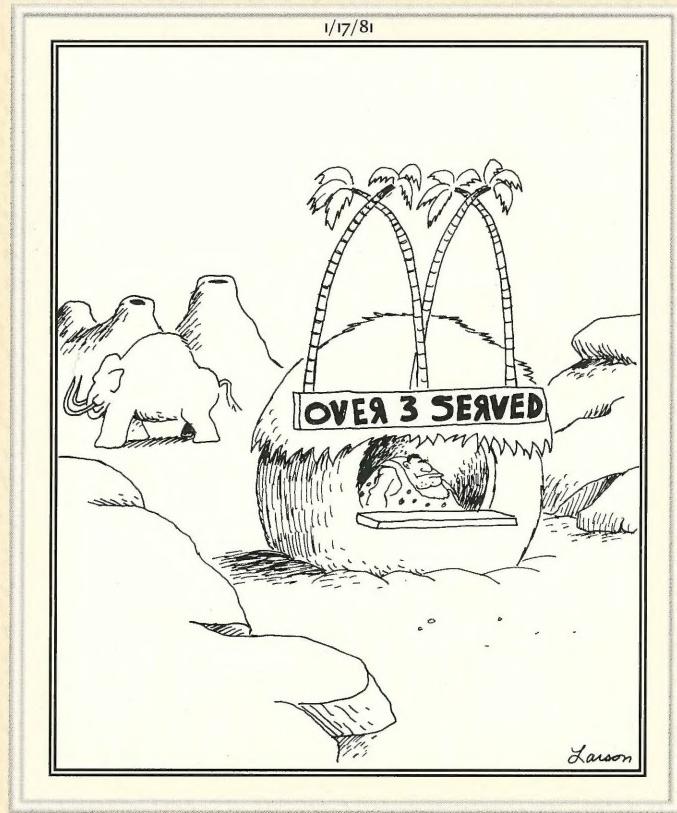
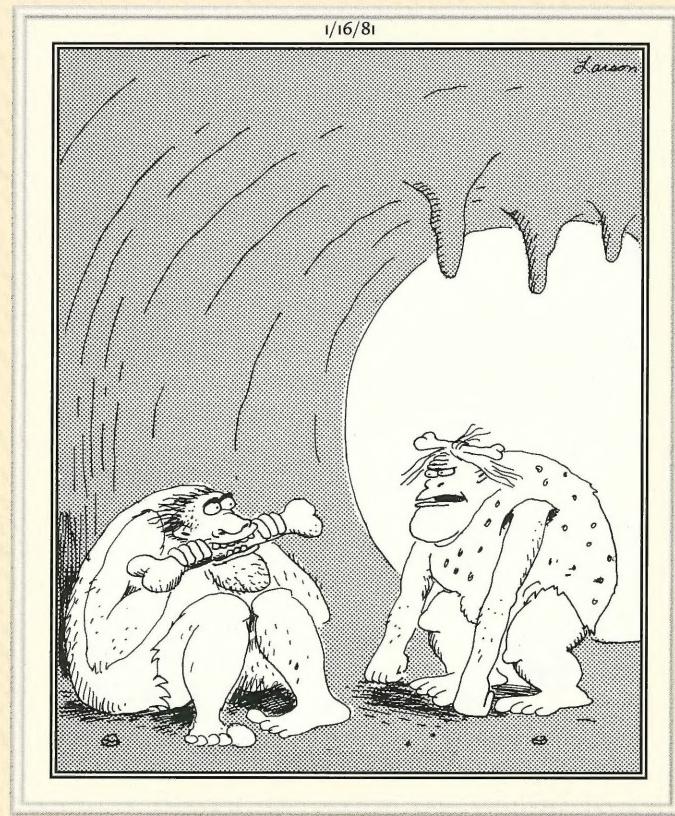
"There goes Williams again ... trying to win
support for his Little Bang theory."

1/15/81

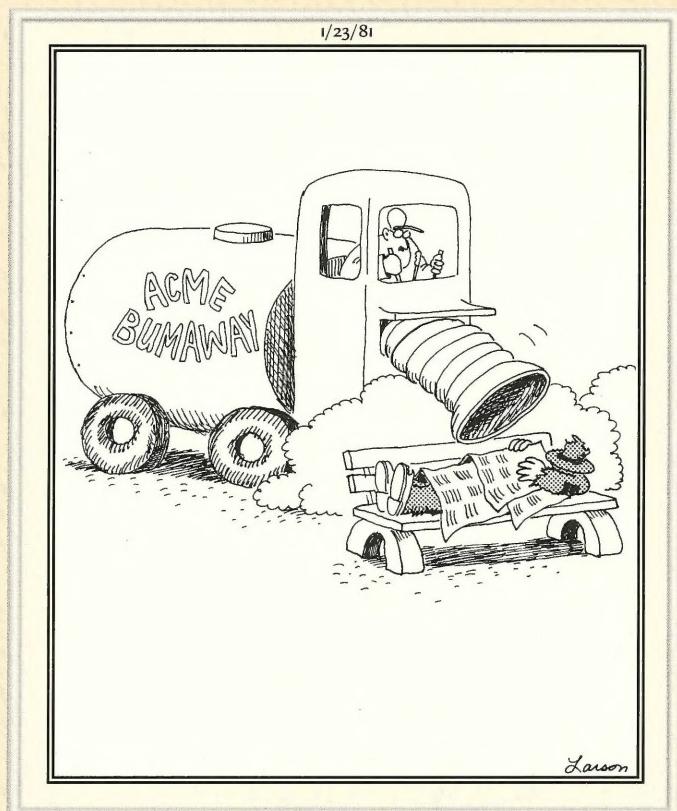
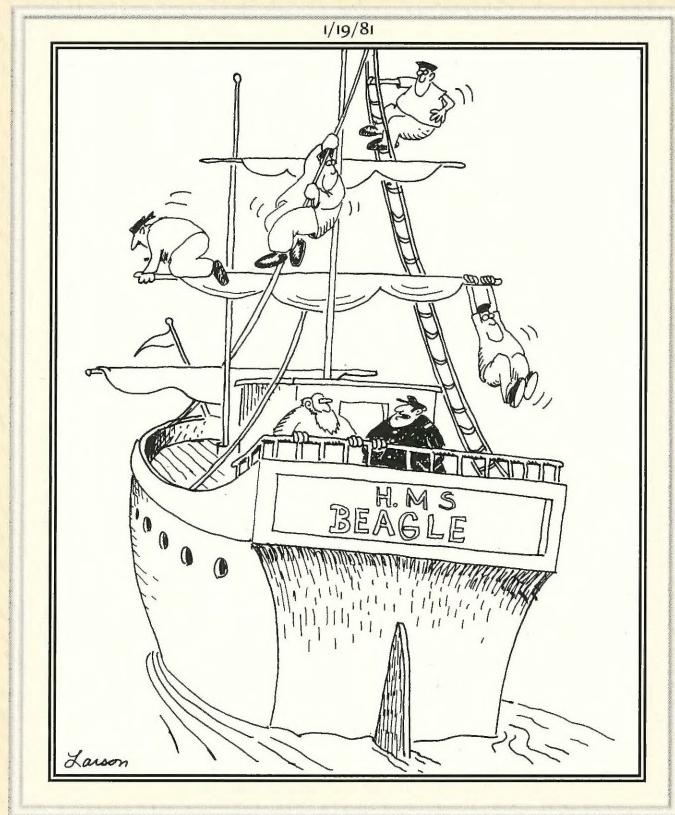


"I'm afraid his leg is broken, Ma'am. ...
He'll have to be shot."

January 1981



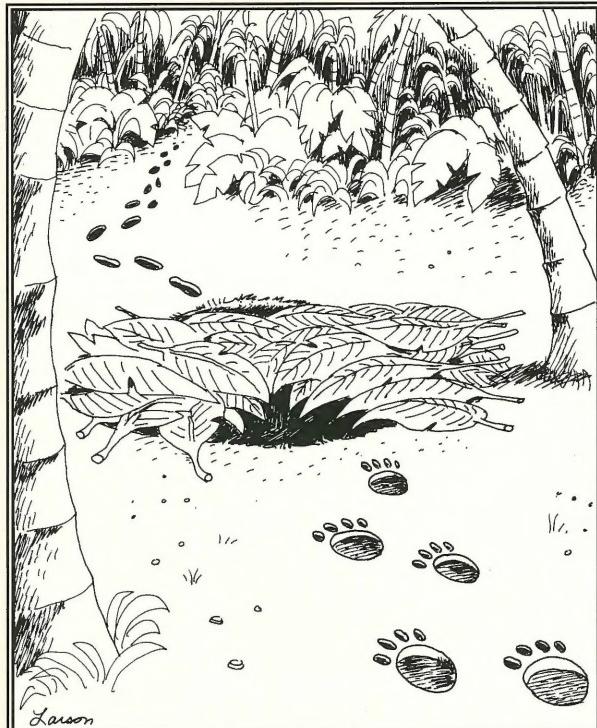
"I'm leaving you for another, Zog. ... His cranium is larger, his thumbs are more opposable, and he's really going somewhere."



"Well, Mr. Darwin ... have you reached any conclusions so far?"

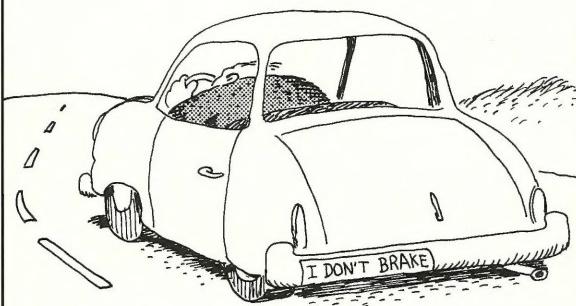
January 1981

1/24/81



Larson

1/26/81



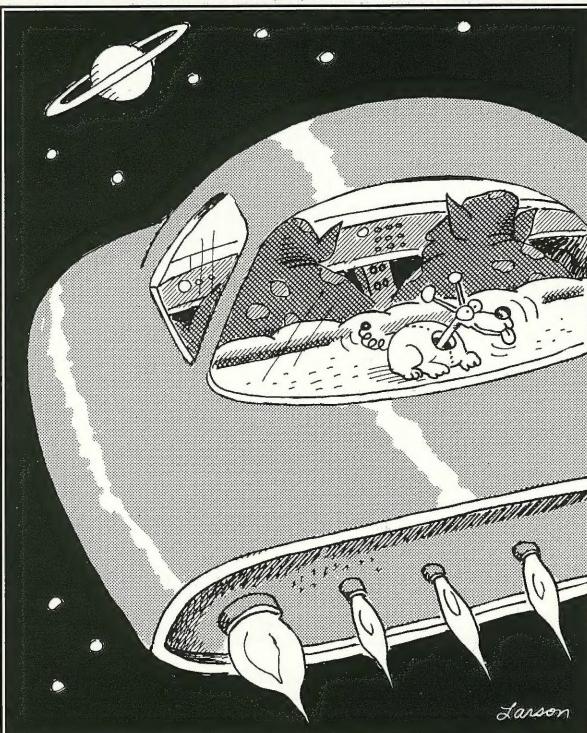
Larson

1/27/81



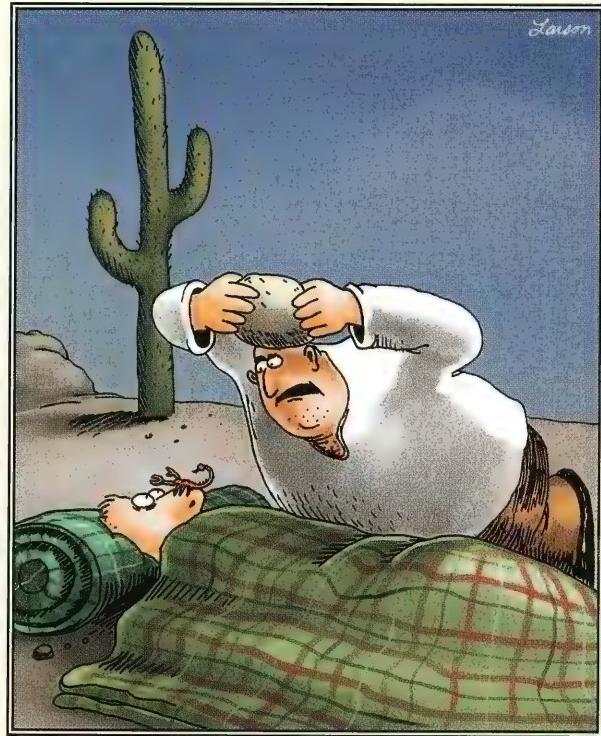
Larson

1/28/81



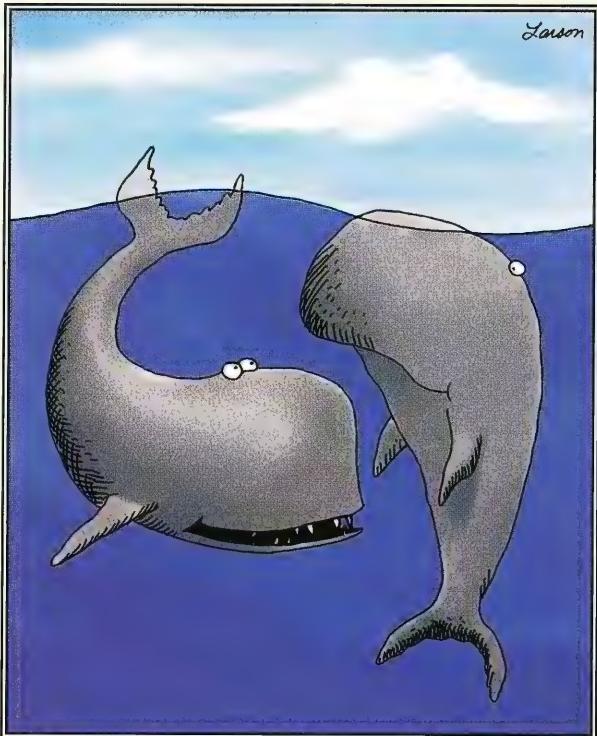
Larson

1/21/81



"Hold still, Carl! ... Don't ... move ... an ... inch!"

1/29/81



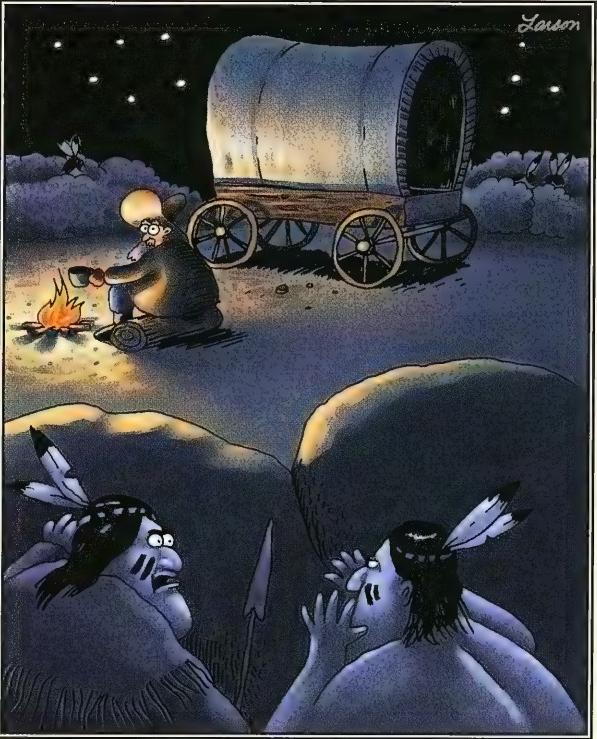
"Gee, I don't know, Eddie ... how many college students do you think you could eat at one time?"

1/30/81



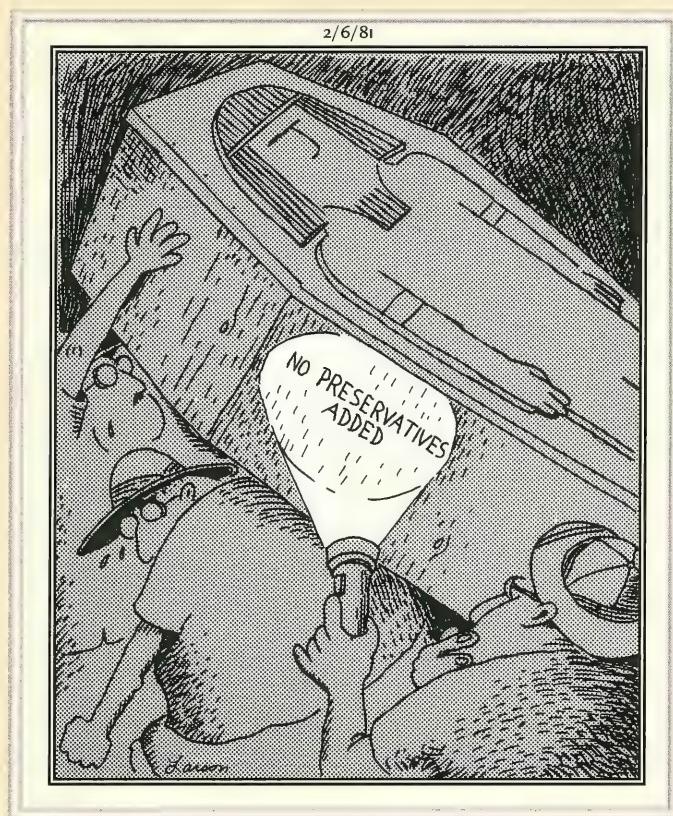
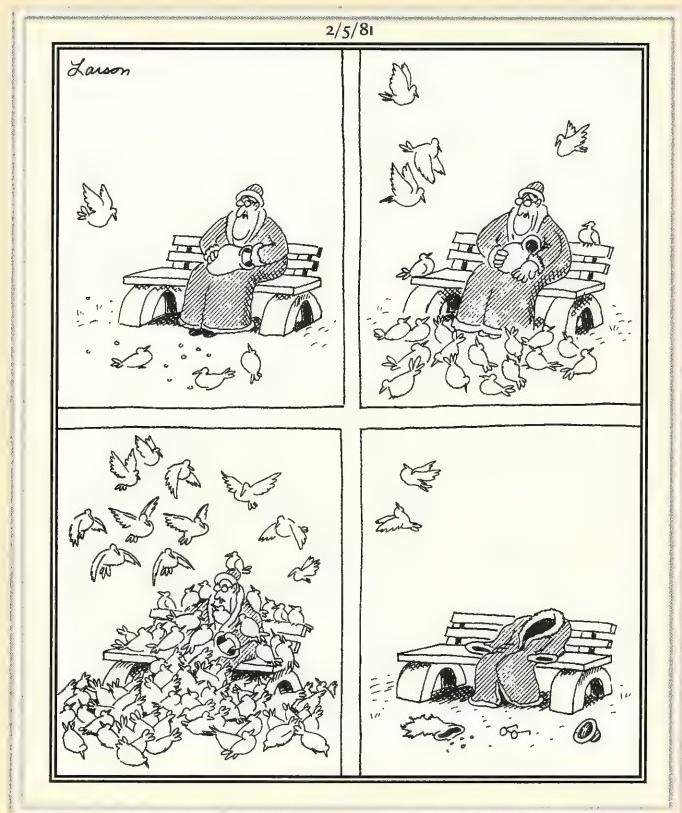
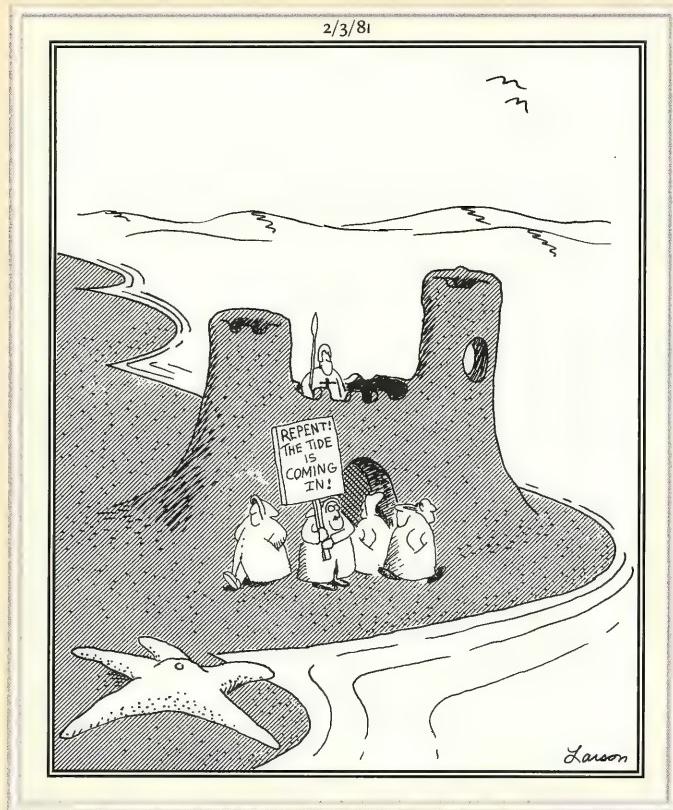
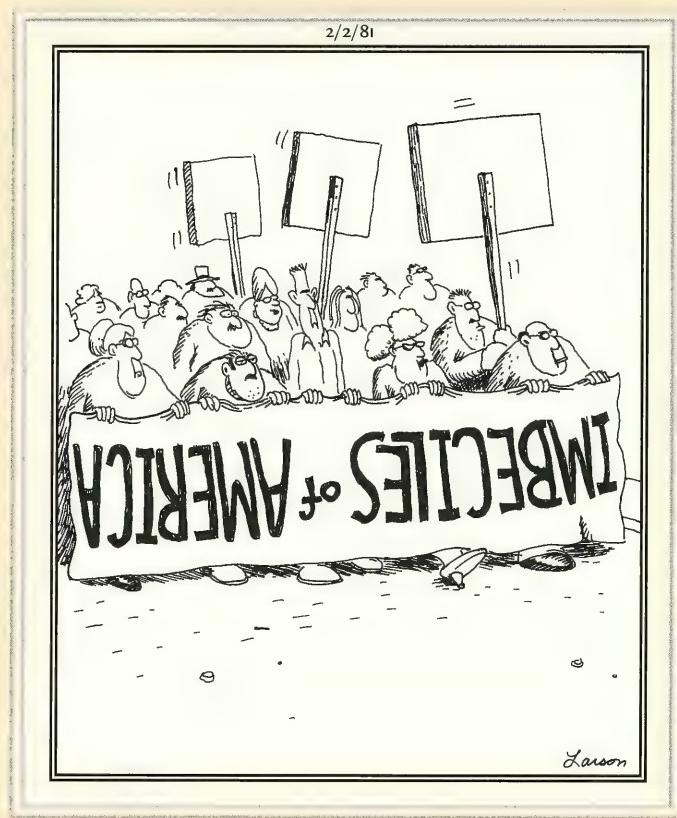
"C'mon, Sylvia ... where's your spirit of adventure?"

1/31/81



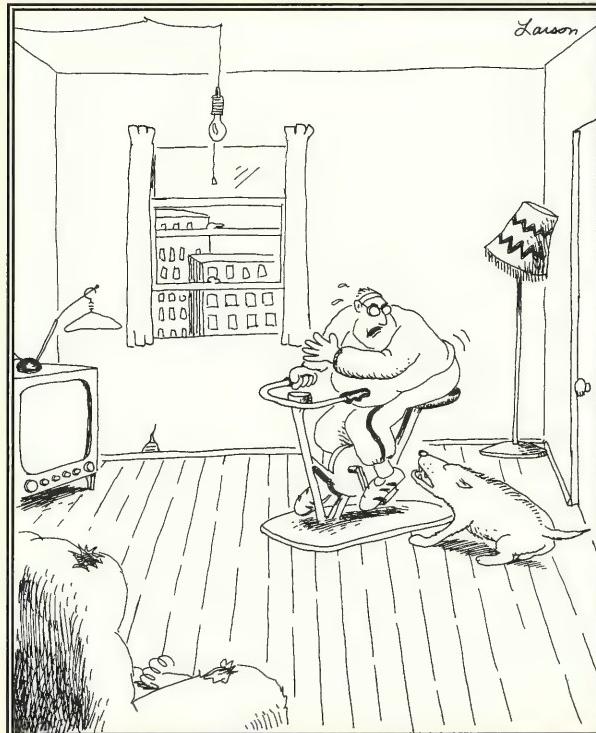
"Bird calls! Bird calls, you fool! ... Not mountain lions!"

February 1981

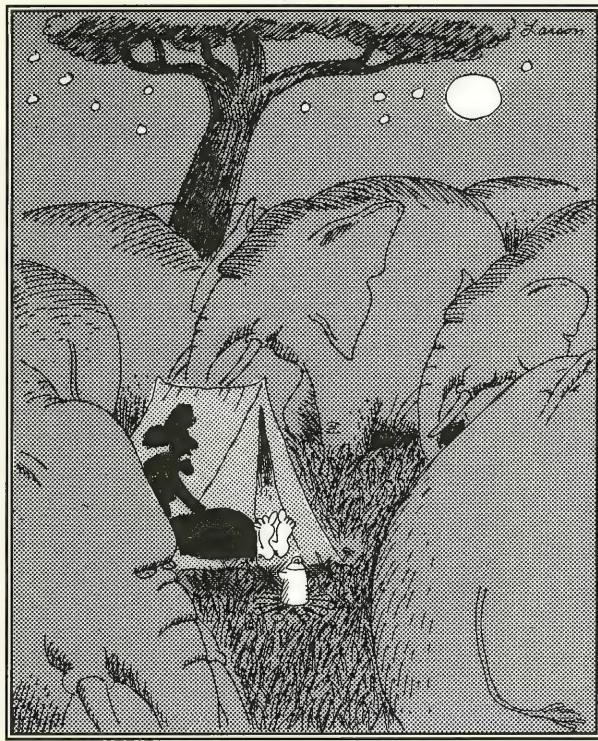


February 1981

2/7/81



2/10/81

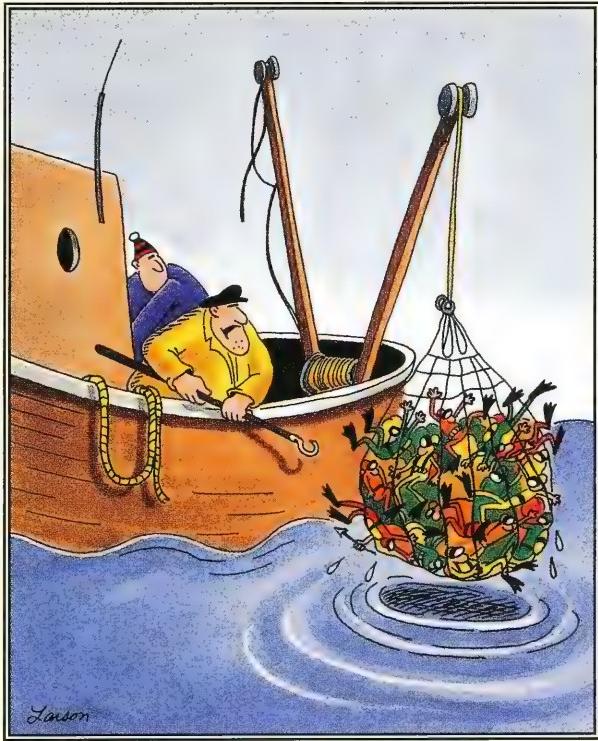


"Lester! Wake up! Lester! ... I think I
heard footsteps."

2/4/81

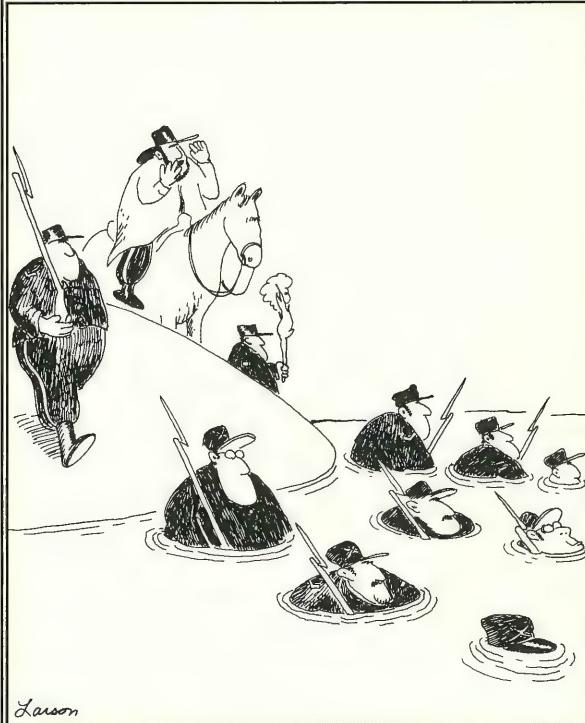


2/9/81



"I'm not sure, Al, but we sure got
into a mess of 'em."

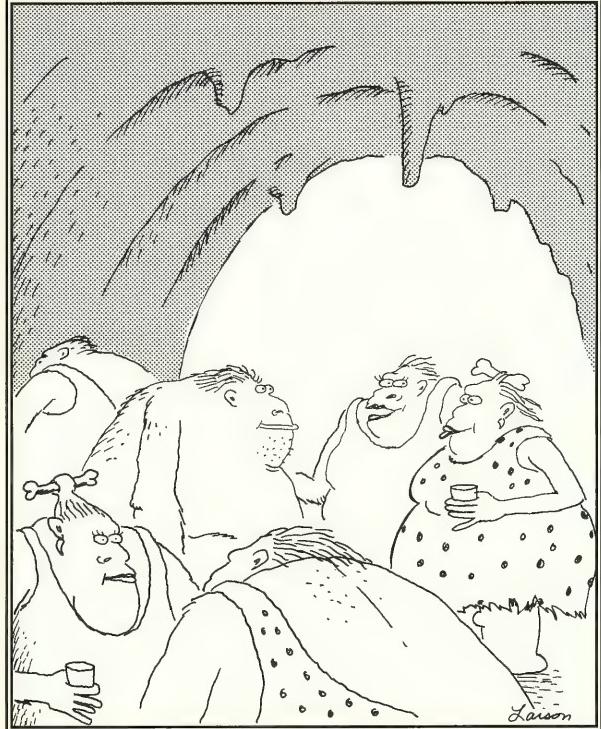
2/12/81



Larson

"This is General Sherman! The march to the sea is over! Turn back, I say!
HALT! HAAAAAALT!"

2/11/81



Larson

"Thag, this is Noona. Noona, this is Thag. ...
Thag is a Hunter and Gatherer."

2/16/81



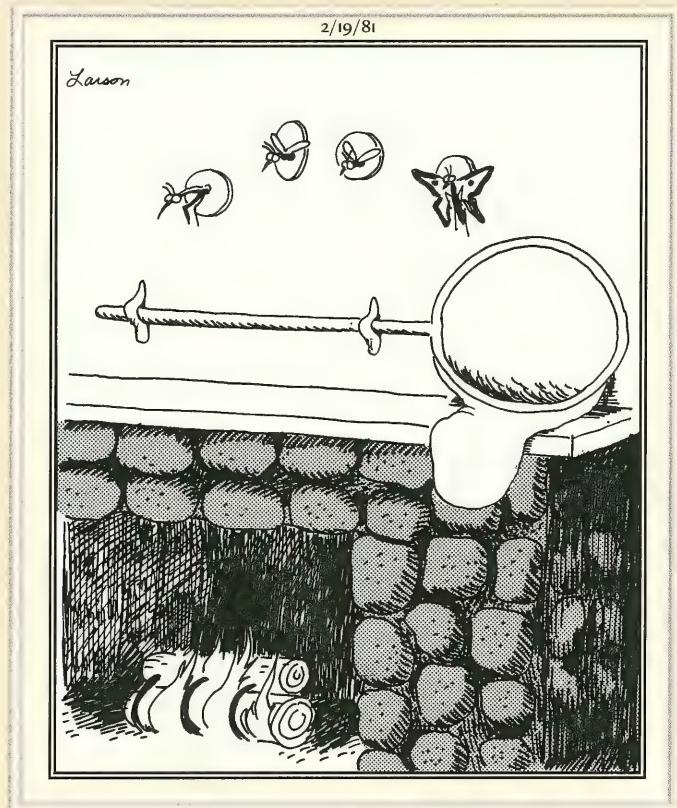
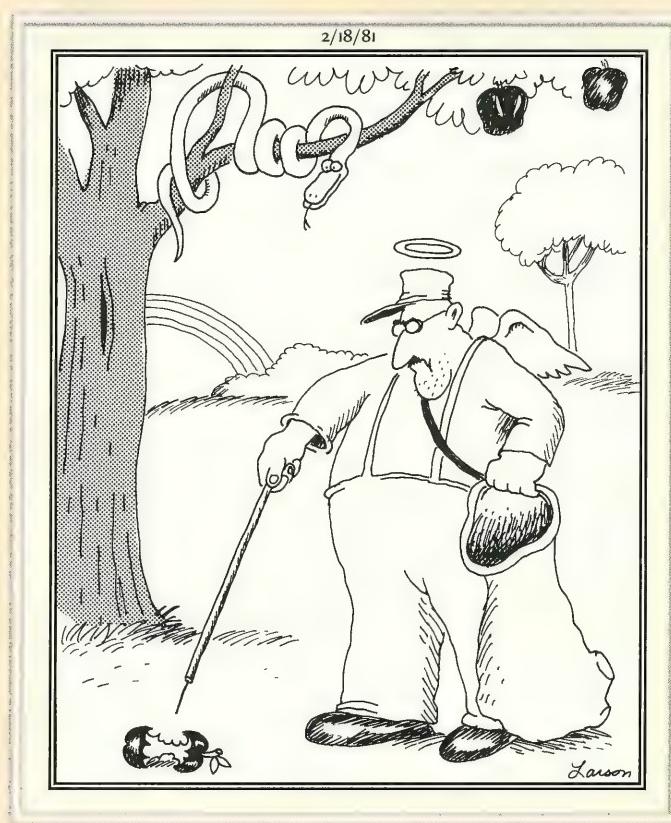
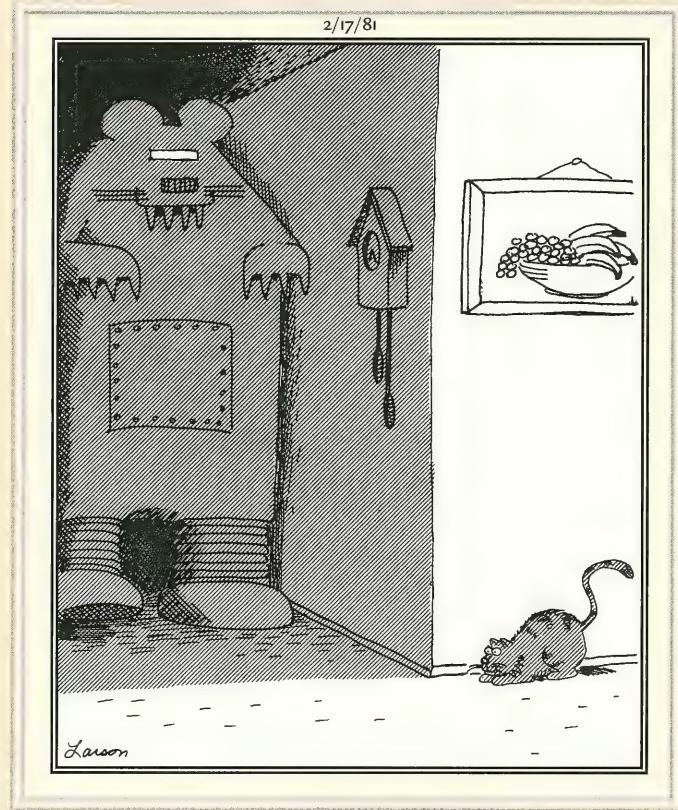
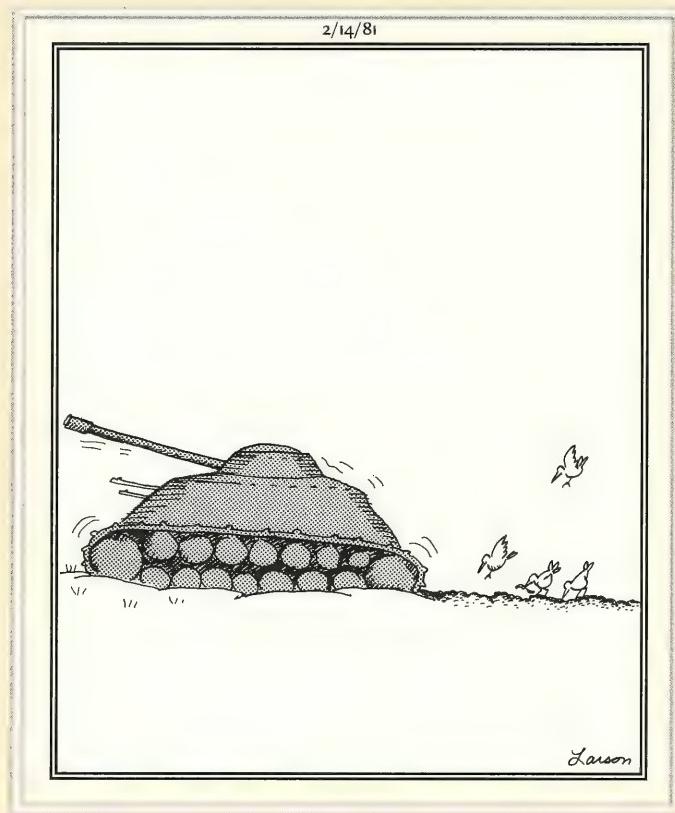
Larson

2/13/81



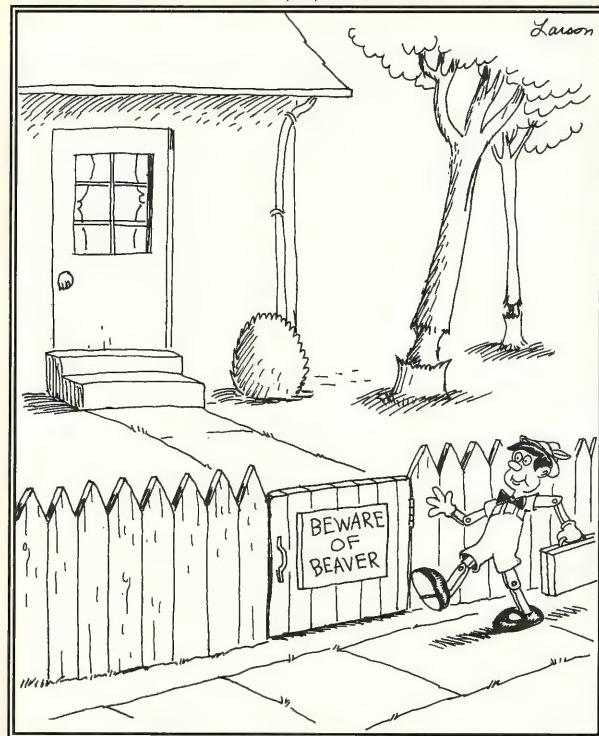
Larson

February 1981

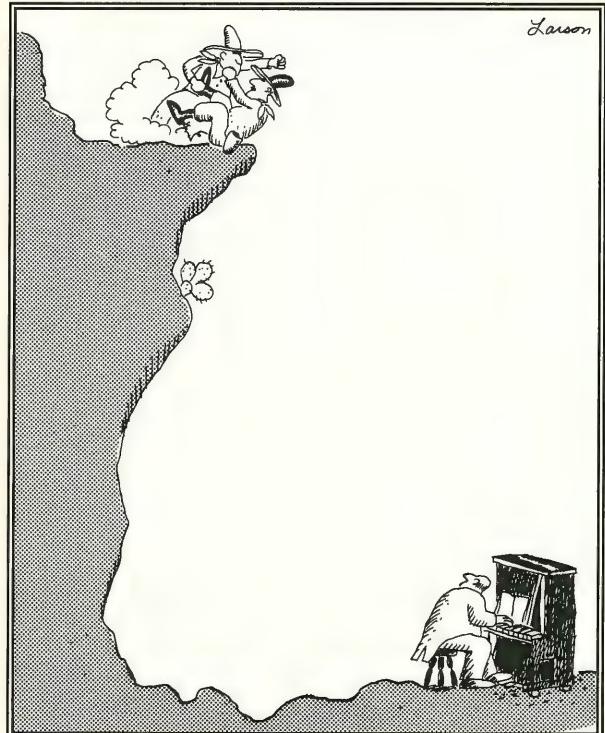


February 1981

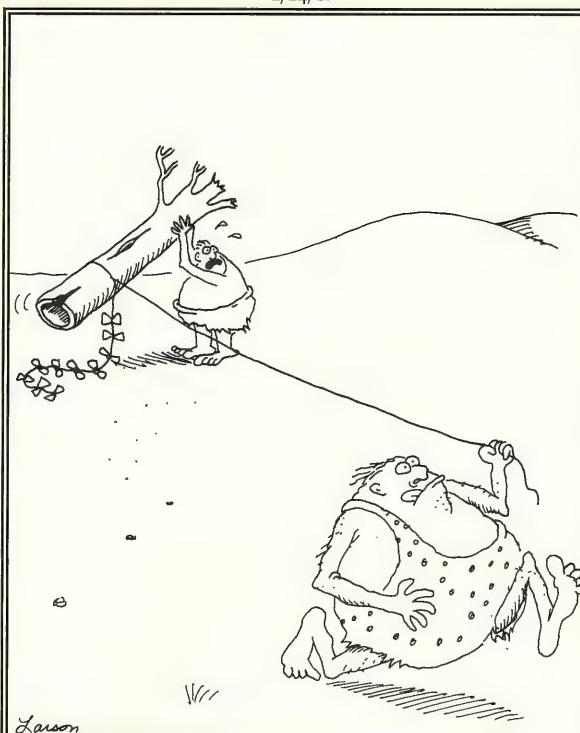
2/20/81



2/21/81

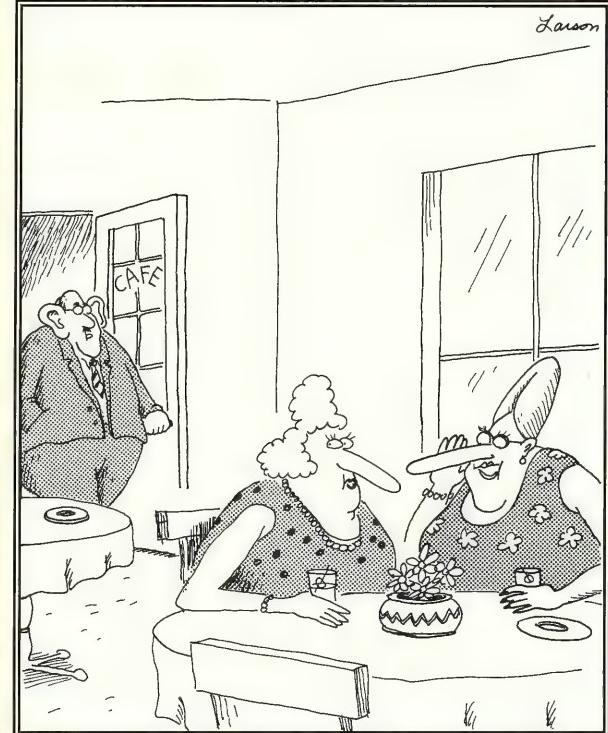


2/24/81



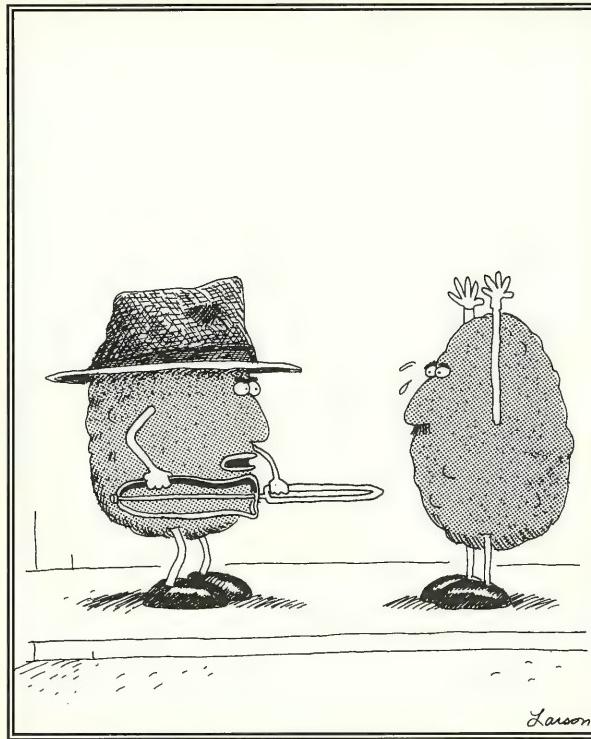
"Okay, Bob! Go! Go!"

2/25/81



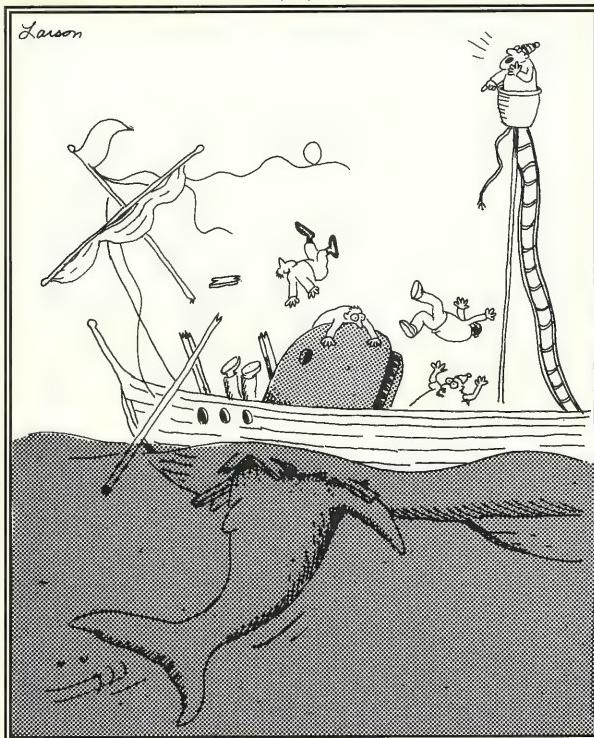
"Oh! Here he comes. ... Now, whatever you do, don't say anything about his ears."

2/26/81



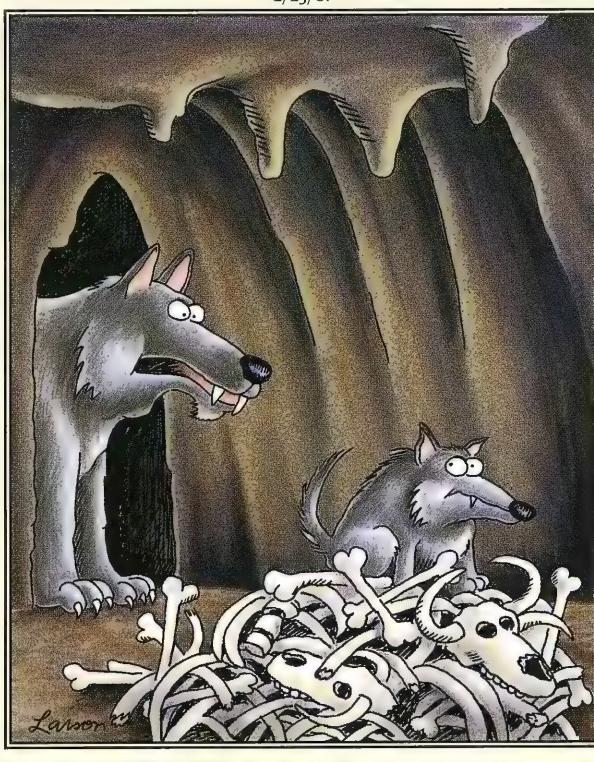
"Get 'em up there!"

2/28/81



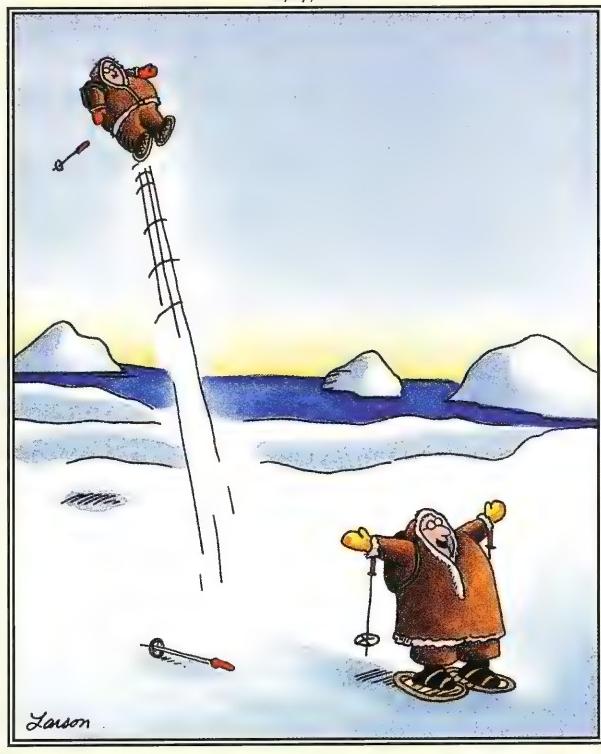
"THAAAAAAR SHE BLOOOOOWS!"

2/23/81



"And I'm not going to tell you again—
clean up your room!"

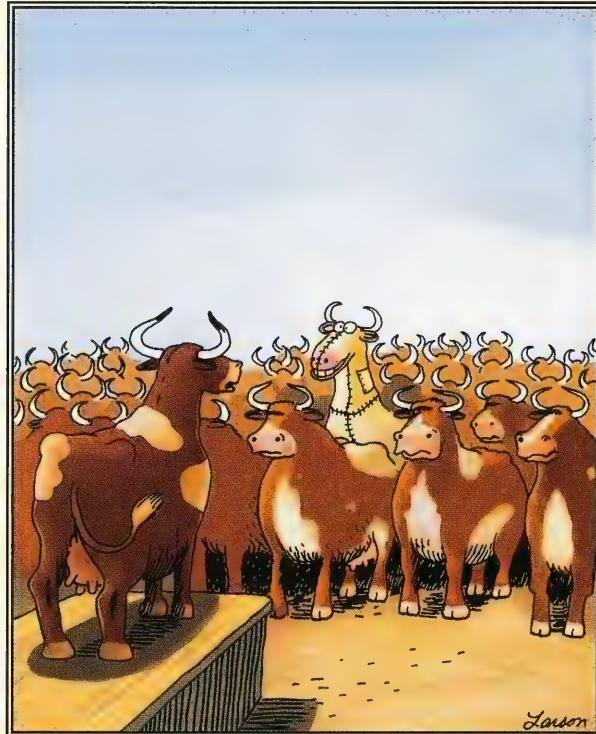
2/27/81



"We're here, Eric! Antarctica! ...
Bottom of the world!"

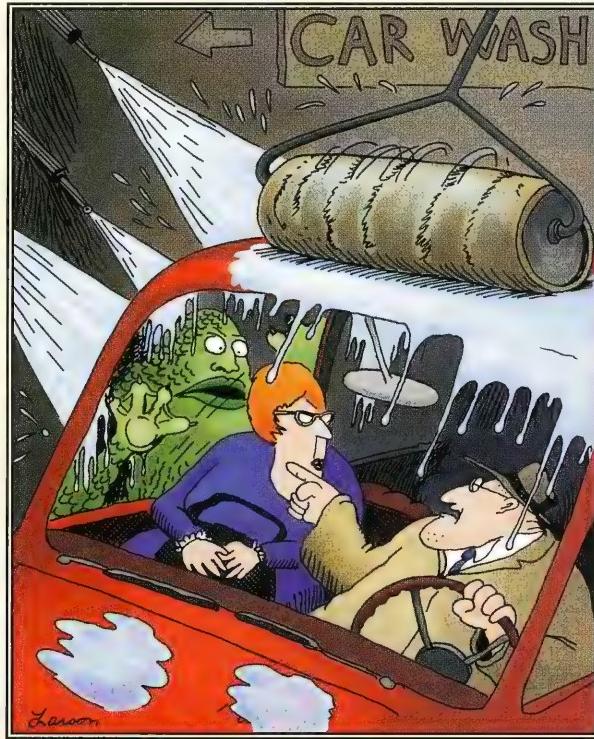
March 1981

3/2/81



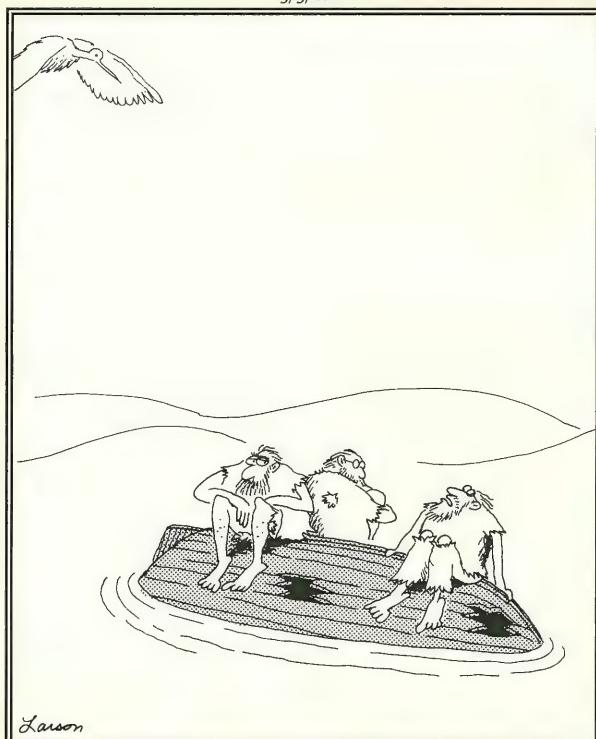
"The revolution has been postponed. ...
We've discovered a leak."

3/4/81



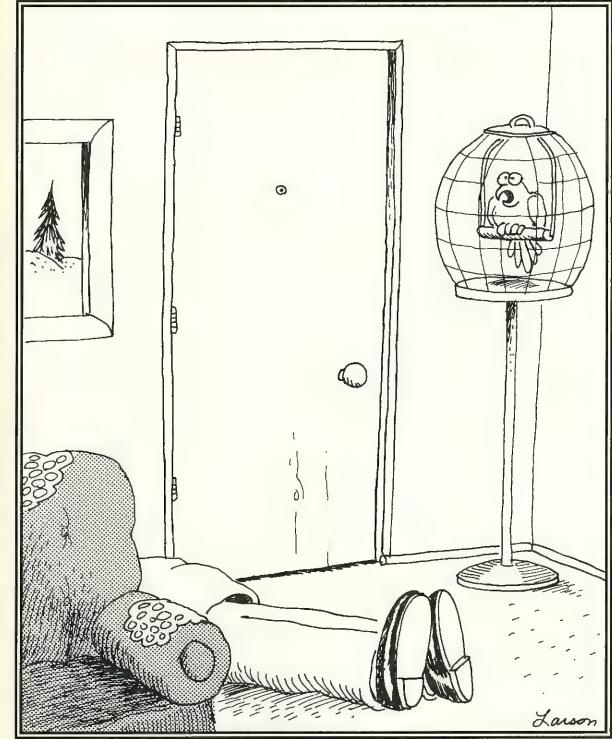
"Quick, Agnes! Look! ... There it is again!"

3/3/81



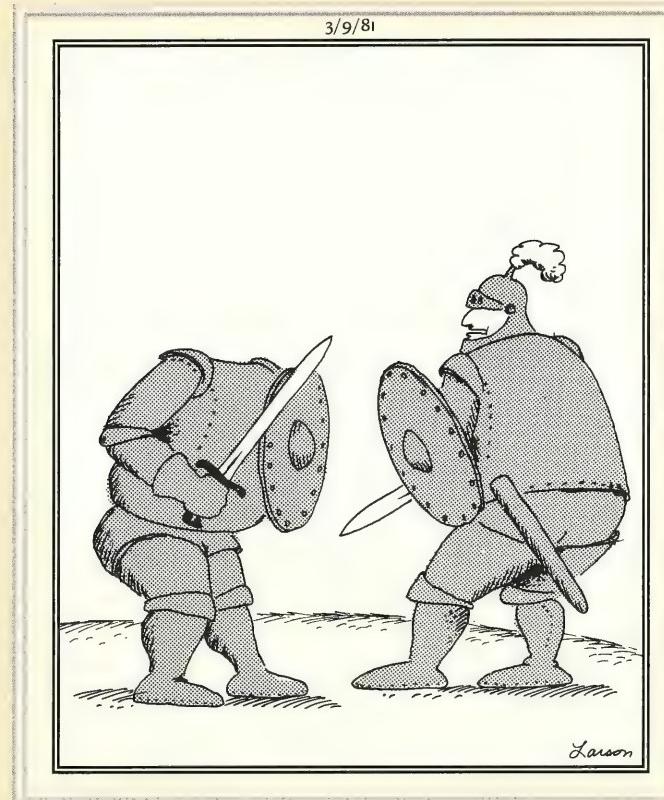
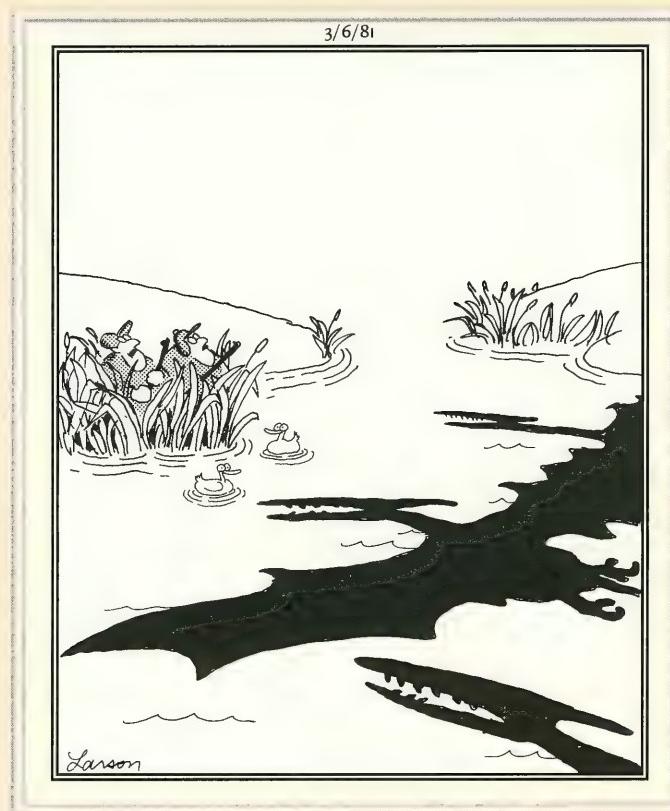
"Oh no! An albatross! ... Well, there
goes our luck."

3/5/81

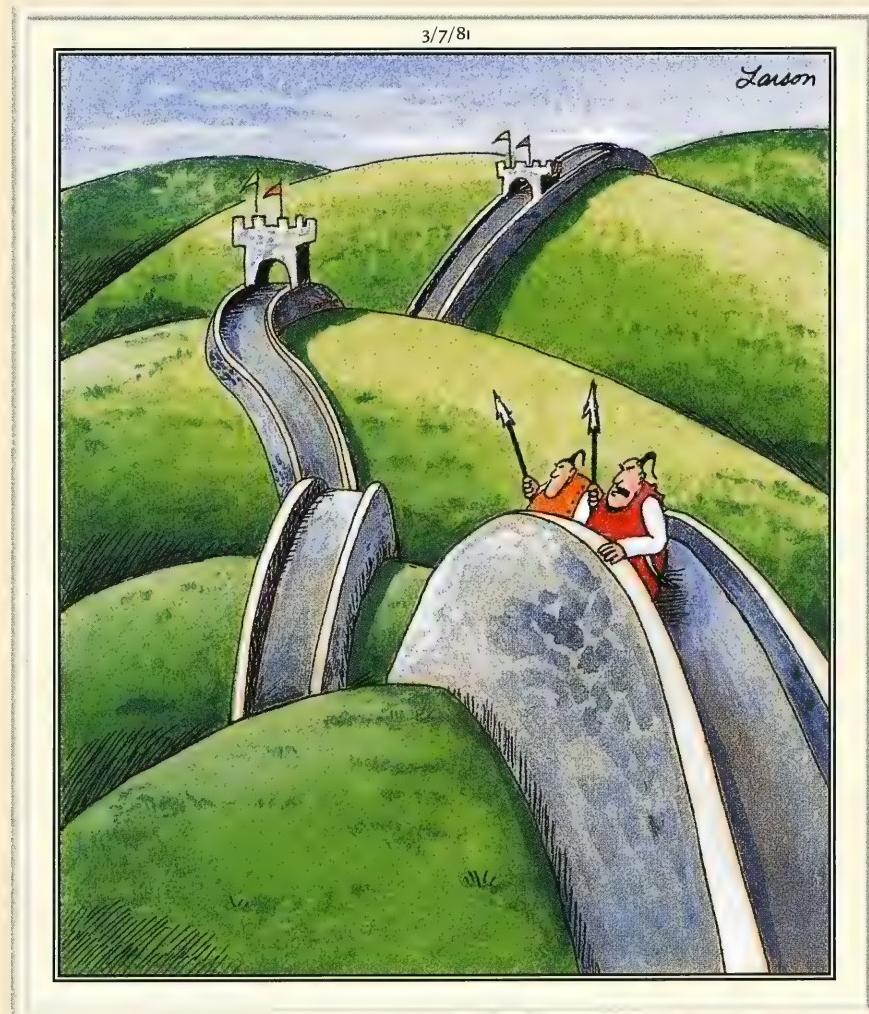


"Knock, knock, knock ... ding-dong,
ding-dong ... anybody home? ...
knock, knock, knock ... "

March 1981

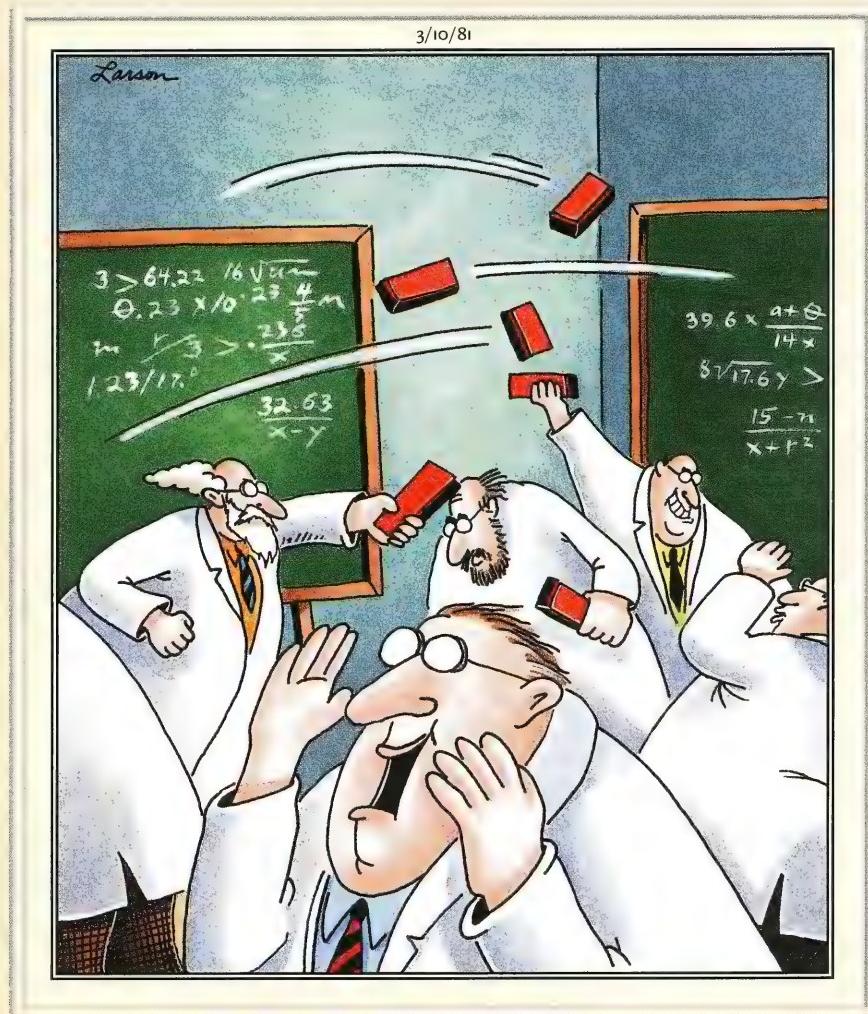


"Give up, Sir James. ... You've lost."

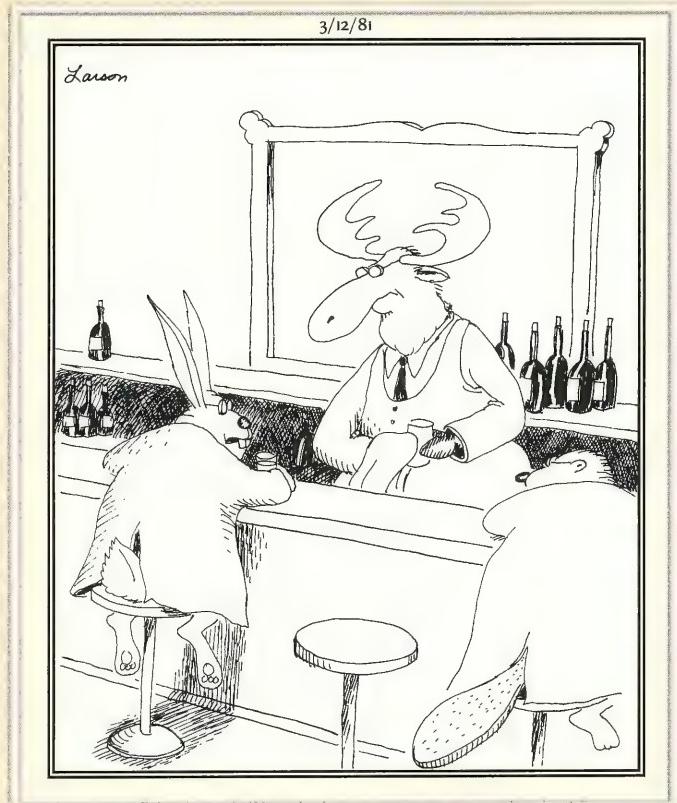
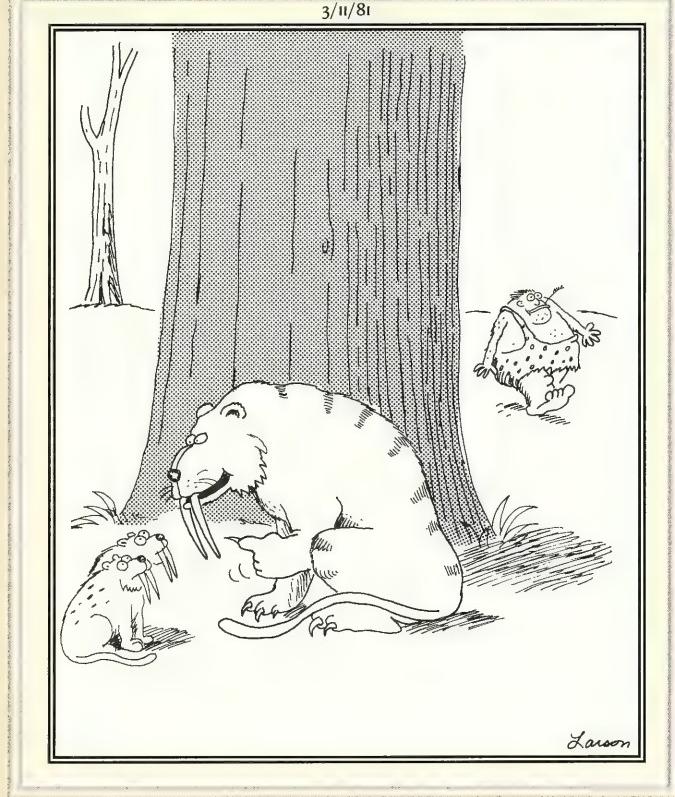


"Now we'll see if that dog can get in here!"

March 1981



"Eraser fight!!"

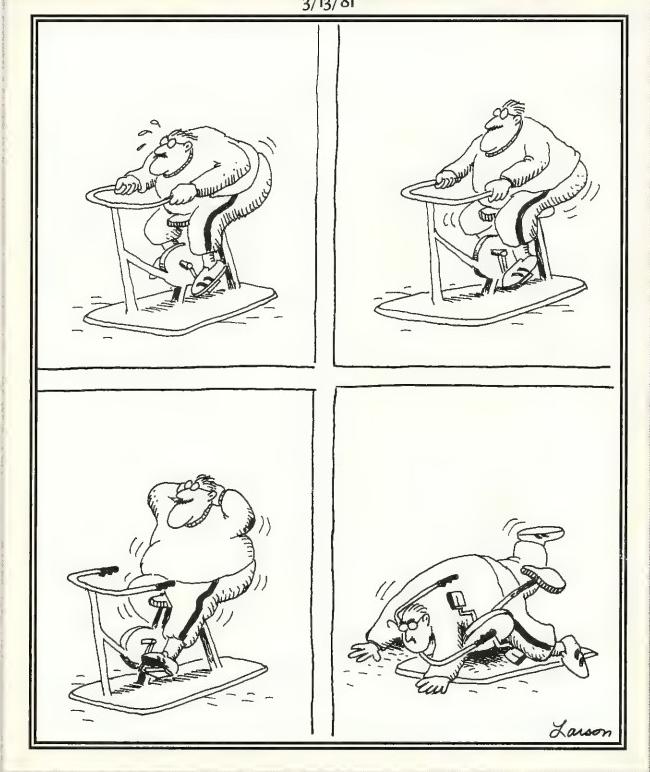


"Listen—if you think you got it rough, you should try my child-support payments."

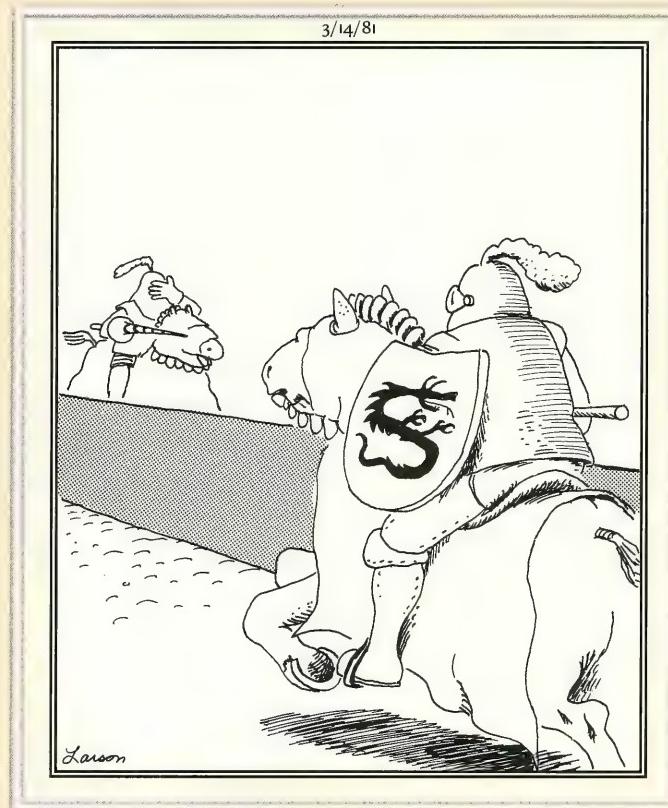
"And now for today's lesson. ... You've probably been wondering what *these* are for."

March 1981

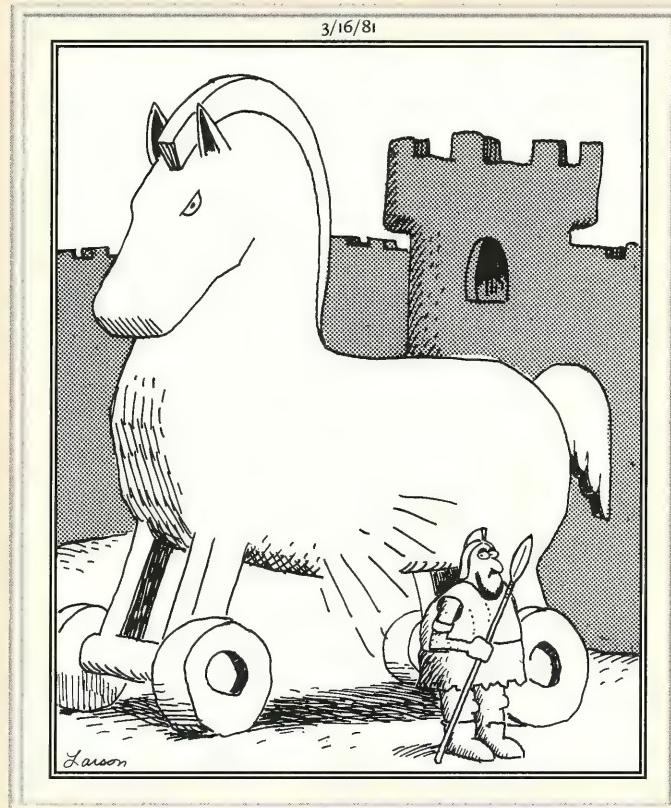
3/13/81



3/14/81

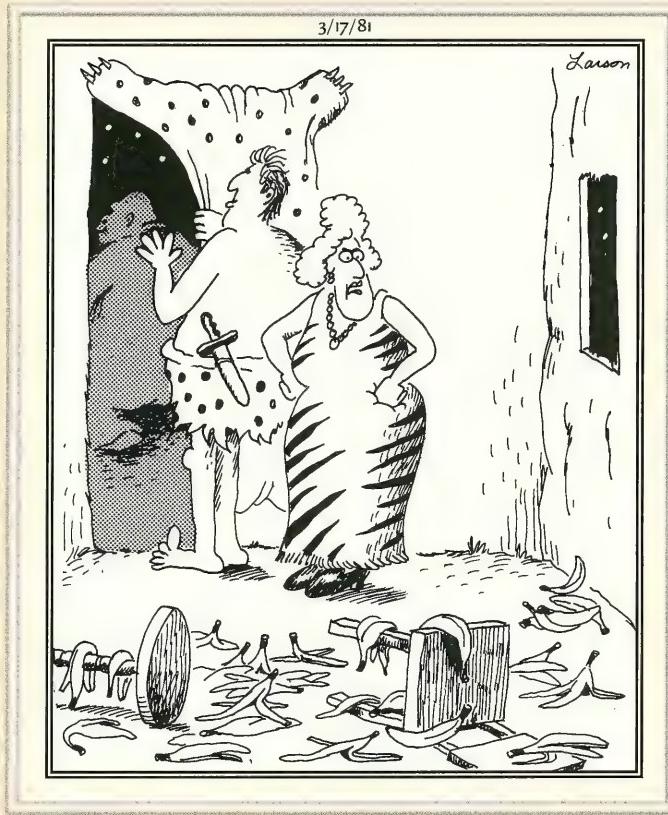


3/16/81



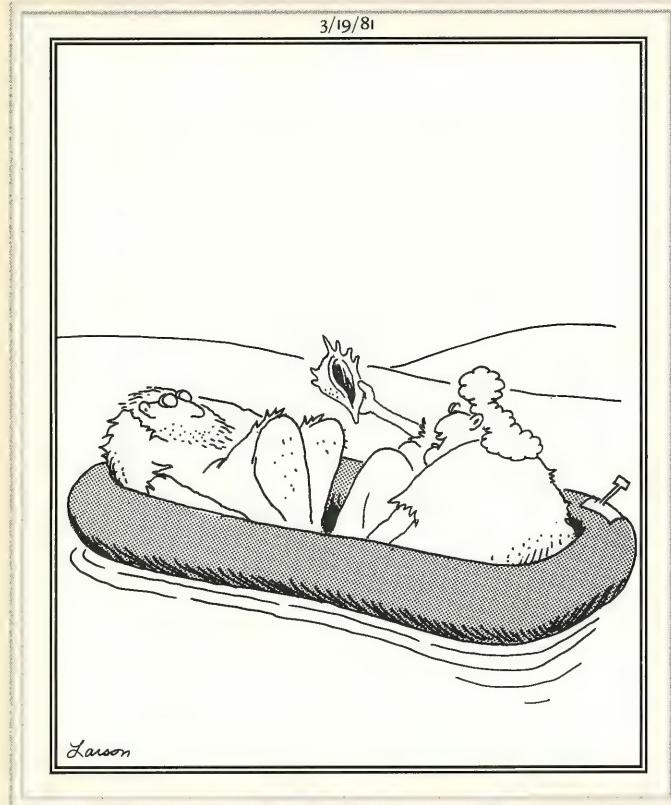
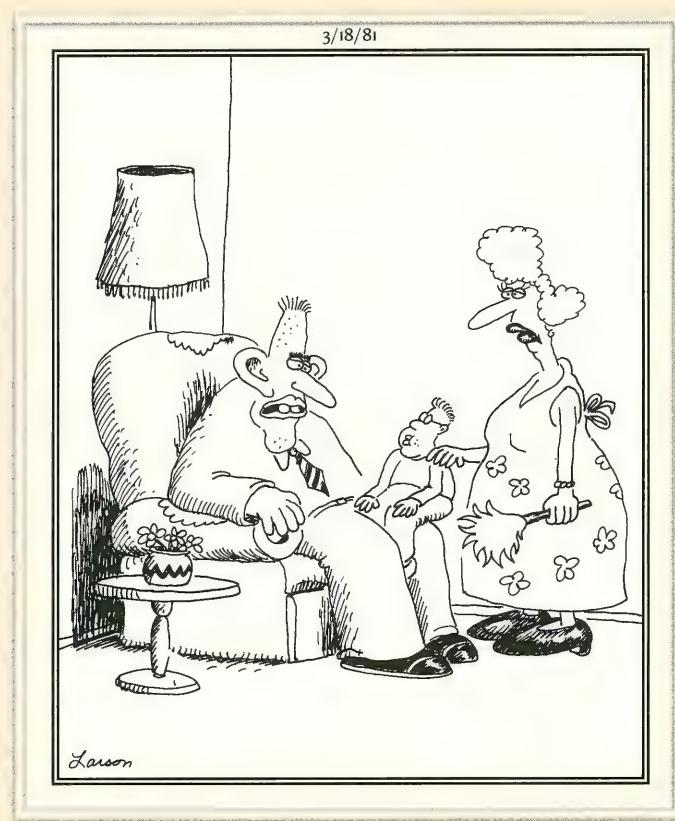
"You should have thought of that earlier, Cornelius. ... You're just going to have to hold it until nightfall."

3/17/81



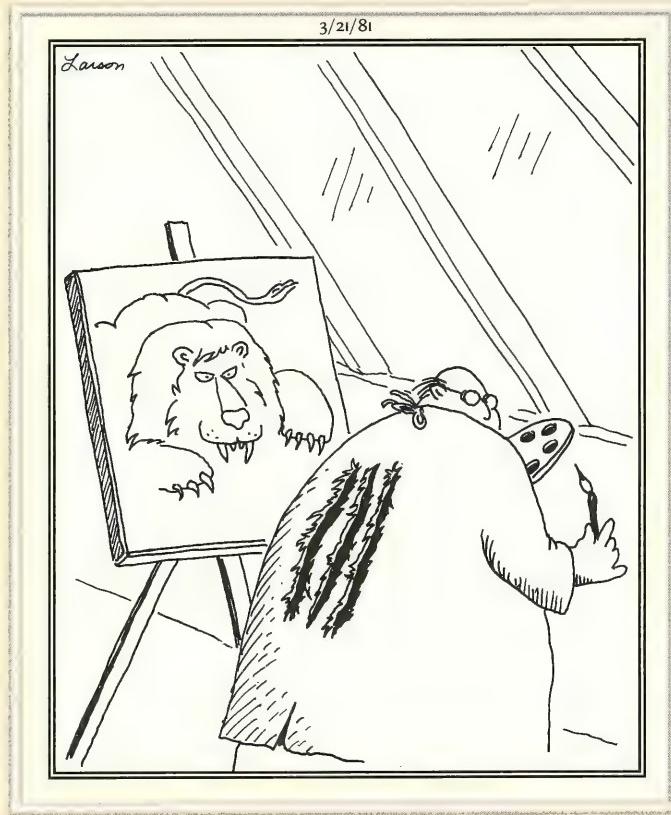
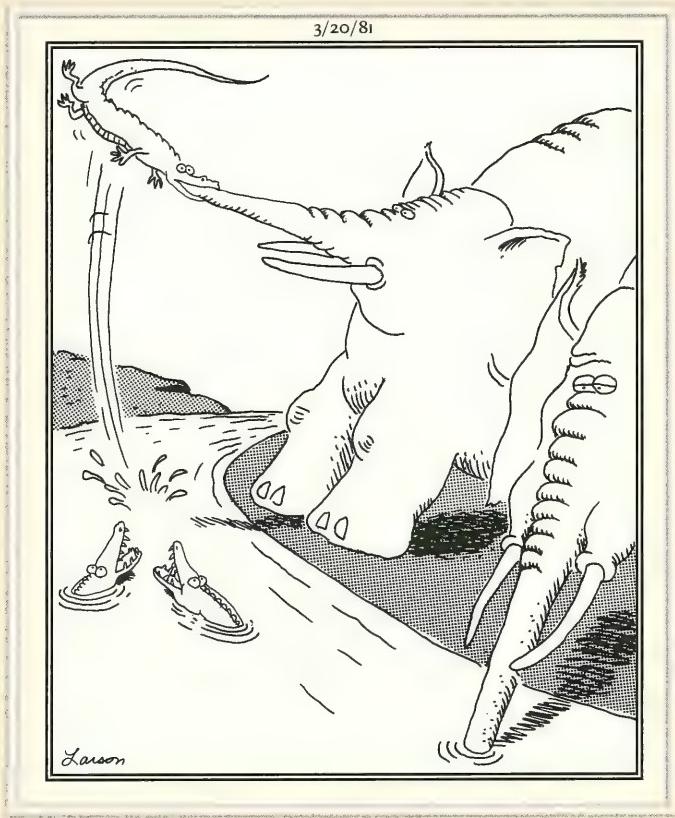
"Well, that's the last of 'em ... but just look at this place!"

March 1981



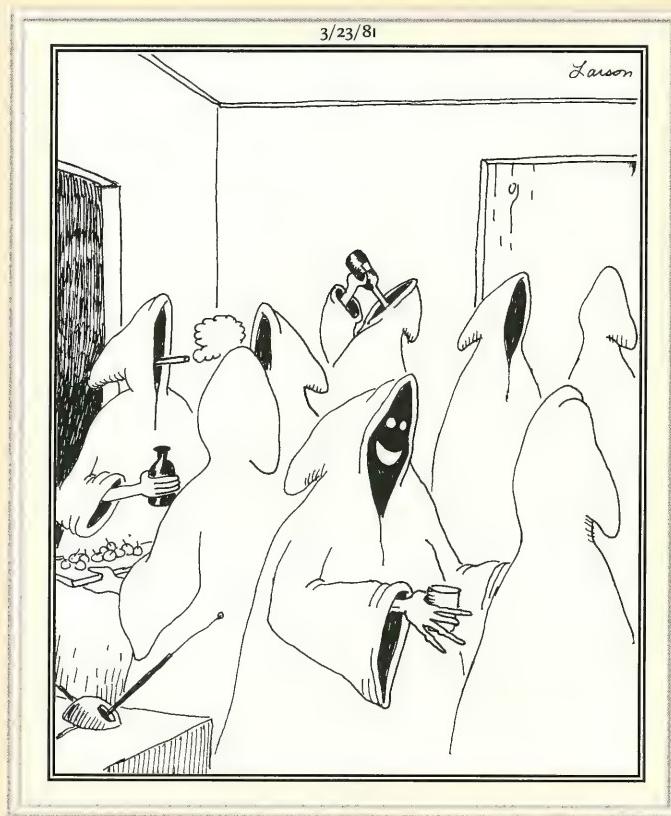
"Andrew! Listen! ... You can hear the ocean!"

"This may be hard, son, but your mother and I
agreed it was time you were told the truth. ...
You were adopted."

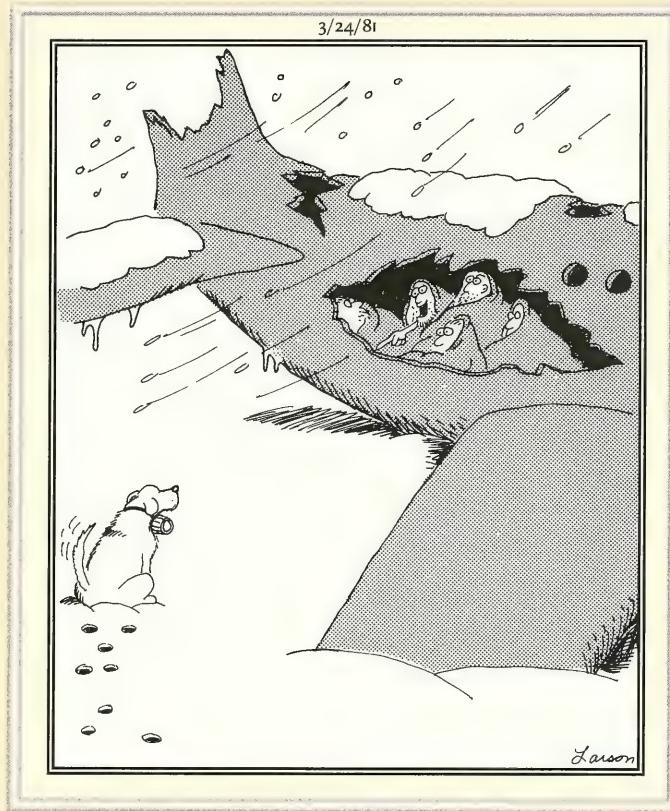


"Hang on, Bernard! You've got him! ...
Give him slack!"

March 1981



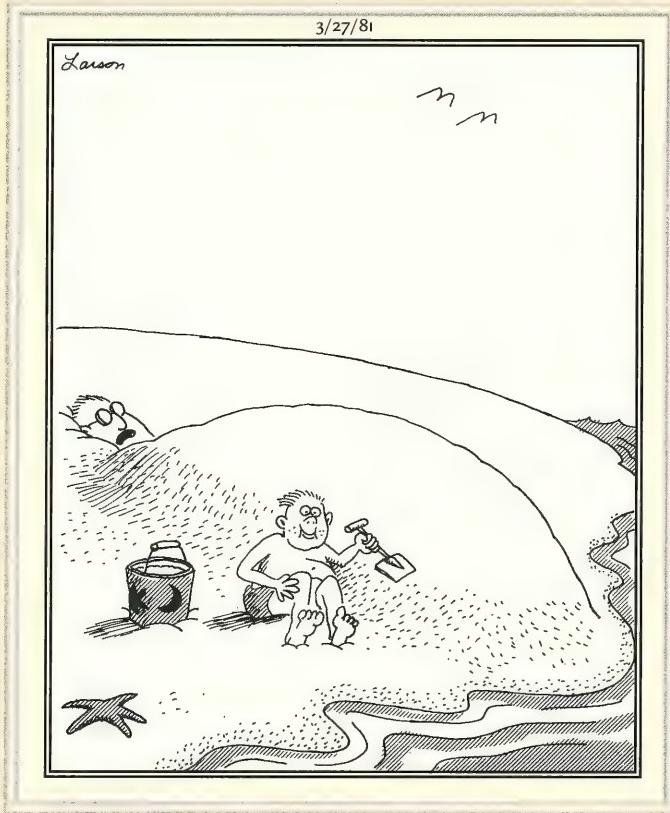
"Hey, Bob! So how's death been treating you?"



"FOOD!"



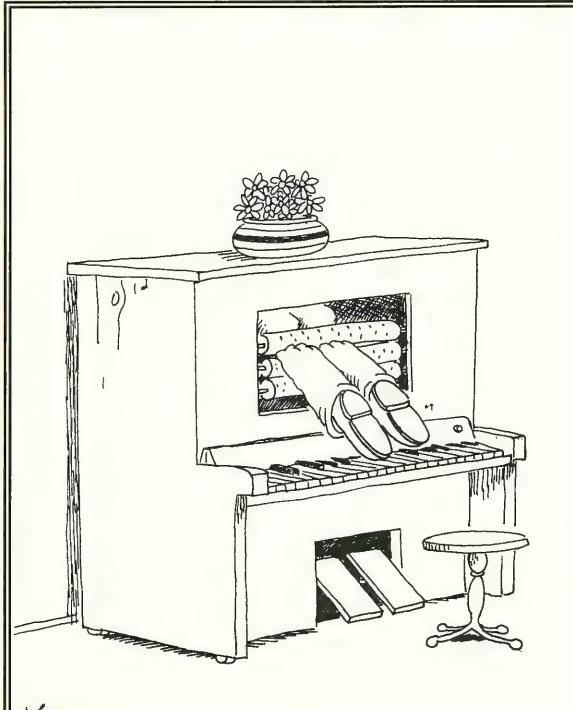
"So then Carl says to me, 'Look—let's invite over the new neighbors and check 'em out.'"



"Okay, Billy. ... Tide's coming in now. ...
Dig me out, Billy. ... Billy, I don't want
to get angry. ..."

March 1981

3/28/81



Larson

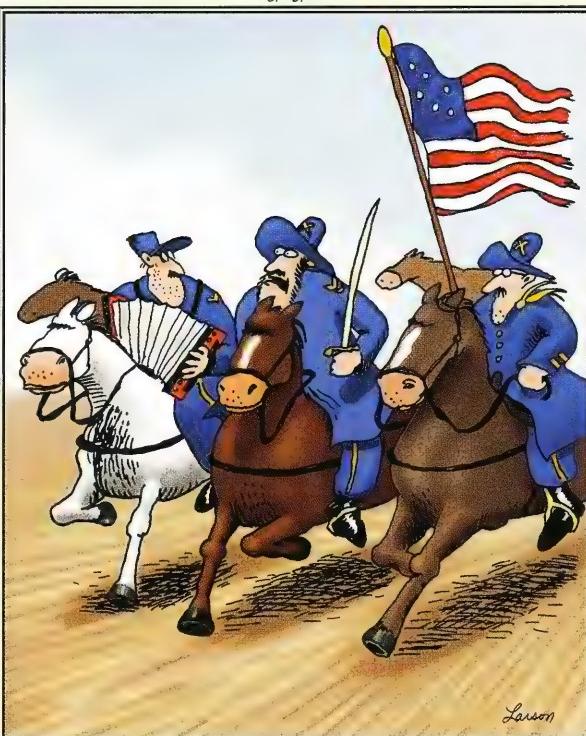
3/30/81



Larson

"And now we'll see if it attacks its own reflection."

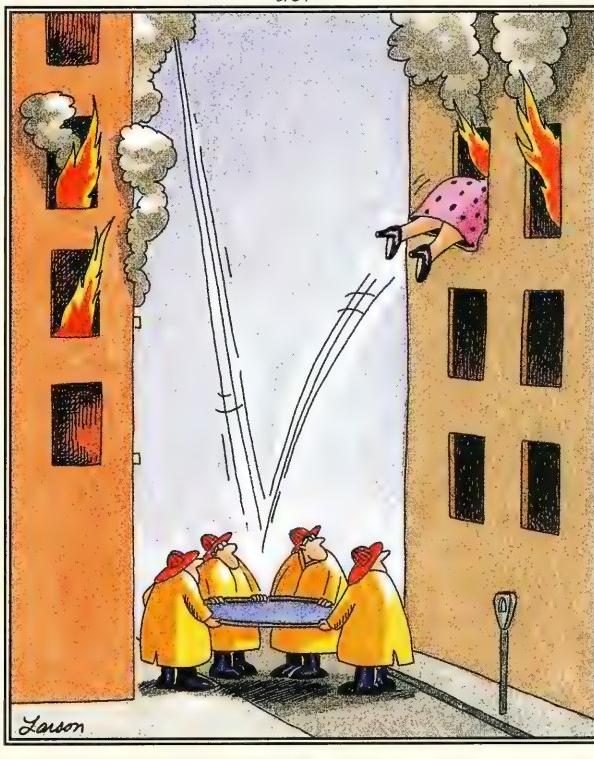
3/25/81



Larson

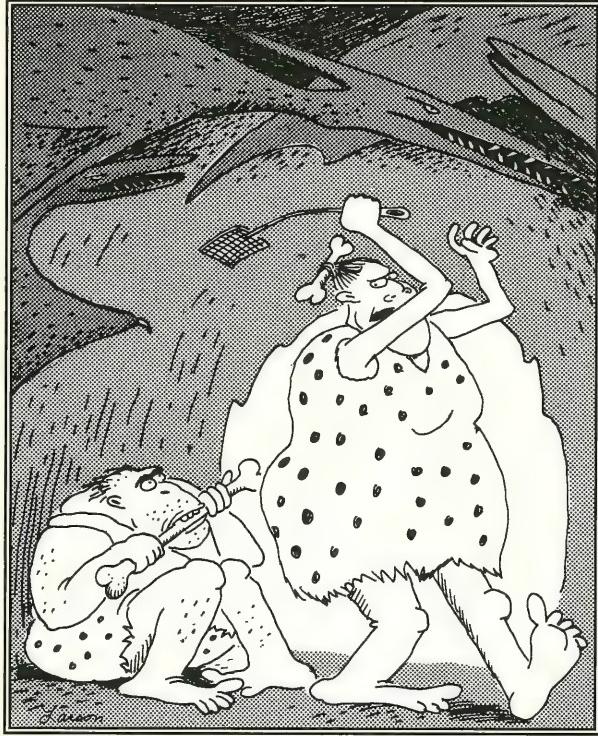
"You heard me, Simmons! You get that cursed bugle fixed!"

3/31/81



Larson

4/1/81

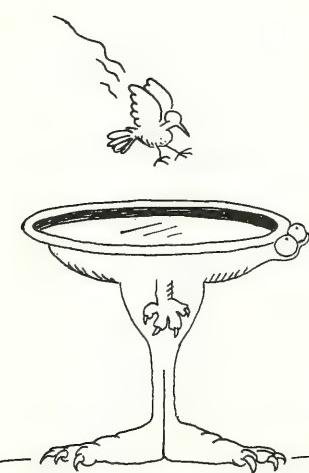


"Curse you, Zog! I've told you a hundred times to get them screens up!"

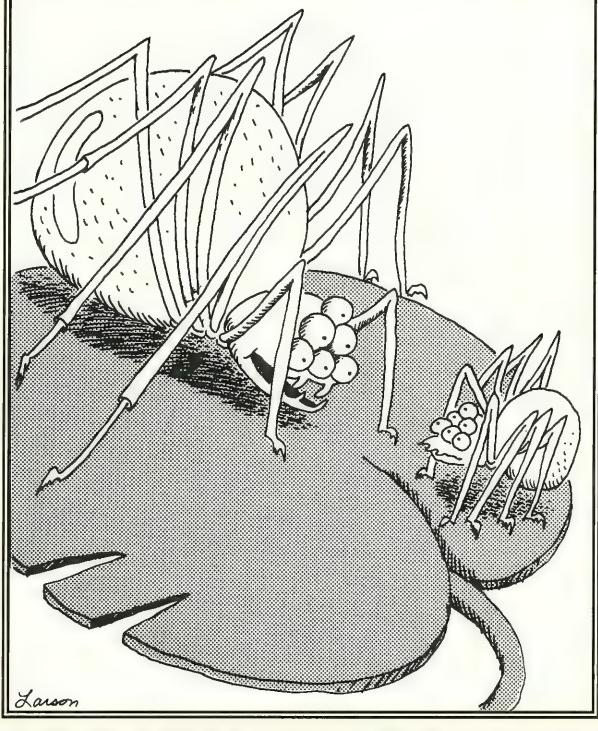
4/4/81



4/6/81



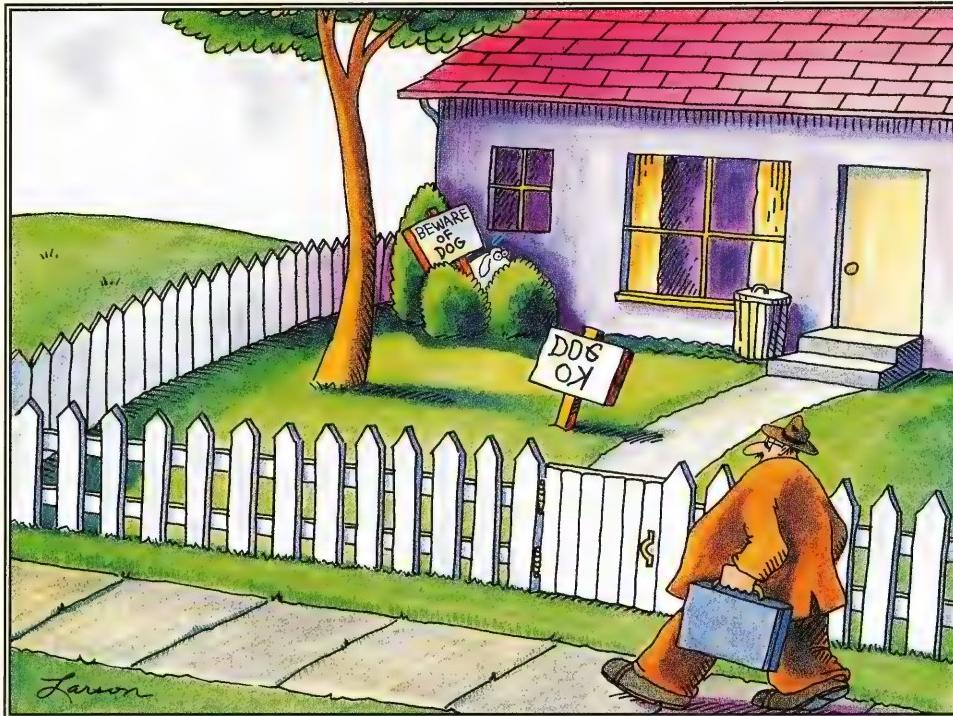
4/2/81



"Of course, that was back in the days when you were just a twinkle in your father's eyes."

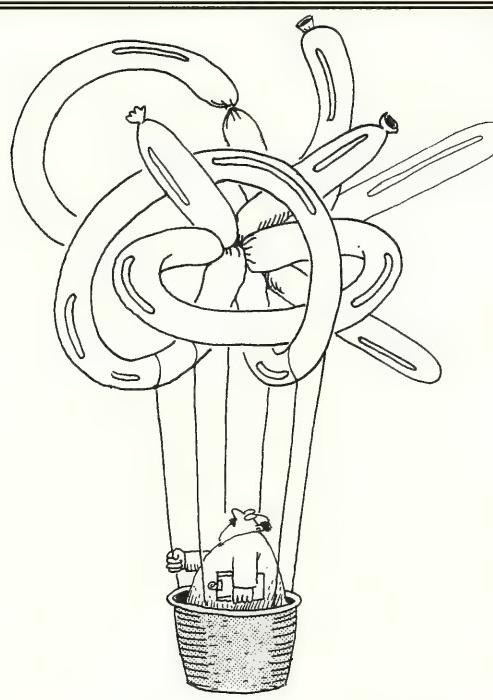
April 1981

4/3/81



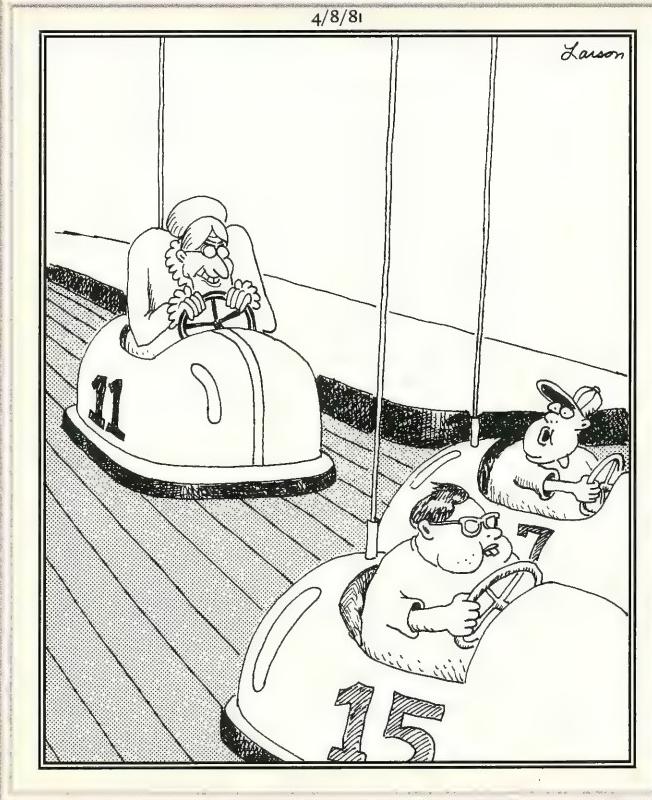
Larson

4/7/81



Larson

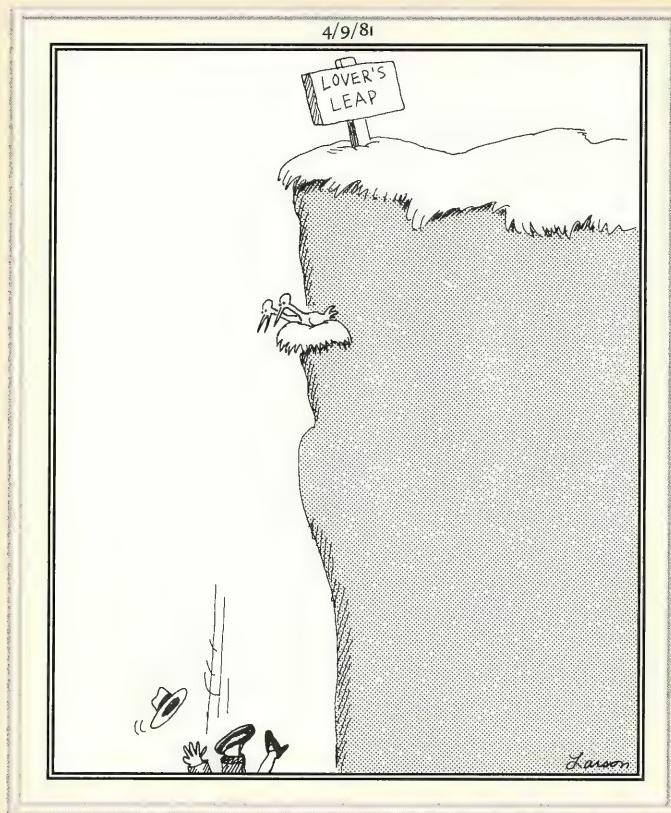
4/8/81



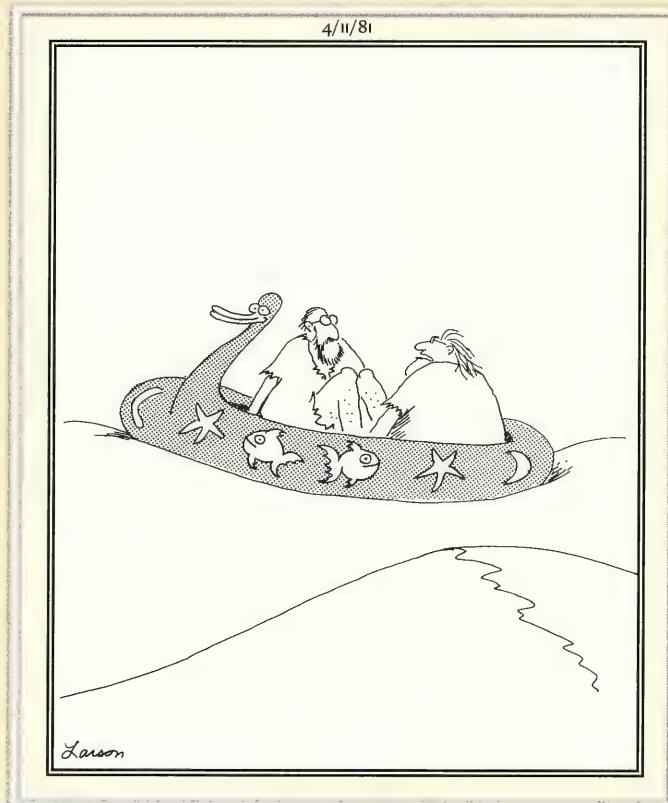
Larson

"Watch it, Randy! ... She's on your case!"

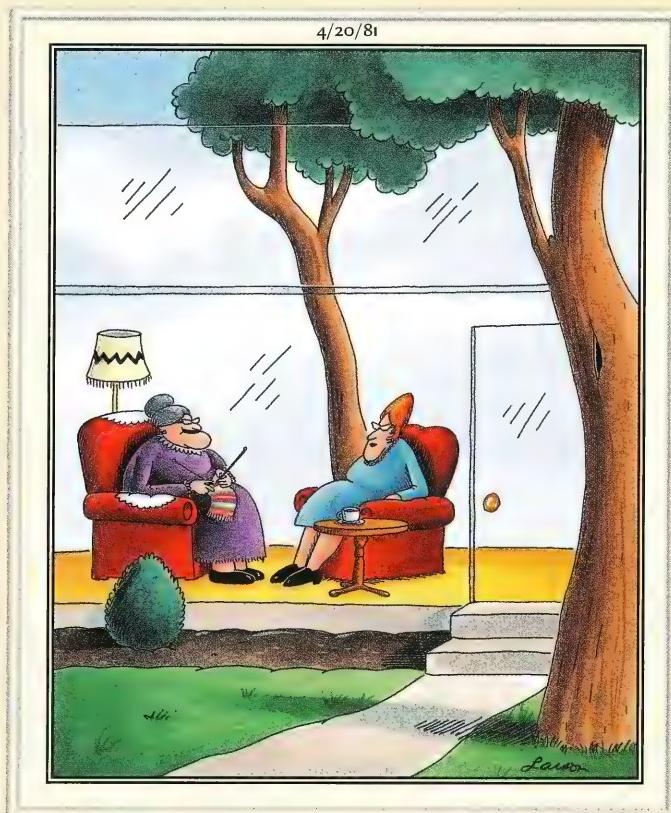
April 1981



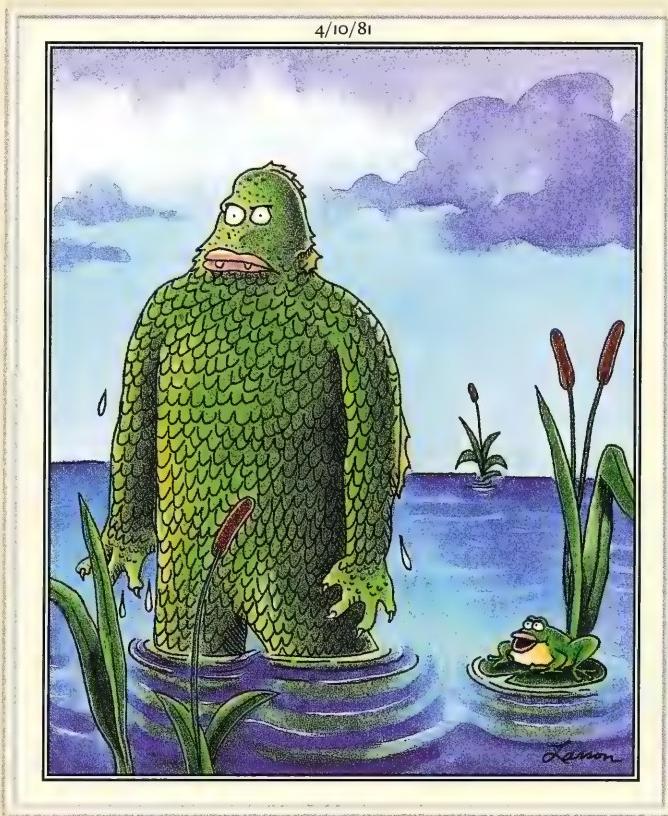
"There they go again ... leaving the nest too early."



"Seven days at sea ... but thank God no one's seen us yet."



"Of course, living in an all-glass house has its disadvantages ... but you should see the birds smack it."



"Go get 'em, brother."

April 1981

4/13/81



Larson

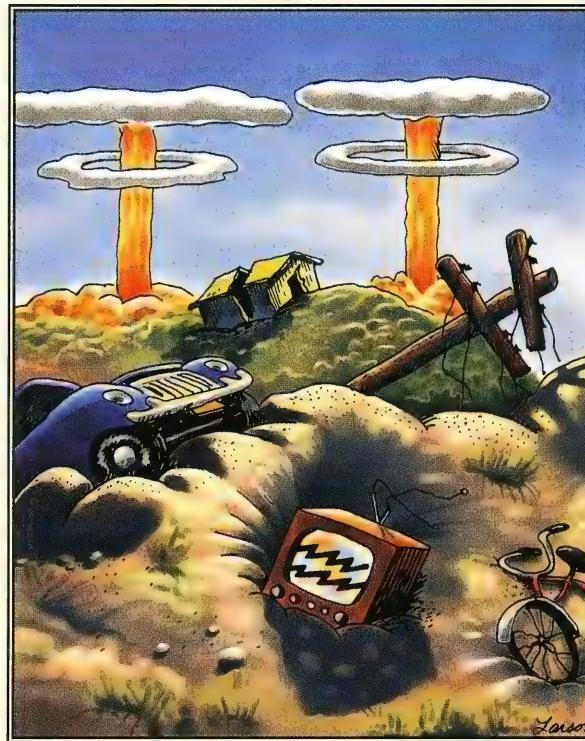
"No! No! Not that! Not *the pit!*"

4/14/81



"Uh-oh, Warren. ... The Williamses are checking us out again."

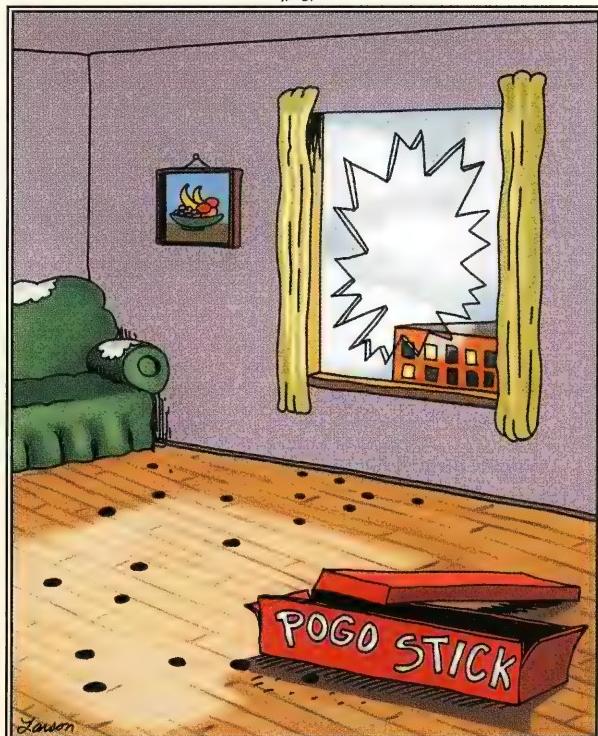
4/21/81



Larson

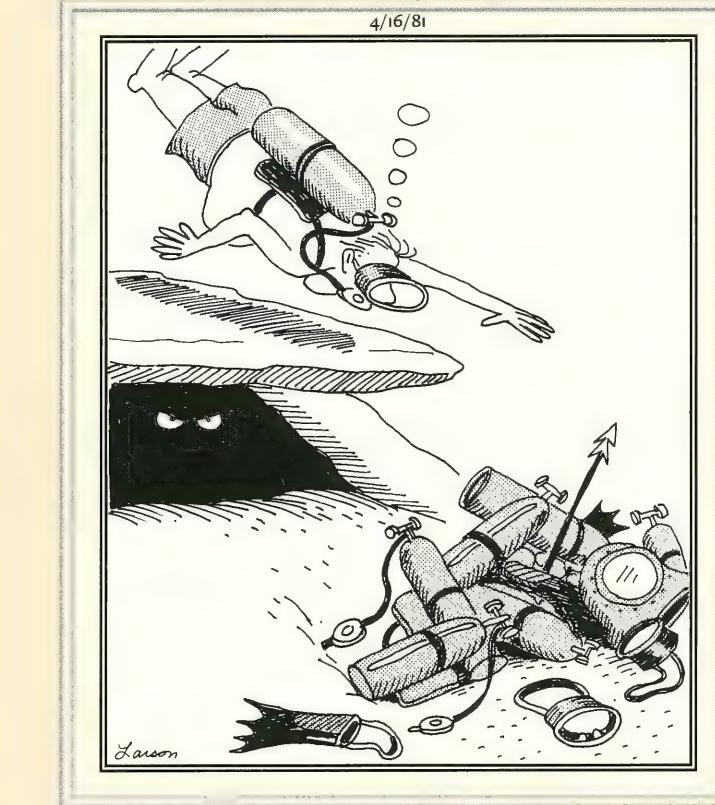
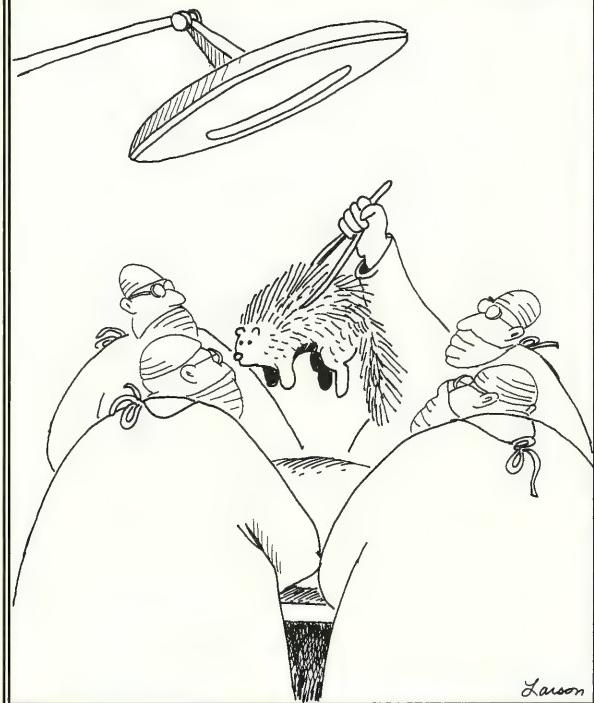
"This is a test. For the next thirty seconds, this station will conduct a test of the emergency broadcast system ..."

4/25/81



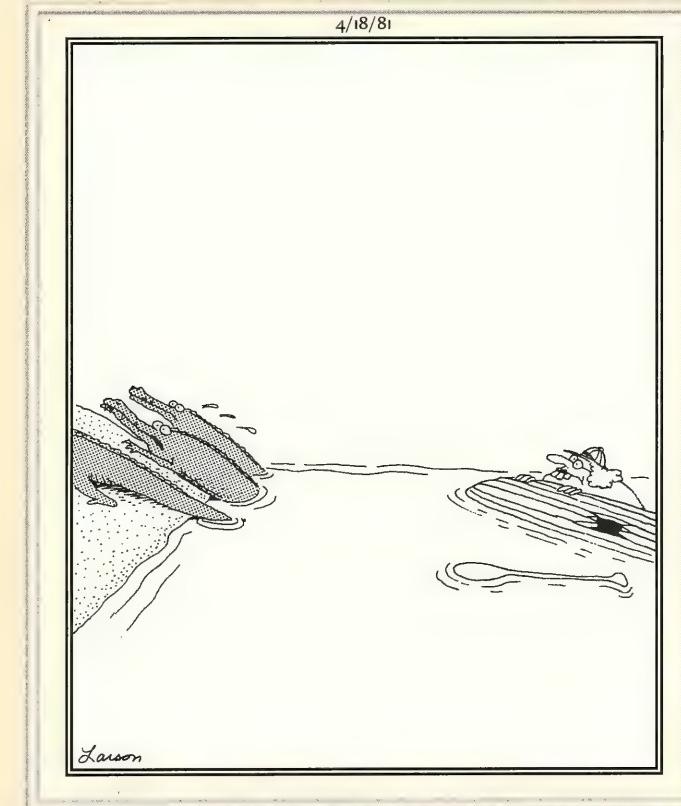
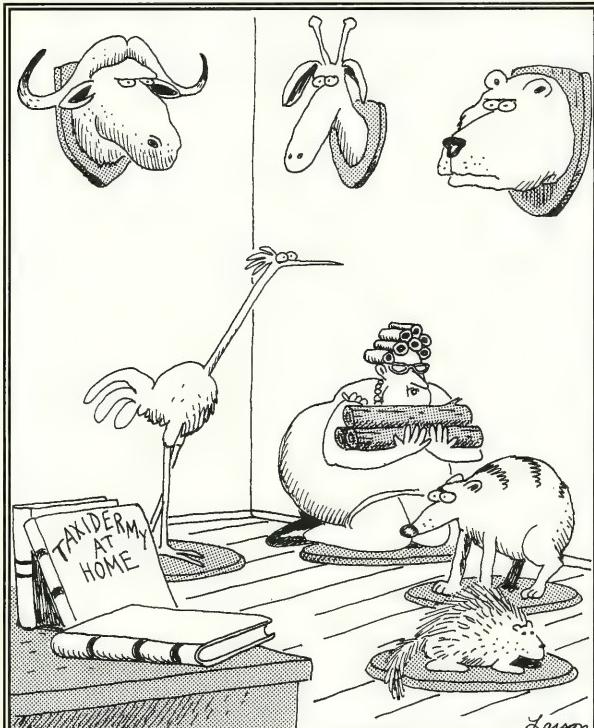
Larson

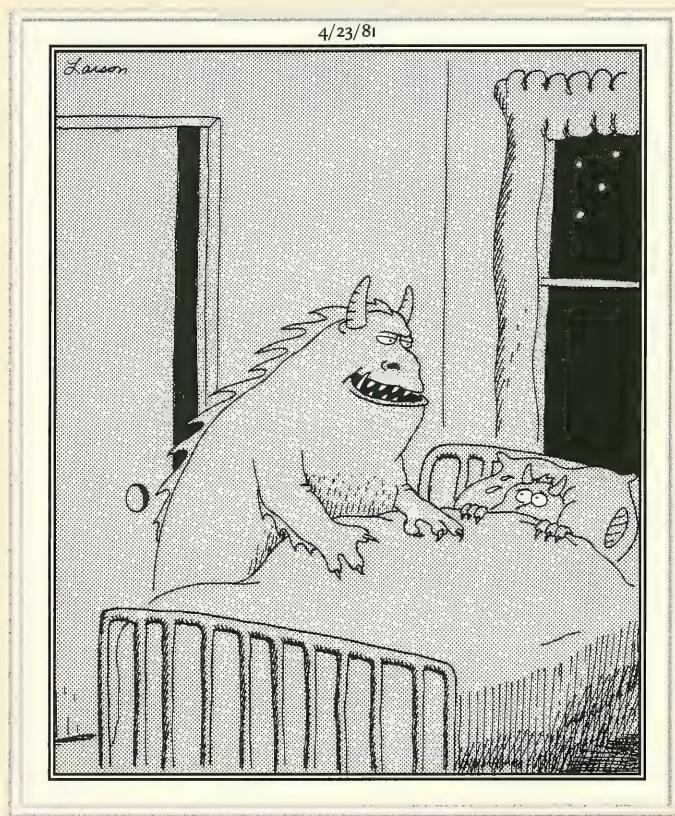
4/15/81



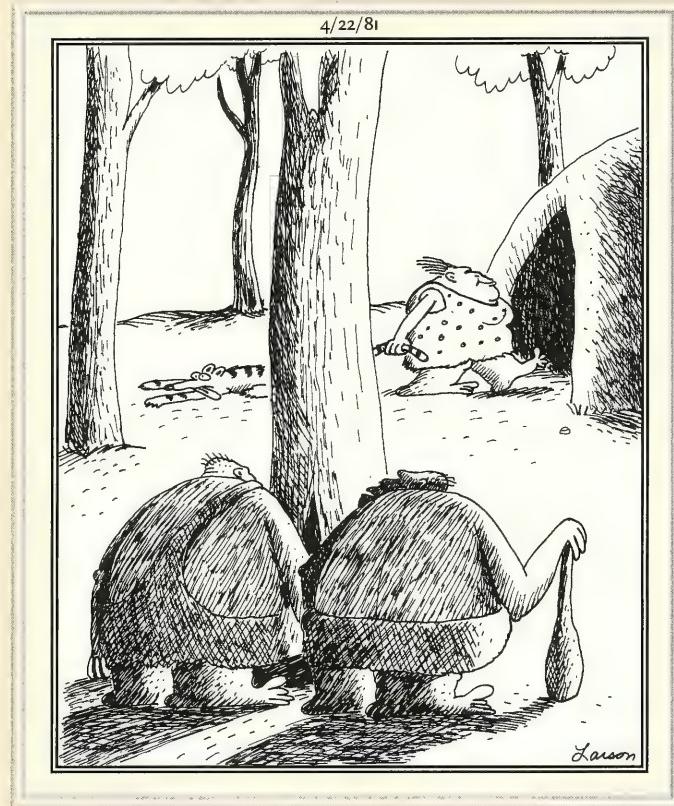
"Well, I guess that explains the abdominal pains."

4/17/81

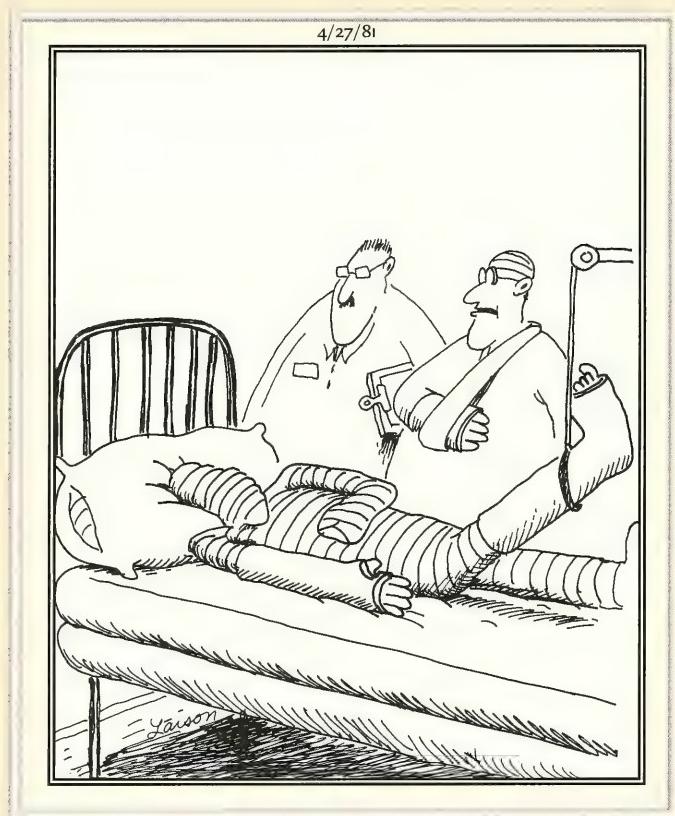




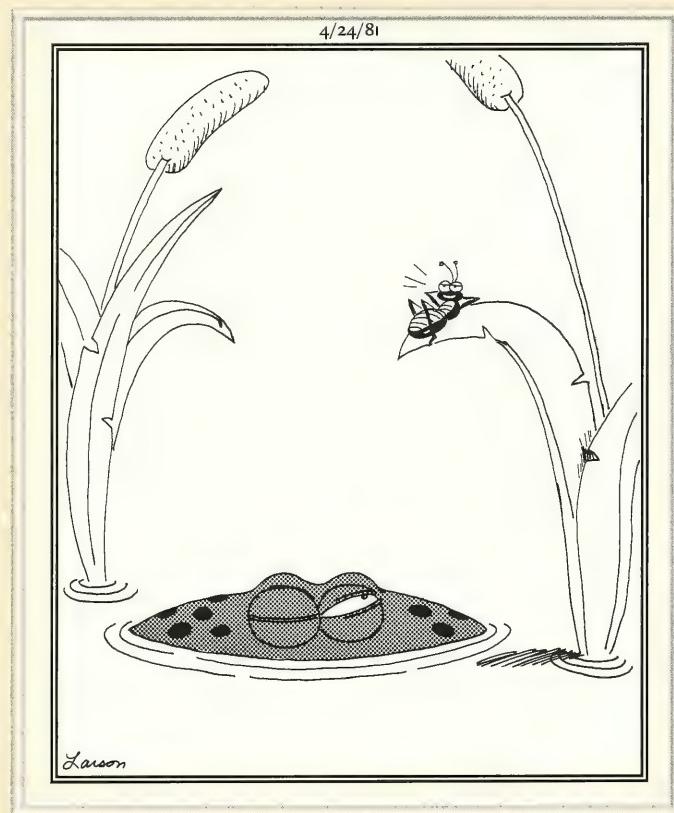
"Now, close your eyes and go back to sleep, honey. ... There's nothing in your closet."



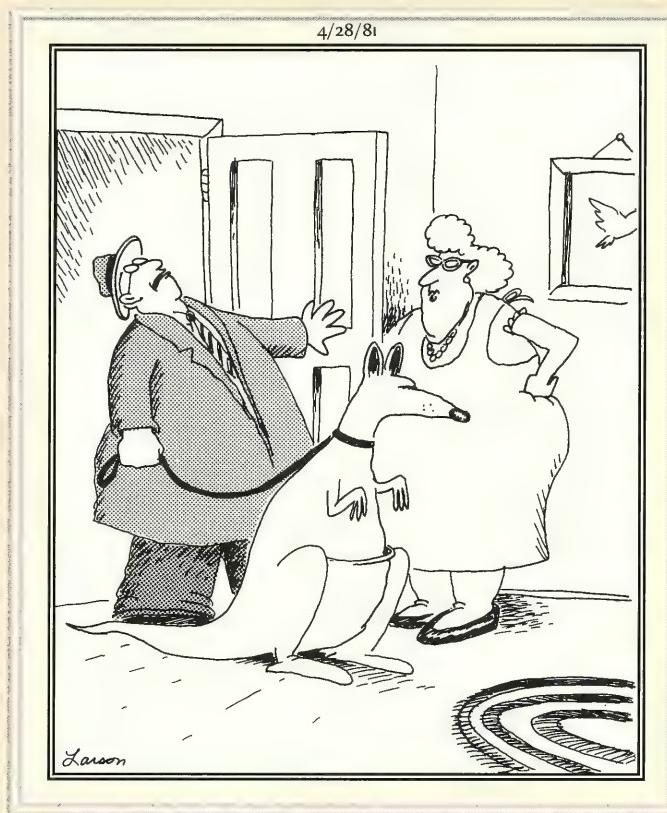
"Remember, Thag, approach her carefully. If she doesn't recognize your courtship behavior, she might eat you."



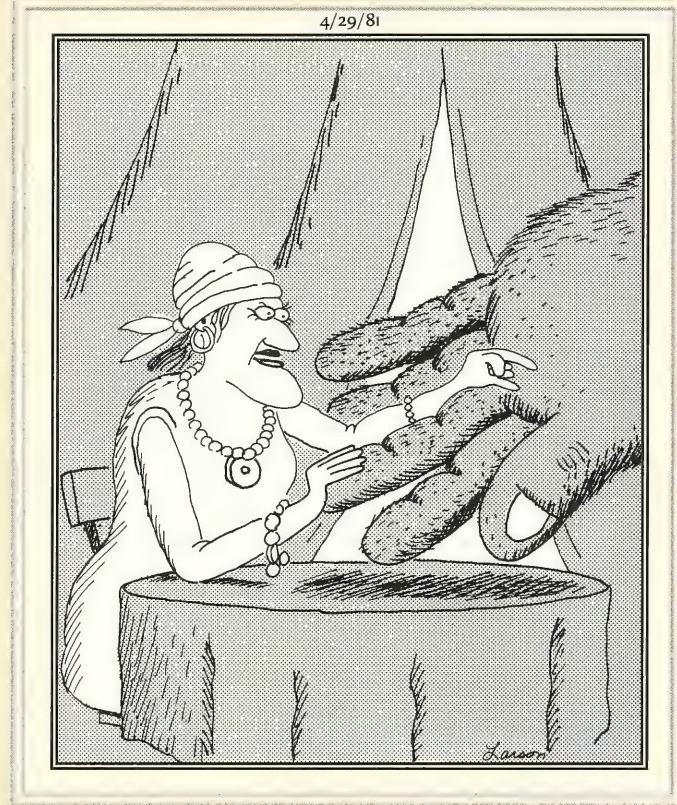
"So there he was—this big gorilla just lying there. And Jim here says, 'Do you suppose it's dead or just asleep?'"



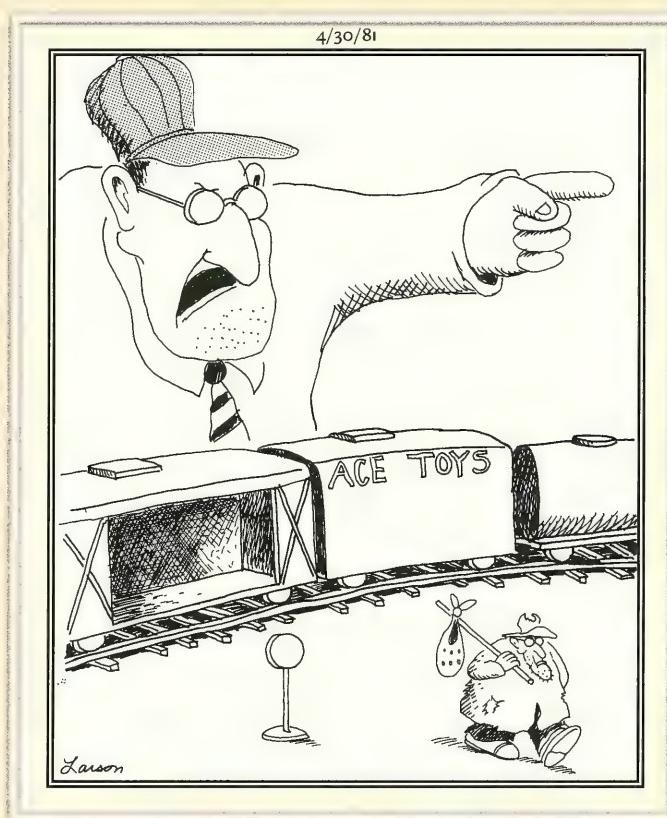
"Ahhhh ... life!"



"Florence! It's my neck again! ...
I can't move it!"



"And you should definitely stay away from
short blondes and tall buildings."



"And stay off!"

4-30-81

Editor
Los Angeles Times
Times Mirror Square
Los Angeles, CA

Sirs:

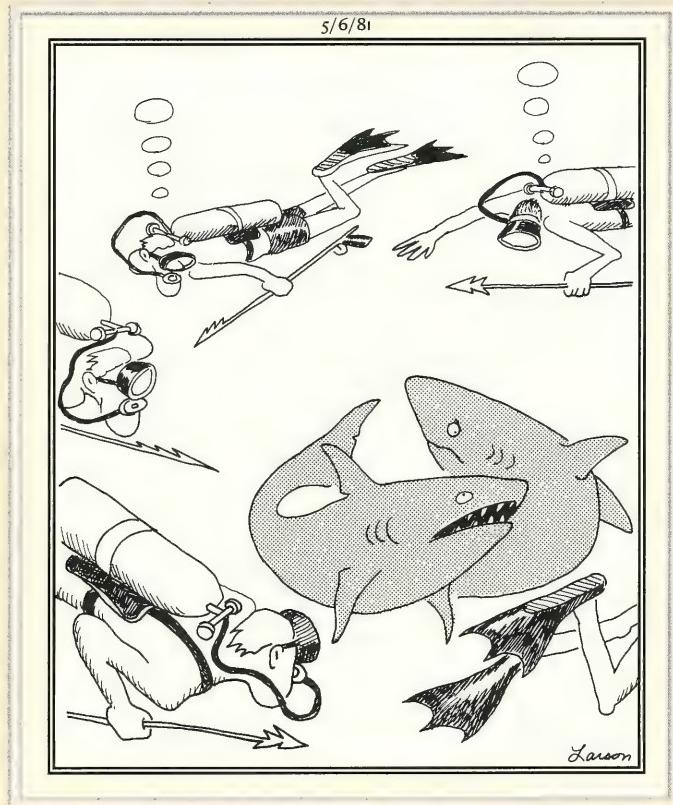
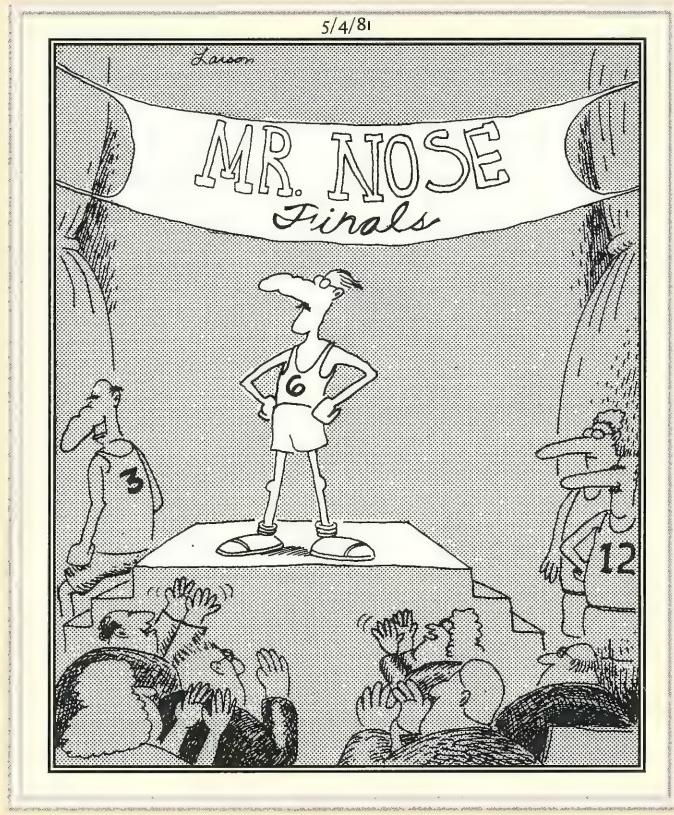
I must register strong exception to your cartoon
"The Far Side" by Gary Larson in today's paper.

Being an old railroader and model railroad fan for
longer than I care to admit I must inform you and Gary
Larson that no model railroader in his right mind would
force a perfectly sculptured "bum" from his railroad
"layout".

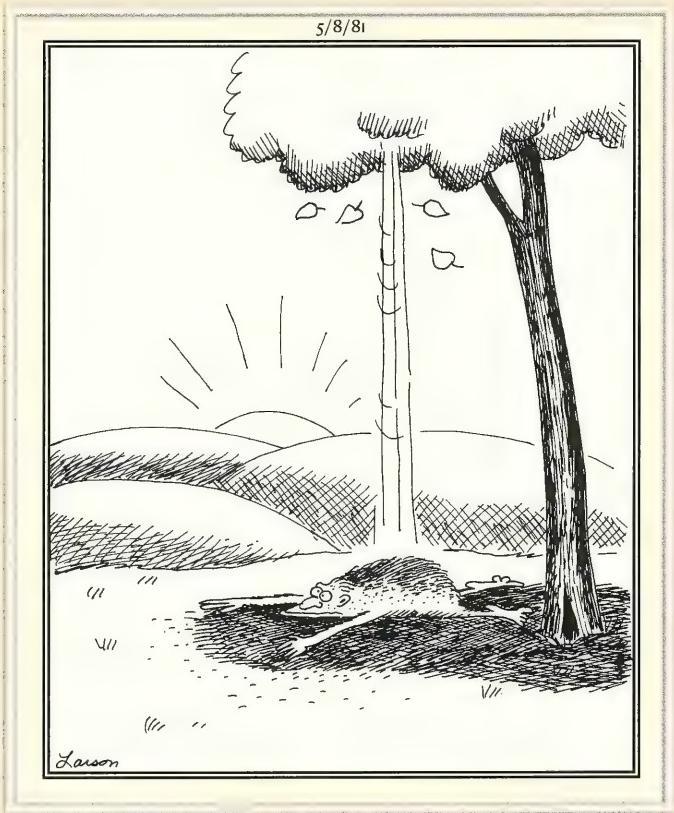
A model railroader seeks perfection in his miniature
world. A miniature creature would be welcomed as heartily
as the perfect switch or a track that never gets greasy.
His only complaint would be if the "bum" was
"out of scale."

HOn3 forever,
Howard Decker

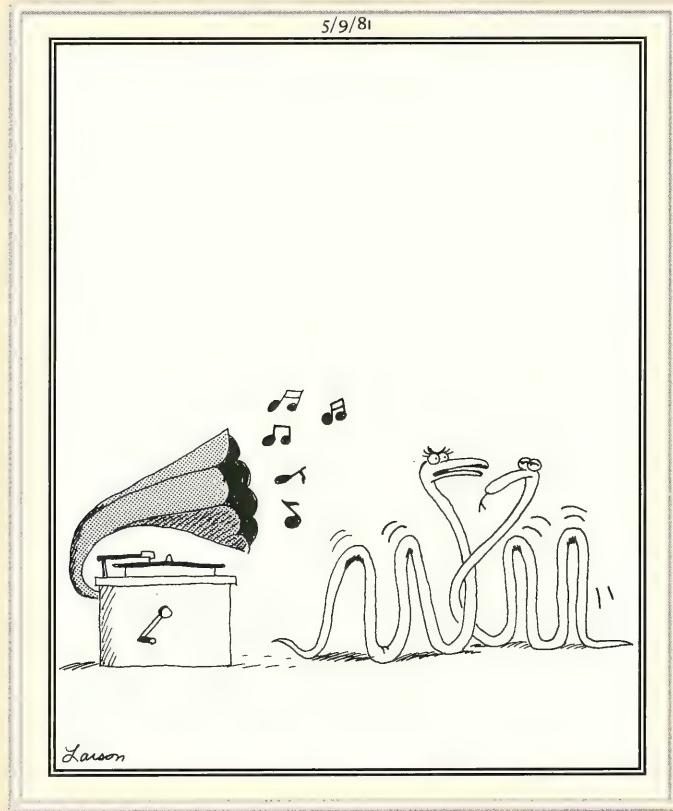
May 1981



"Just stay calm and don't make any erratic movements."



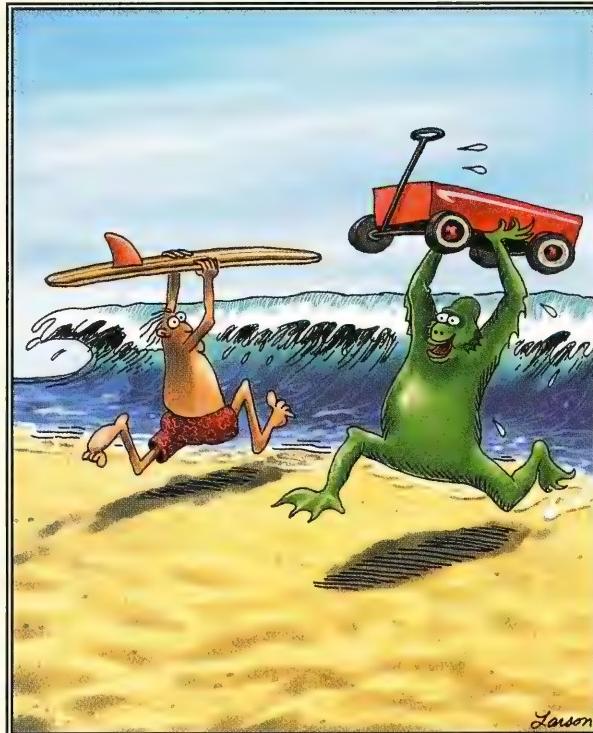
The Dawn of Man



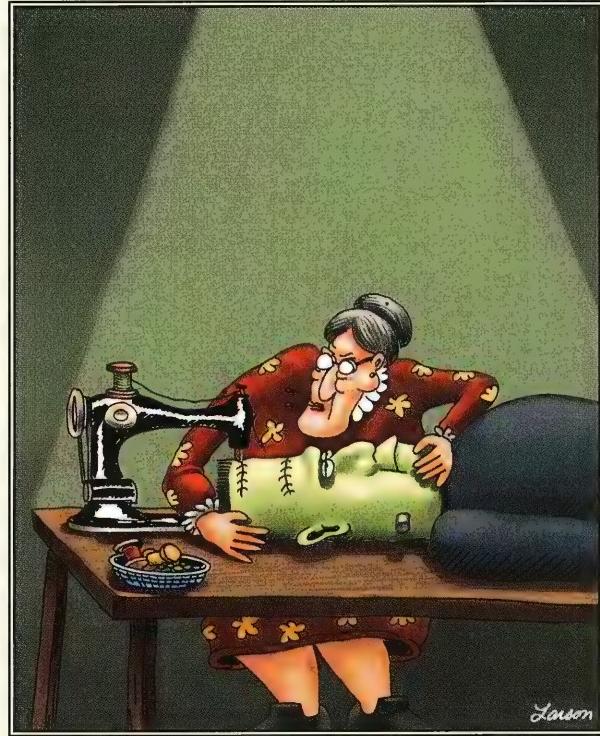
"Now follow me. Step, step, slither, step ...
step, step, slither, step ..."

May 1981

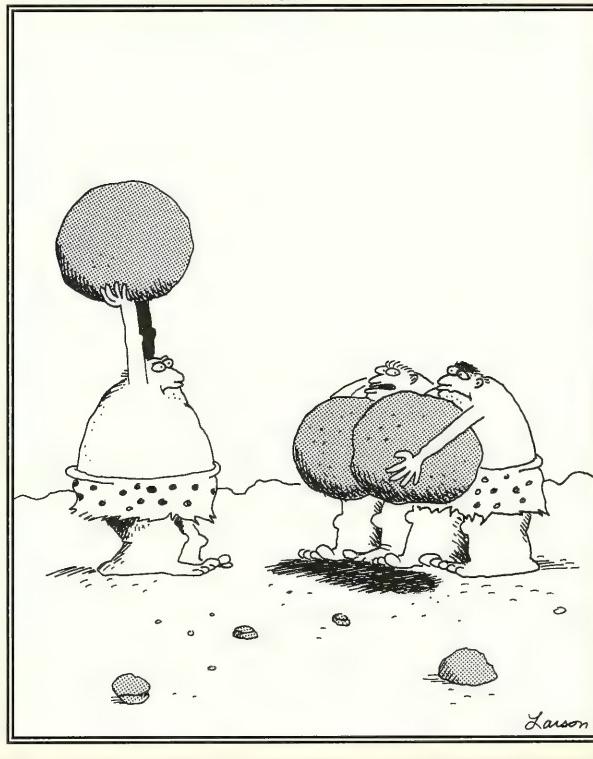
5/1/81



5/2/81

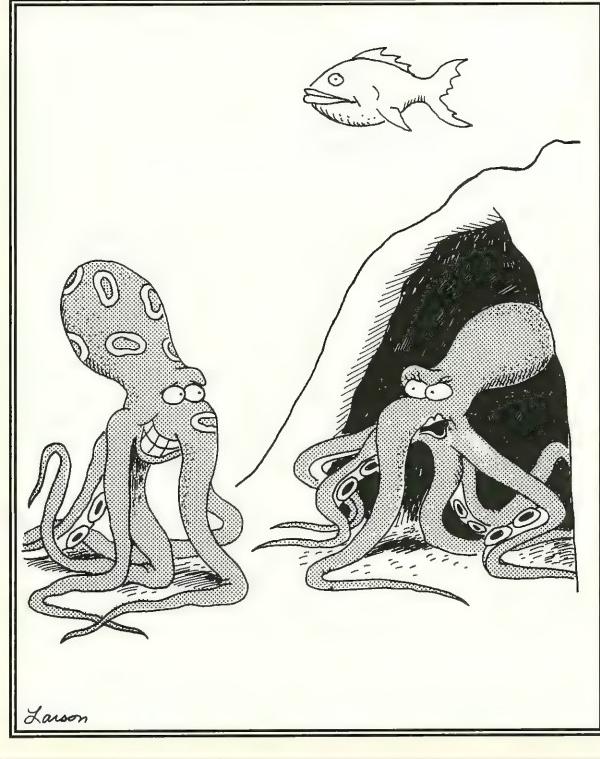


5/11/81



"We better do as he says, Thag. ...
He's got the drop on us."

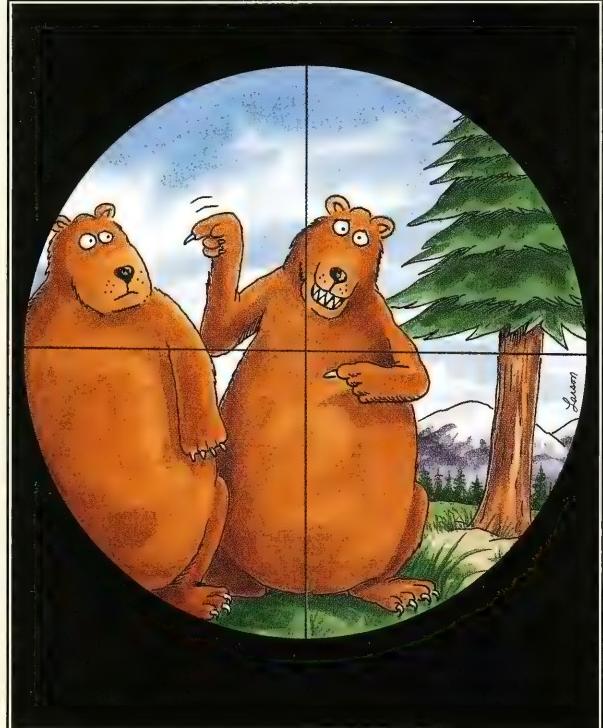
5/13/81



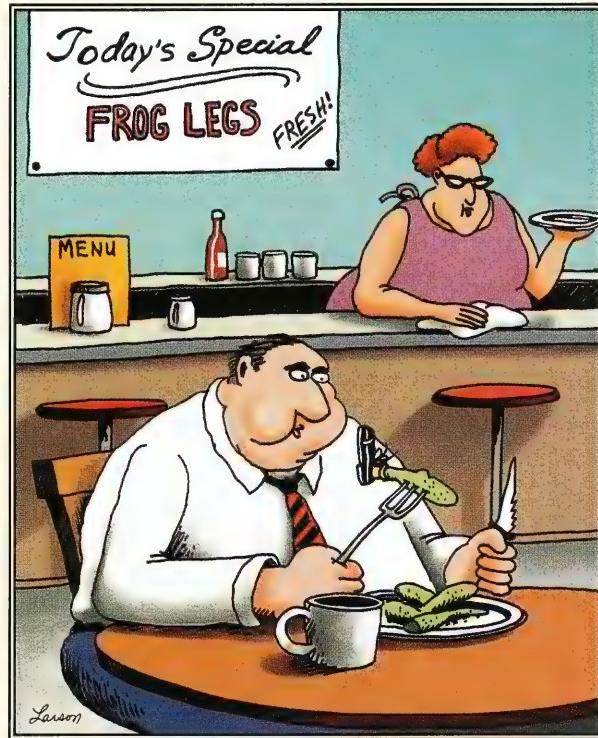
"Oh, yeah? ... And I suppose you got those
suction marks at the meeting, too!"

May 1981

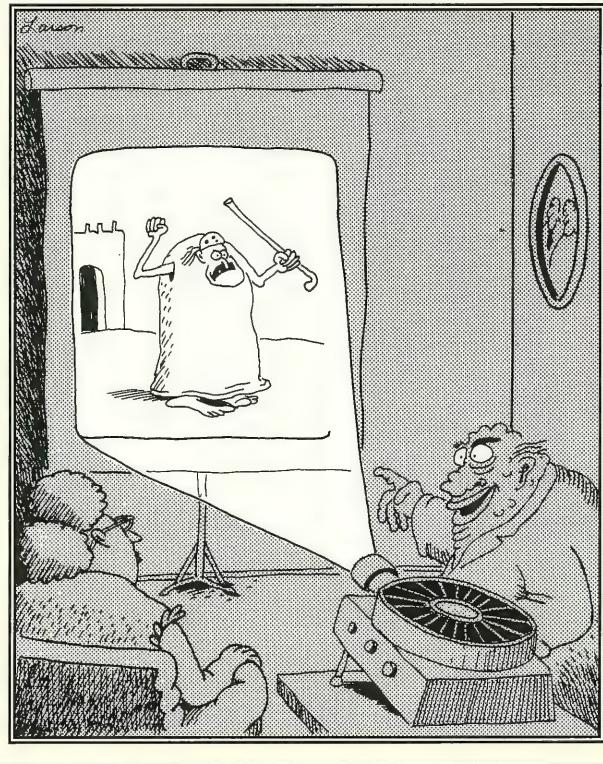
5/5/81



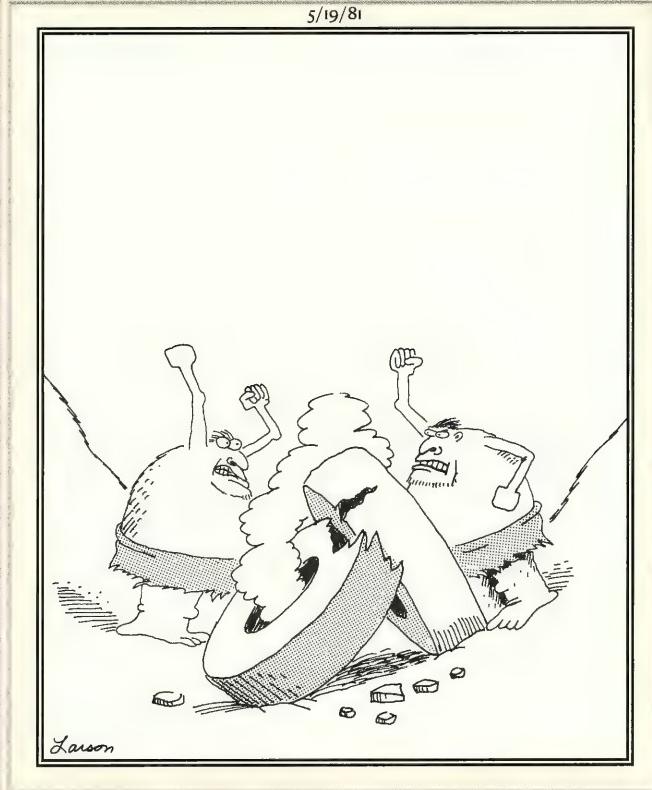
5/7/81



5/12/81



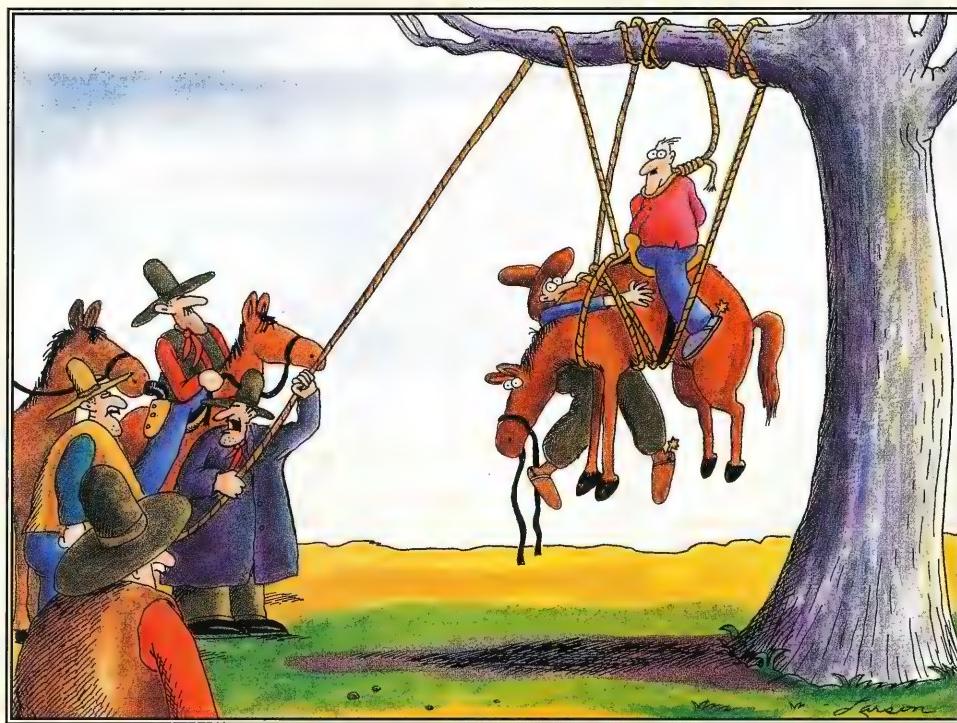
5/19/81



"Now I remember, Helen! ... That's the old peasant woman who said she'd put a curse on me if I snapped her!"

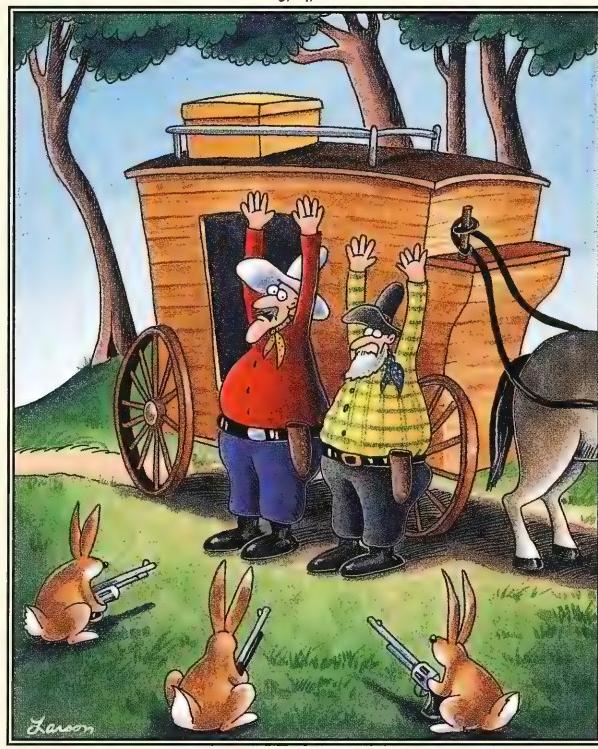
May 1981

5/15/81



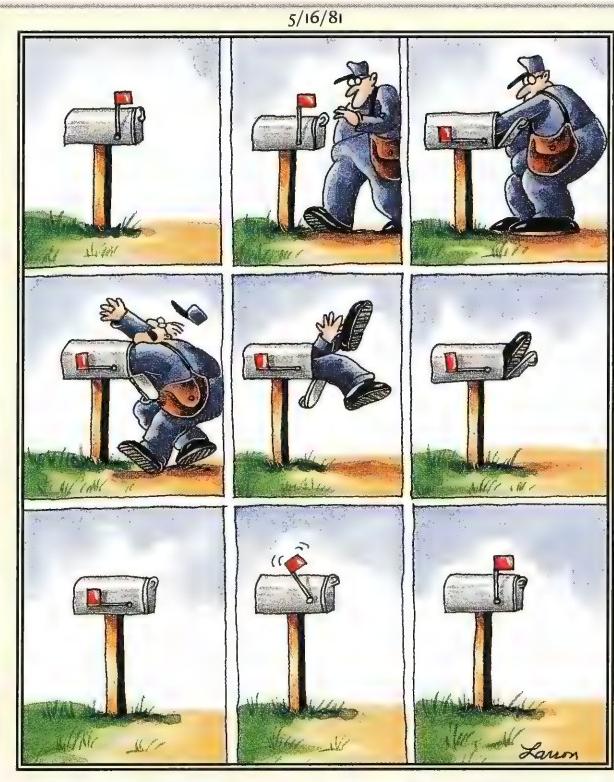
"Okay, okay, okay. ... Everyone just calm down and we'll try this thing one more time."

5/14/81

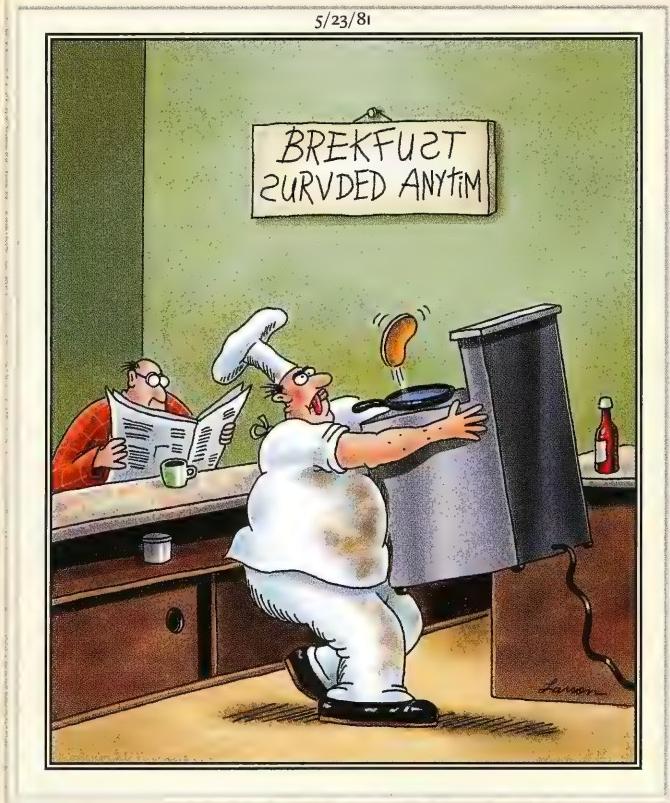
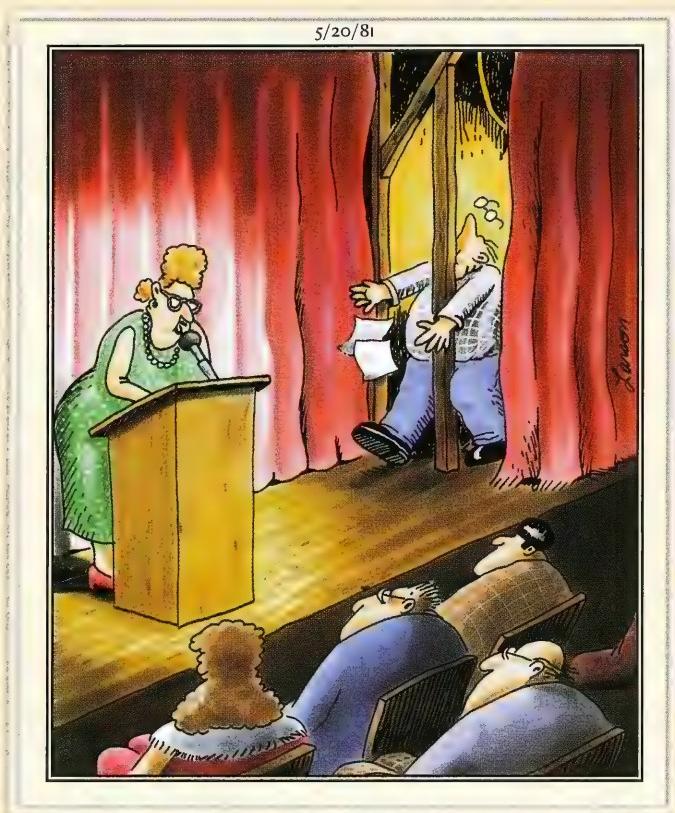


"This ain't gonna look good on our report, Leroy."

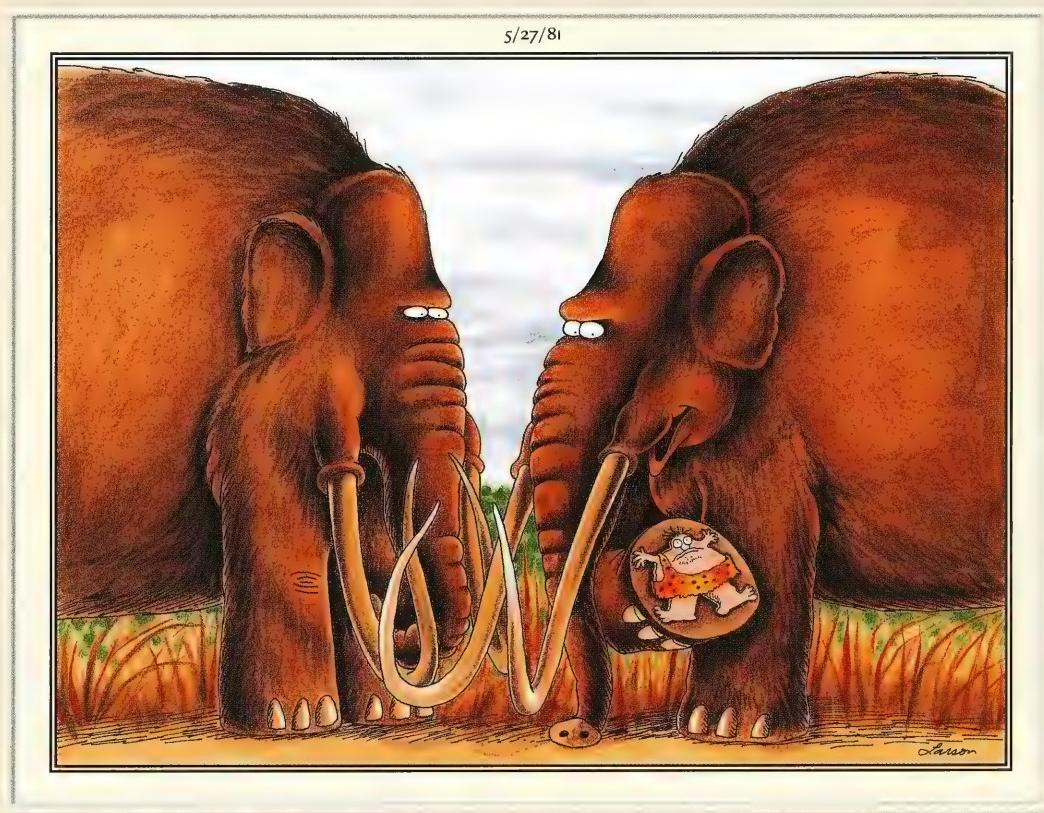
5/16/81



May 1981

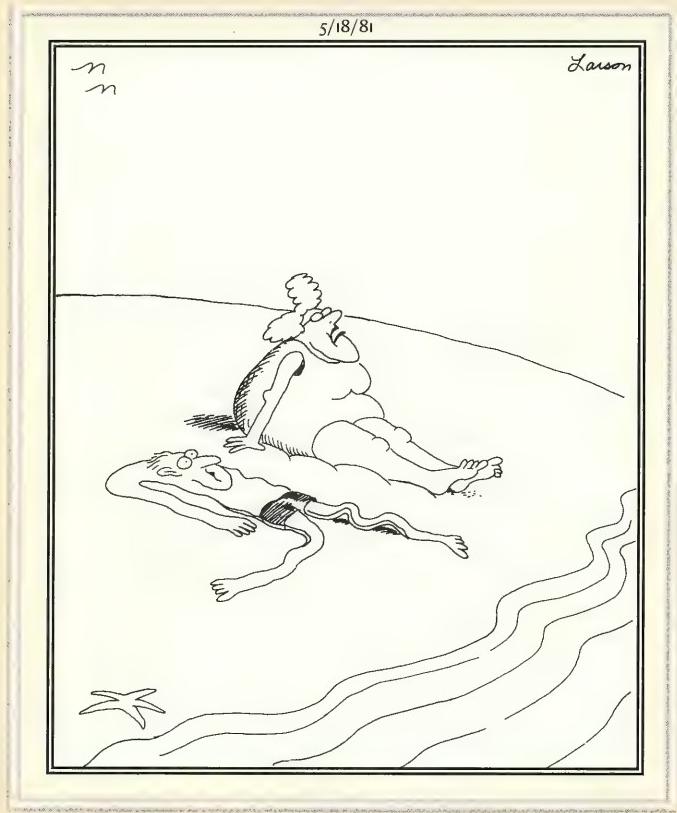


"And so, without further ado, here's the author of *Mind over Matter*..."

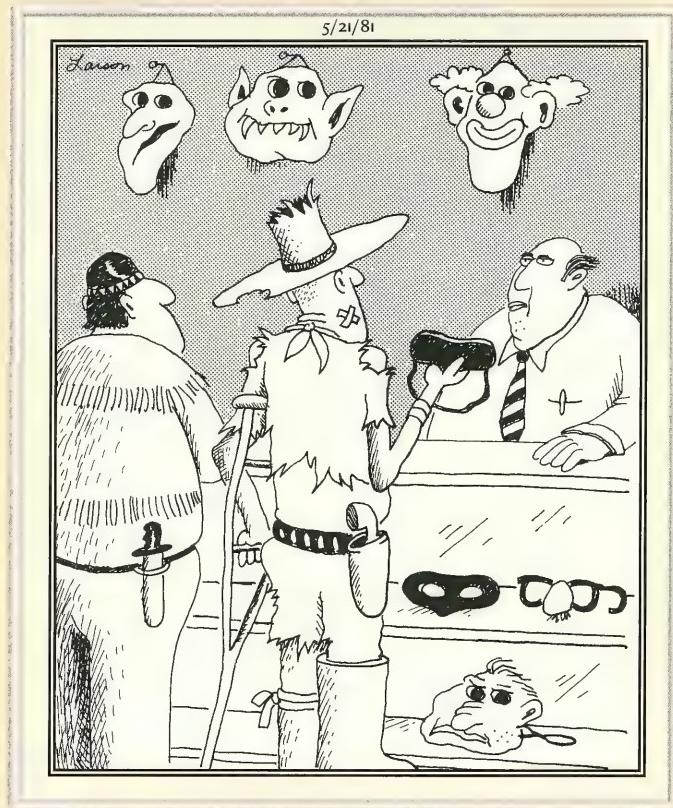


"Well, what the? ... I thought I smelled something."

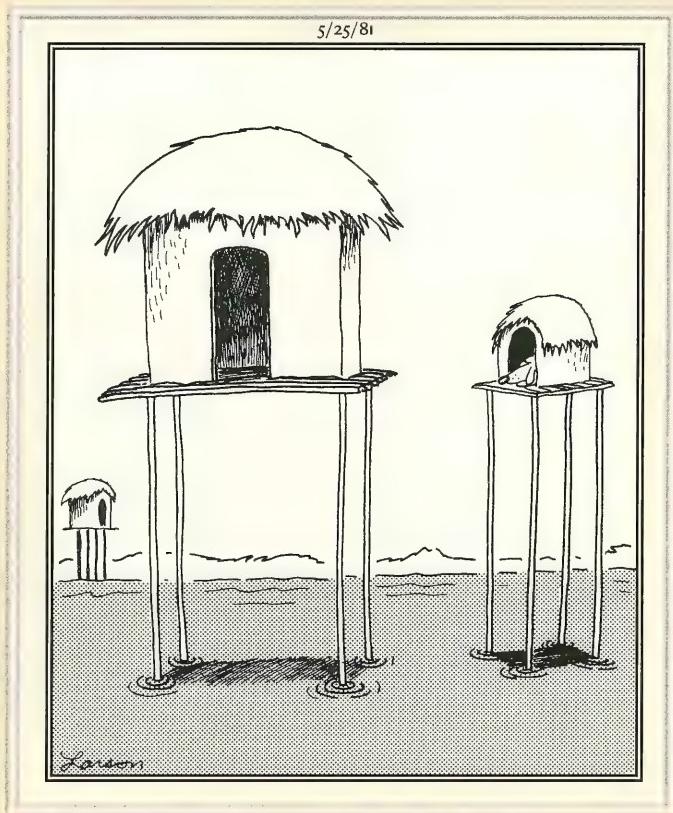
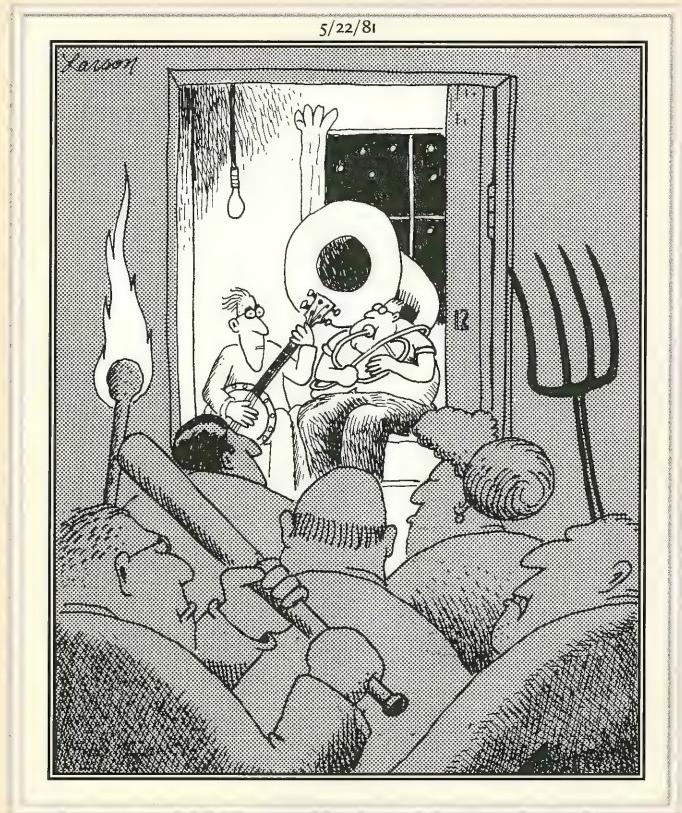
May 1981



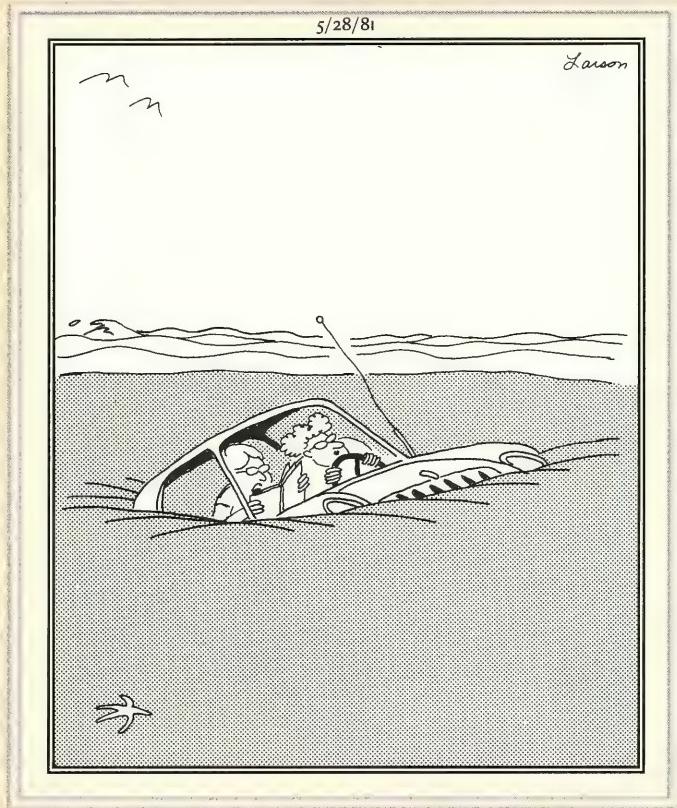
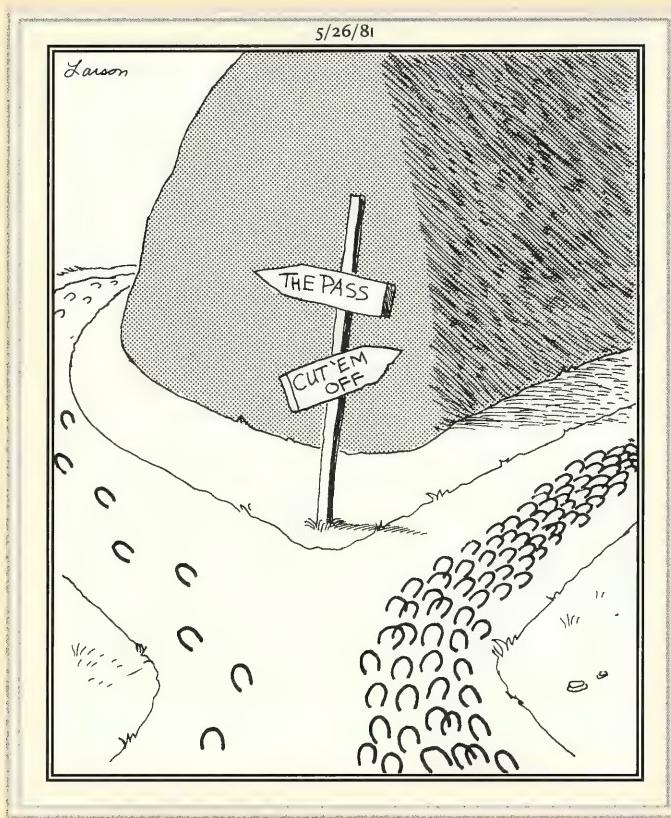
"My goodness, Harold! ... Now there goes one big mosquito!"



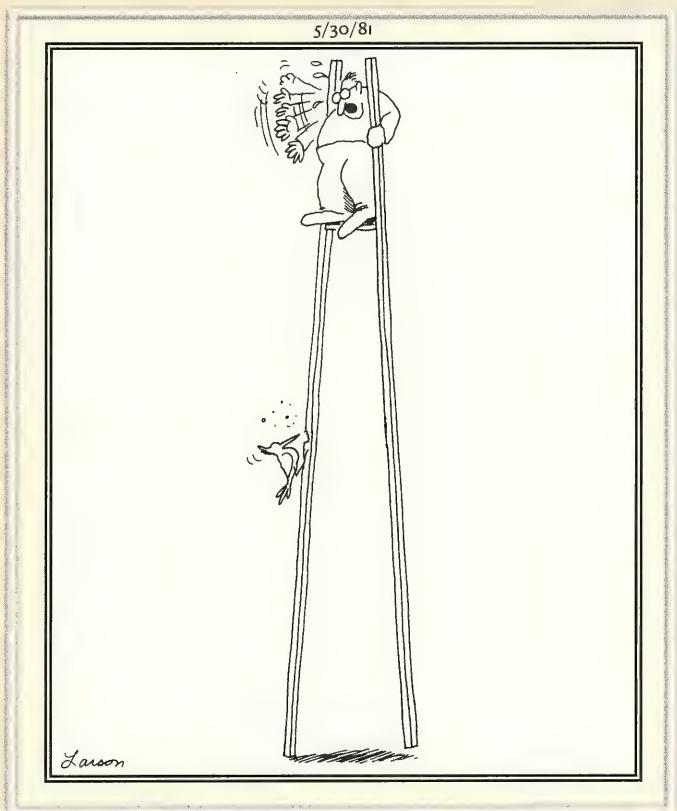
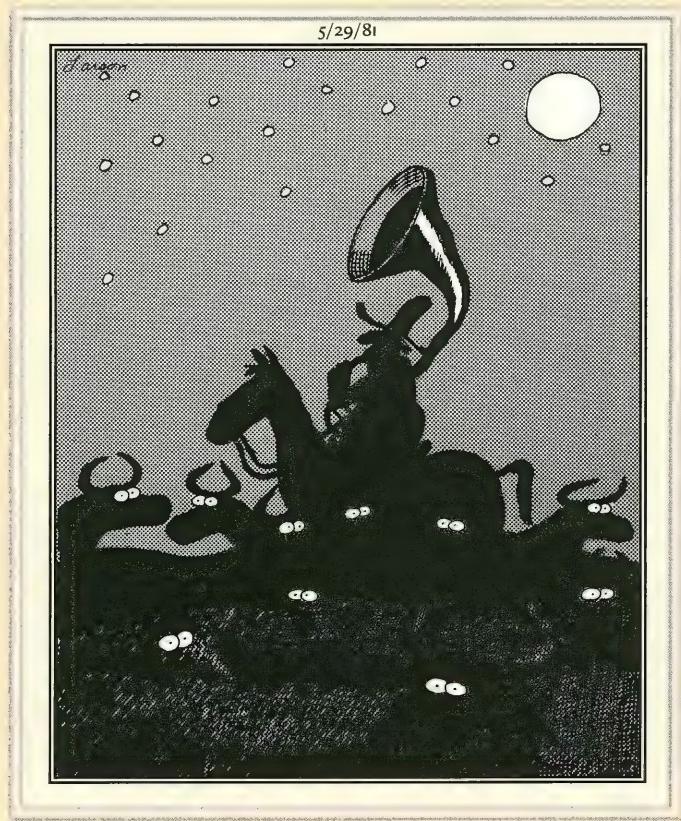
"Say ... wasn't there supposed to be a couple of holes punched in this thing?"

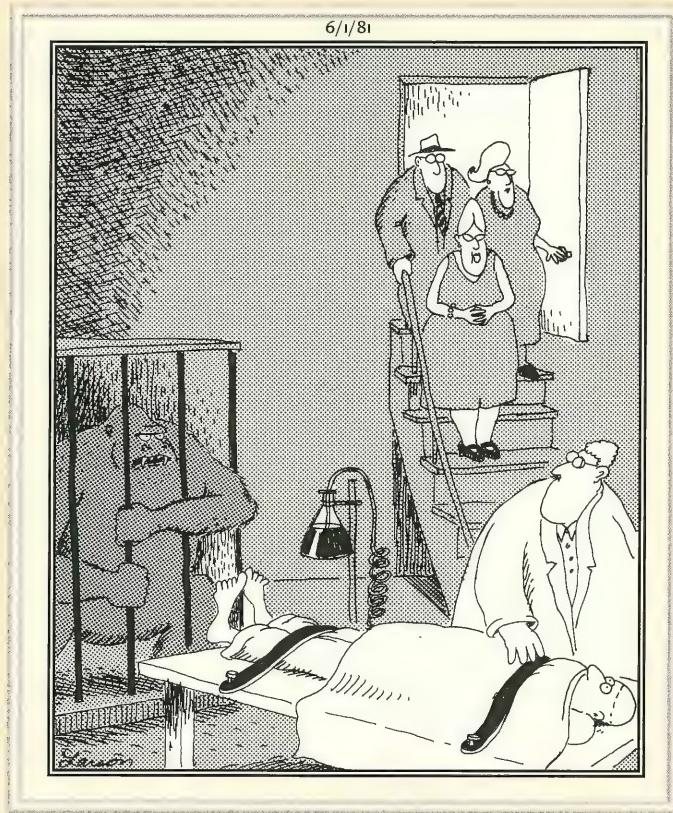


May 1981

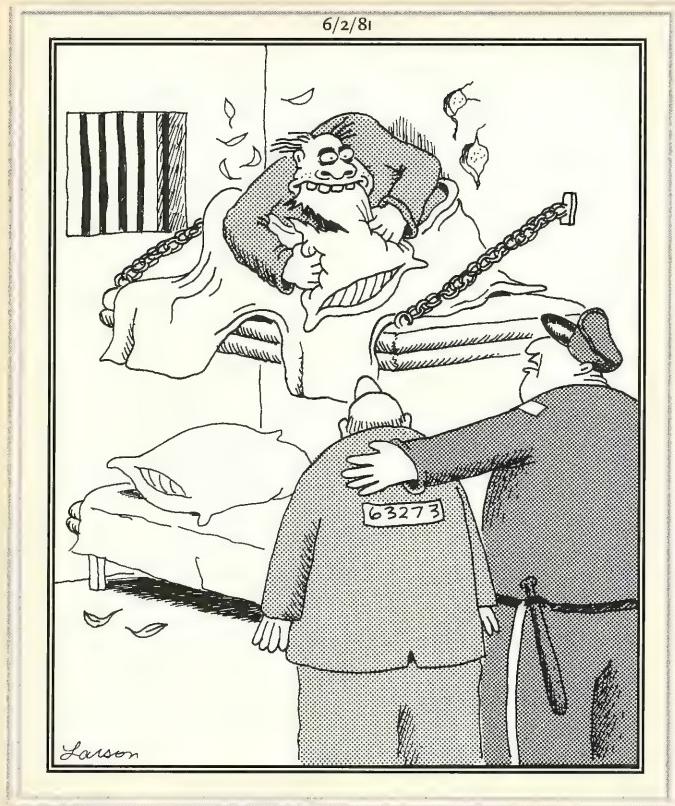


"Well, the Answer Man says, 'If the wheels start to spin, try rocking the car back and forth'..."

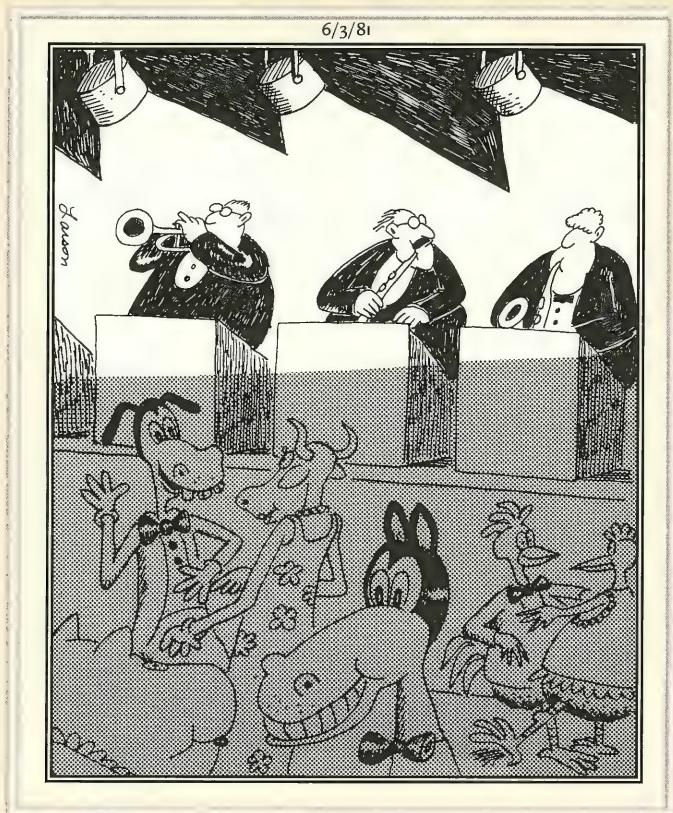




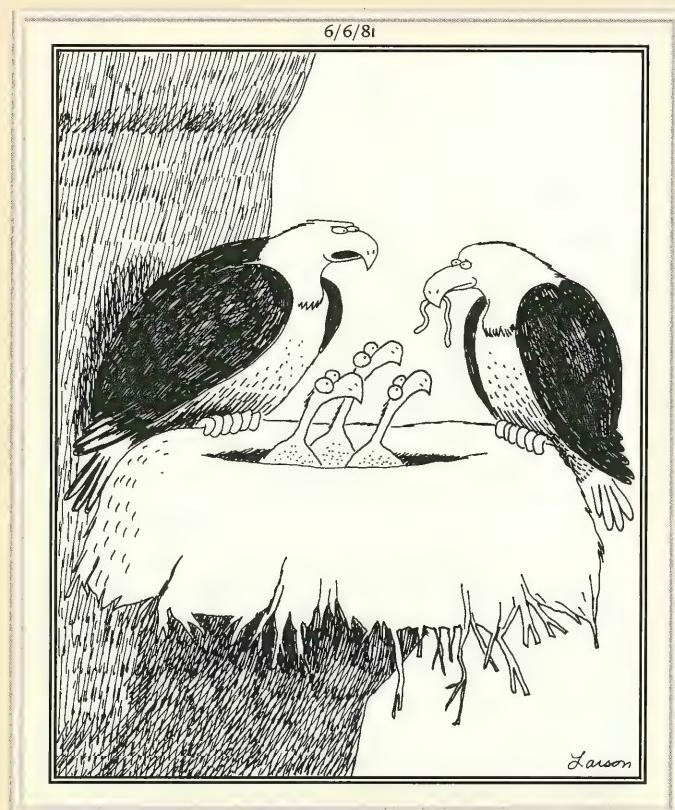
"Honey, the Merrimonts are here. ... They'd like to come down and see your ape-man project."



"Hey, Durk! ... New cellmate, Durk! ...
New cellmate! ... Friend, Durk! ... Friend!"



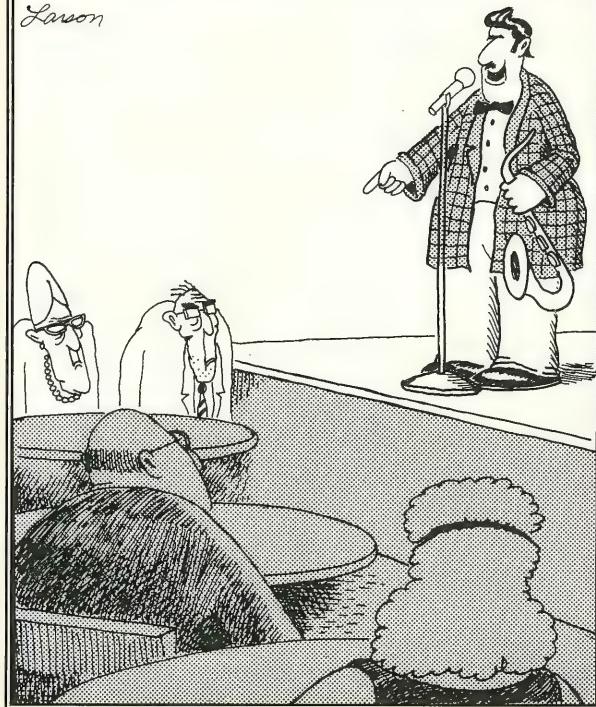
"That does it, Carl. ... You're through
doing the bookings."



"Well, well. ... The great hunter returneth."

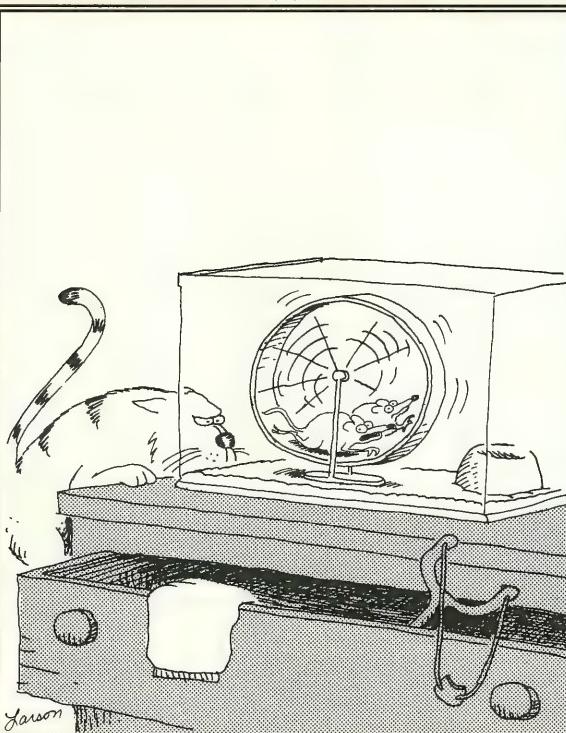
6/5/81

Larson



"And then, whenever I come to the word 'chicken,' the couple here in front will jump up and make clucking sounds!"

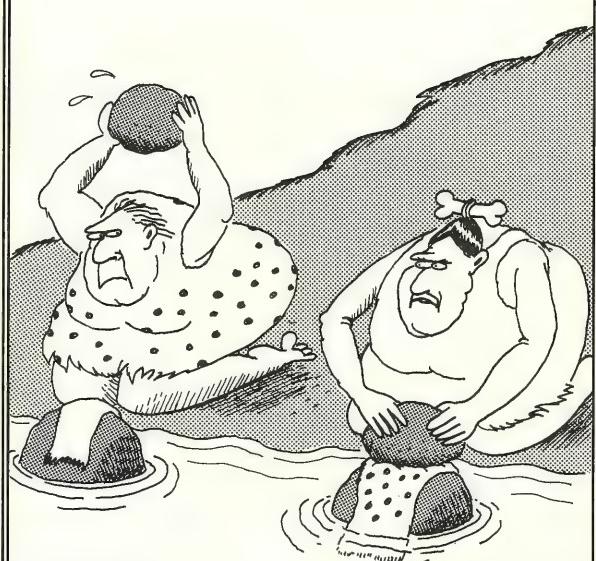
6/8/81



"Faster! He's still there!"

6/10/81

Larson

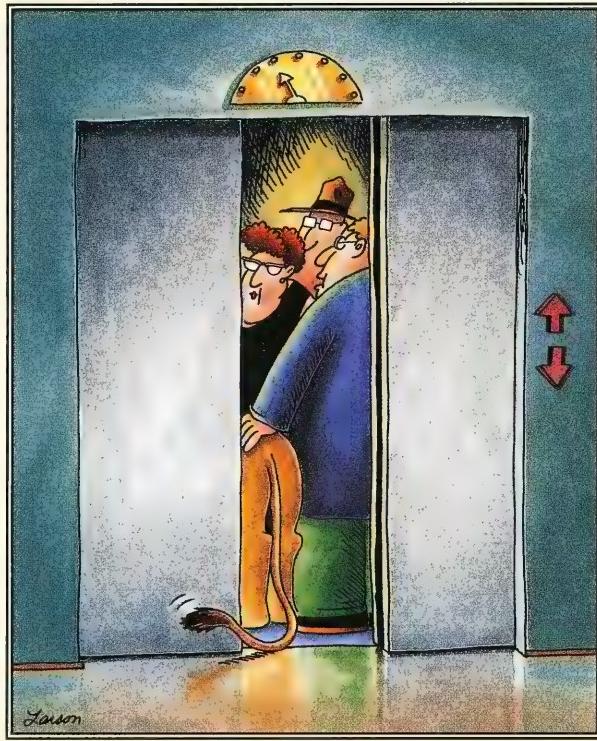


"Well, I learned one thing. ... This works good on clothes, but don't try it on your dog."

6/11/81

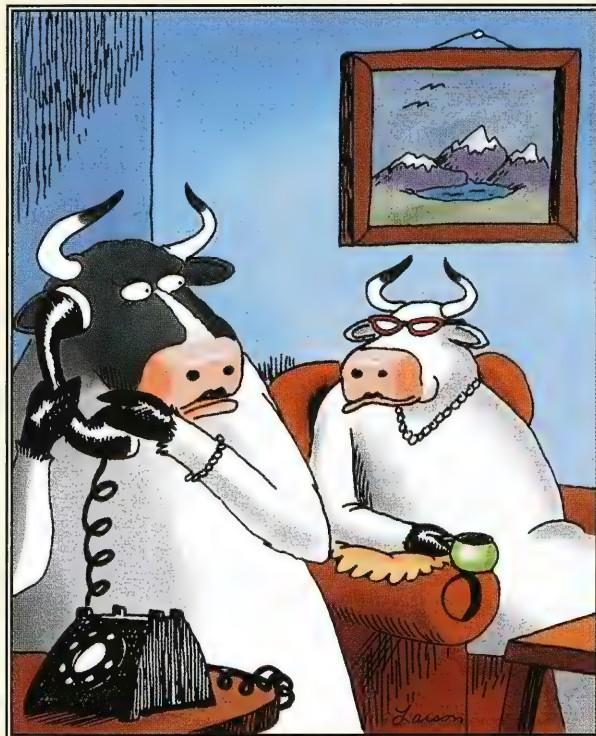


6/4/81



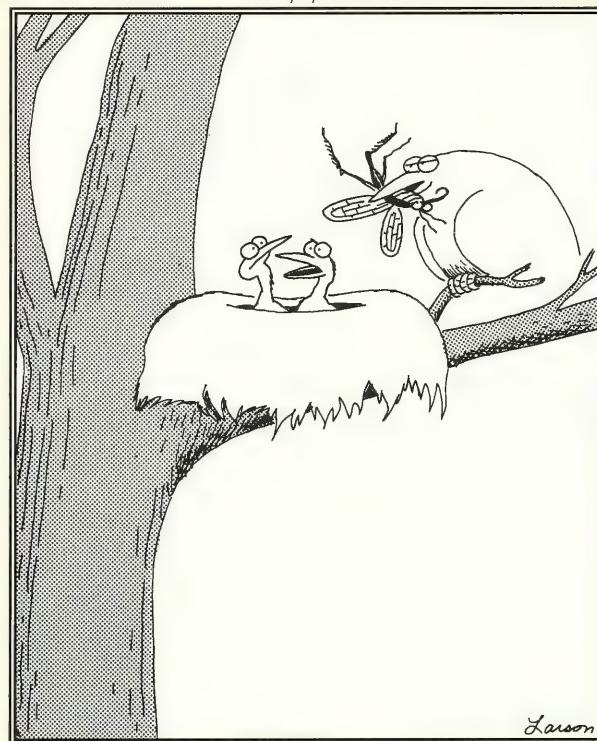
"Don't be alarmed, folks—he's completely harmless unless something startles him."

6/9/81



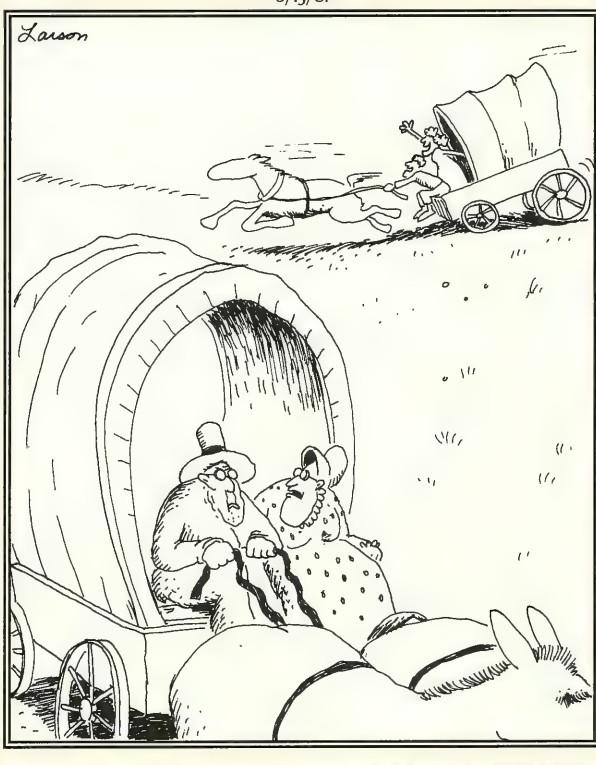
"Agnes! It's that heavy, chewing sound again!"

6/12/81



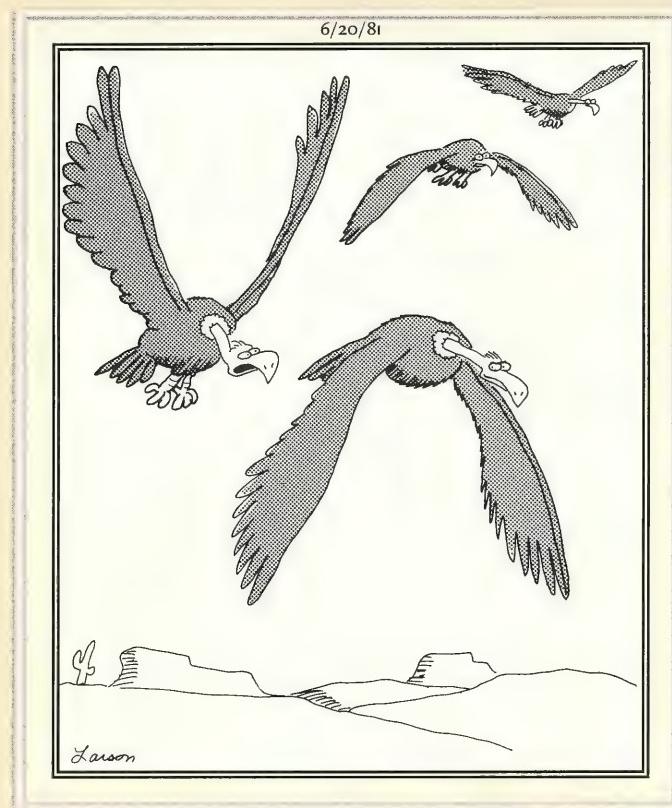
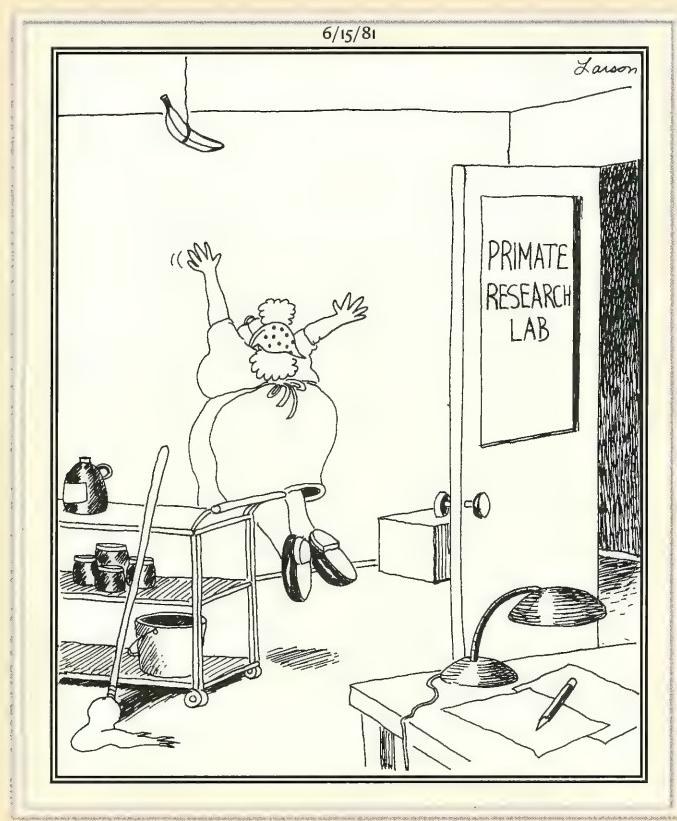
"No way! ... This time I get the legs and thighs; you get the wings and back!"

6/13/81

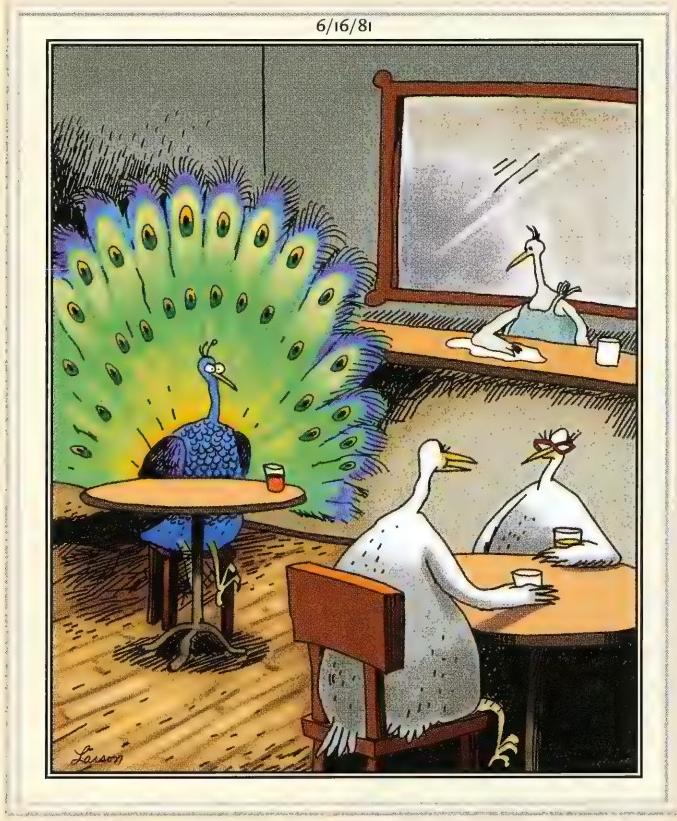


"I wish they'd keep those danged teenagers off the trails."

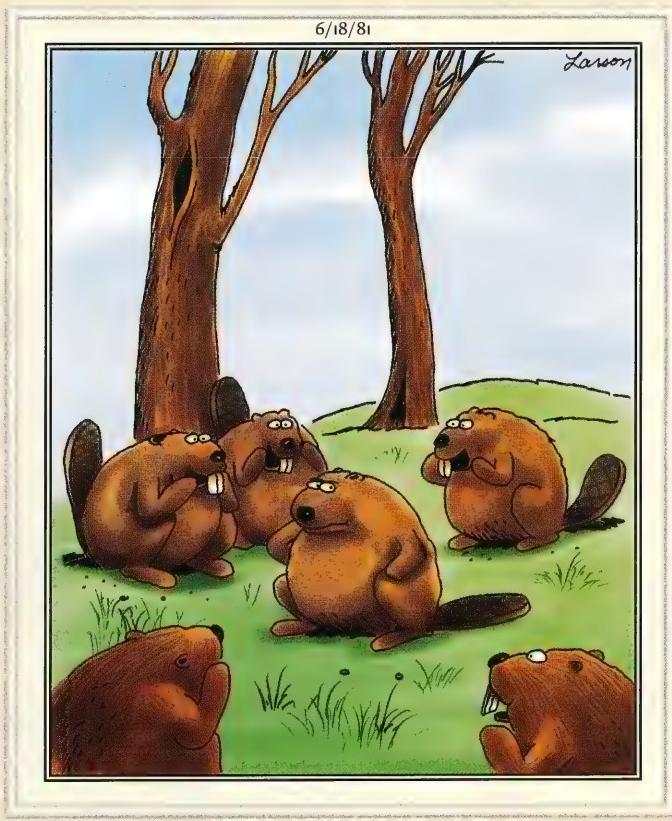
June 1981



"Well, this better not be just a wild goose chase. ... Little Big Horn, huh?"



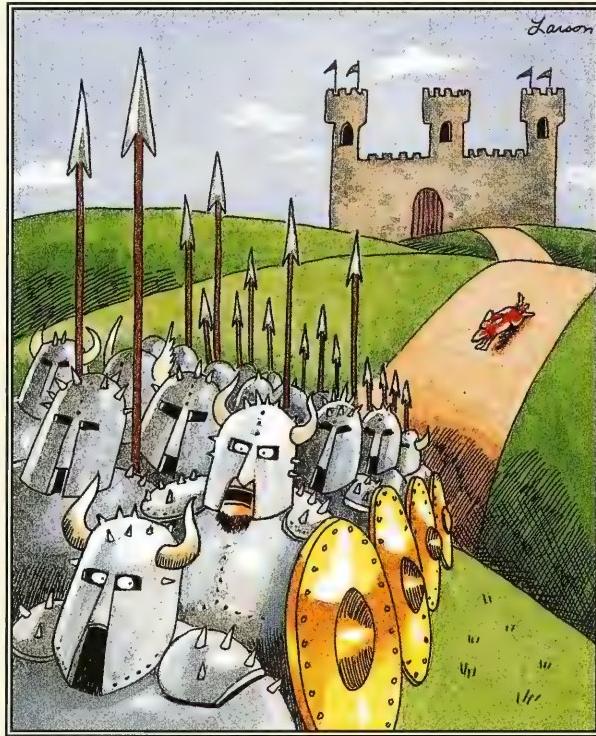
"Don't encourage him, Sylvia."



"Doesn't have buck teeth, doesn't have buck teeth, doesn't have ..."

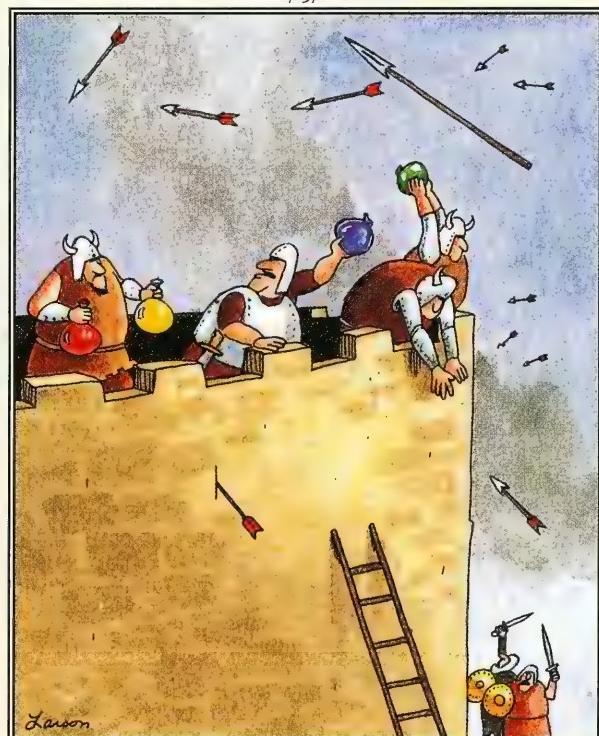
June 1981

6/17/81



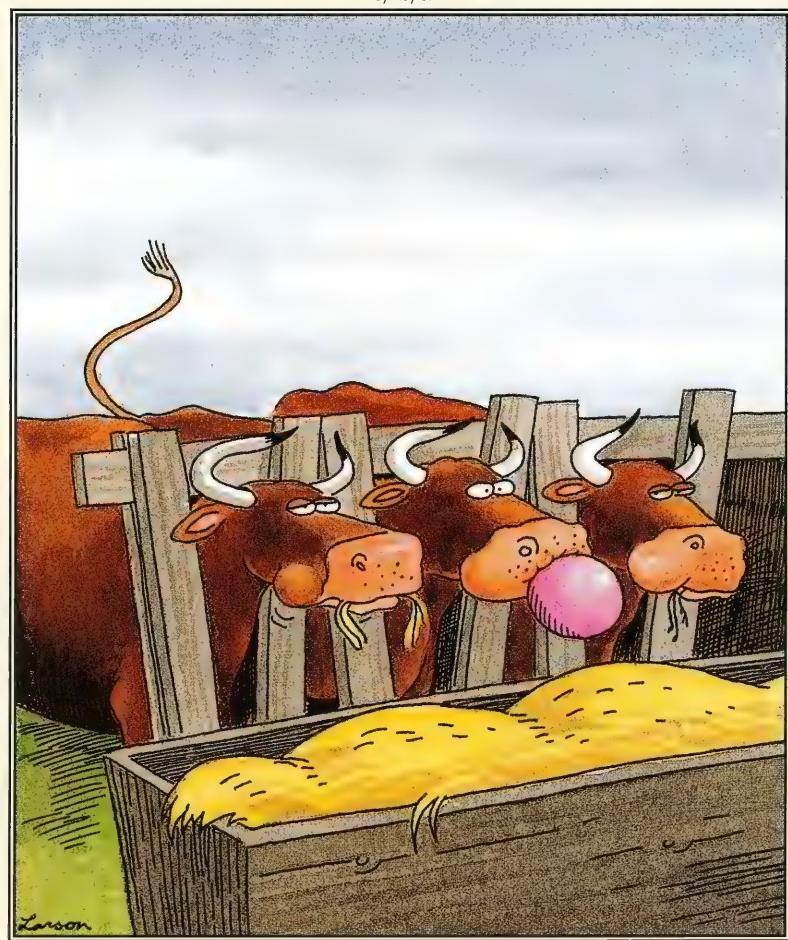
"Hey, Richard! Your stupid dog's following us again!"

6/19/81



"Hot oil! We need hot oil! ... Forget the water balloons!"

6/26/81



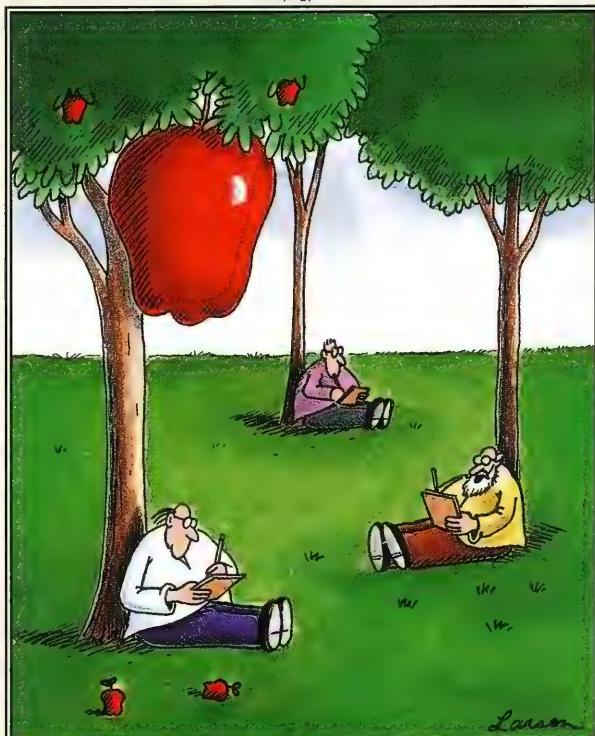
June 1981

6/24/81



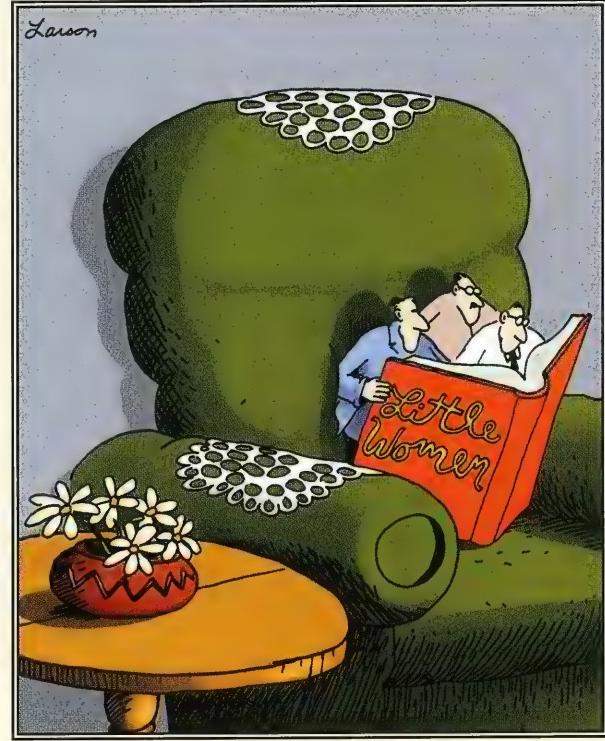
"With a little luck, they may revere us as gods."

6/23/81



"Nothing yet. ... How about you, Newton?"

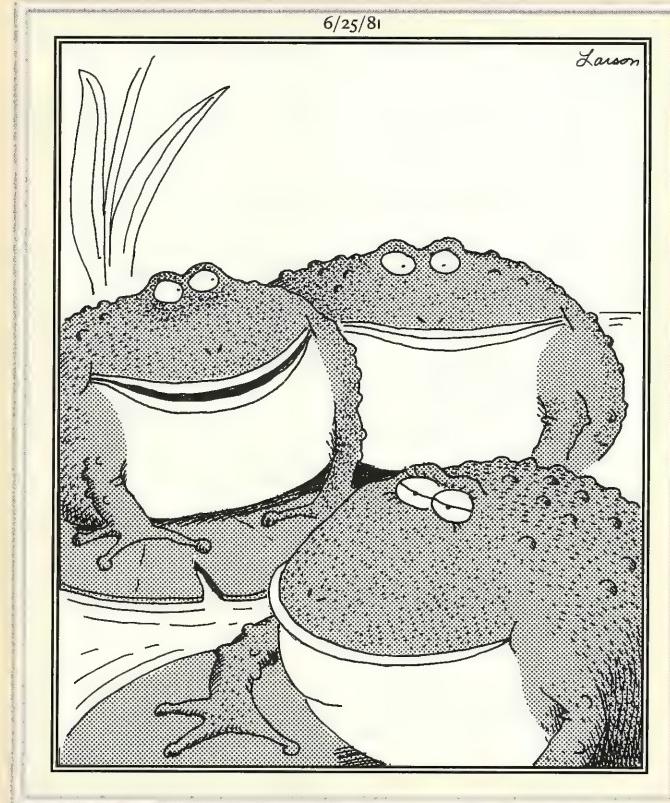
6/27/81



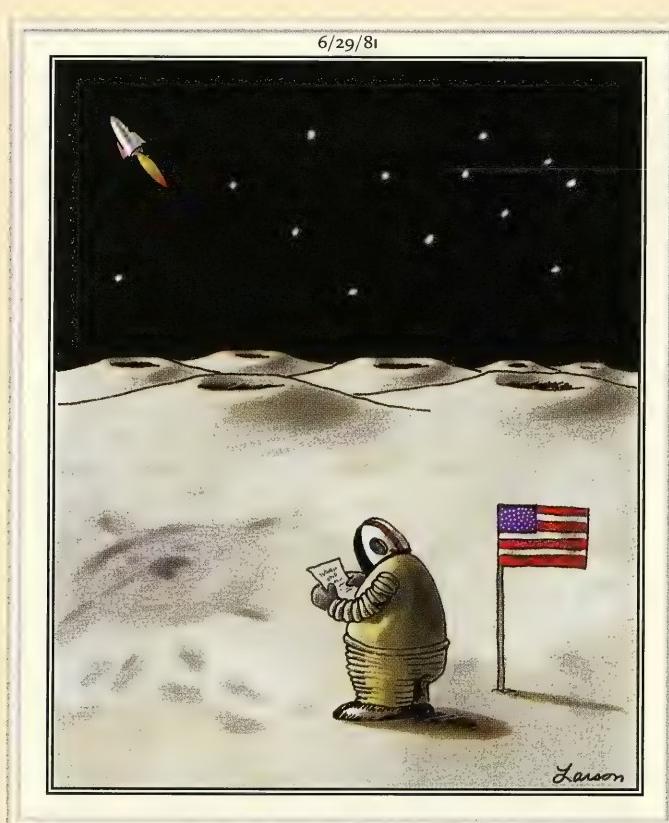
June 1981



"Andrew ... the cows have come home."



"Vive la difference."



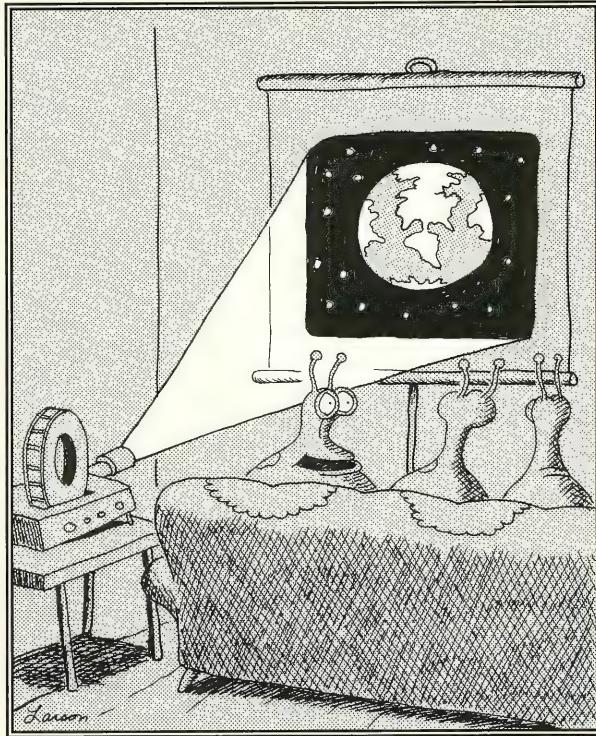
"Dear Henry: Where were you? We waited and waited but finally decided that ..."



"Hey! You kids! ... Can't you read?"

July 1981

7/1/81



"Oh, yeah. ... Now that place was *really* a greasy spoon!"

7/2/81

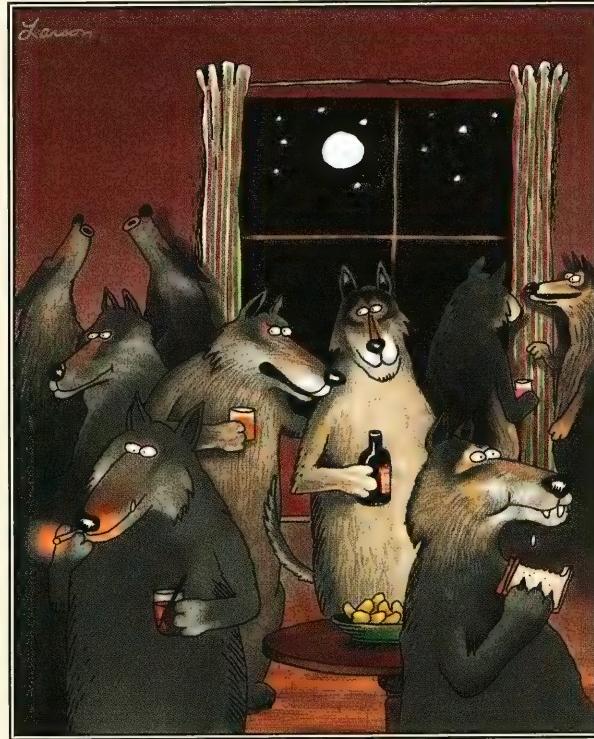


"God help us all."

7/3/81

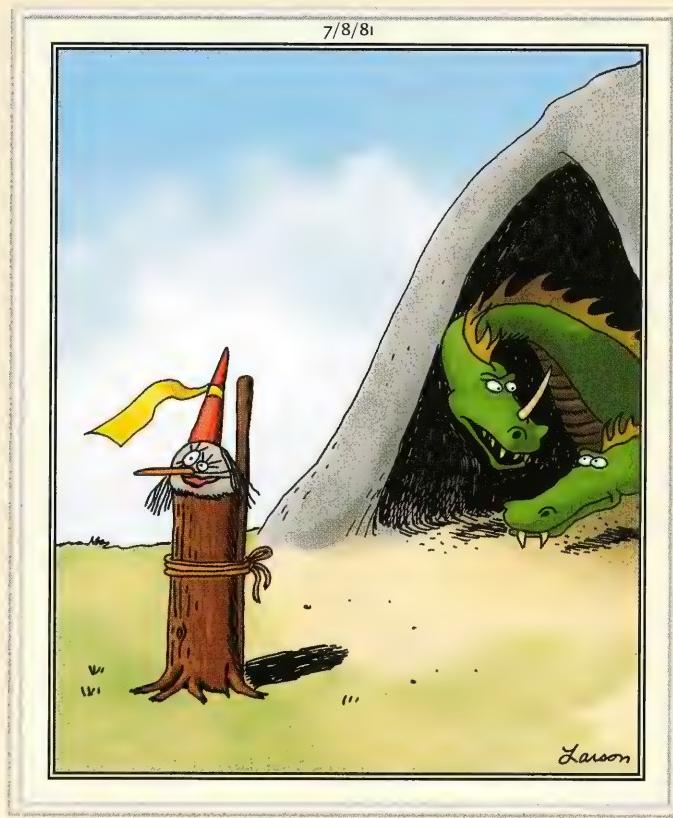


7/6/81

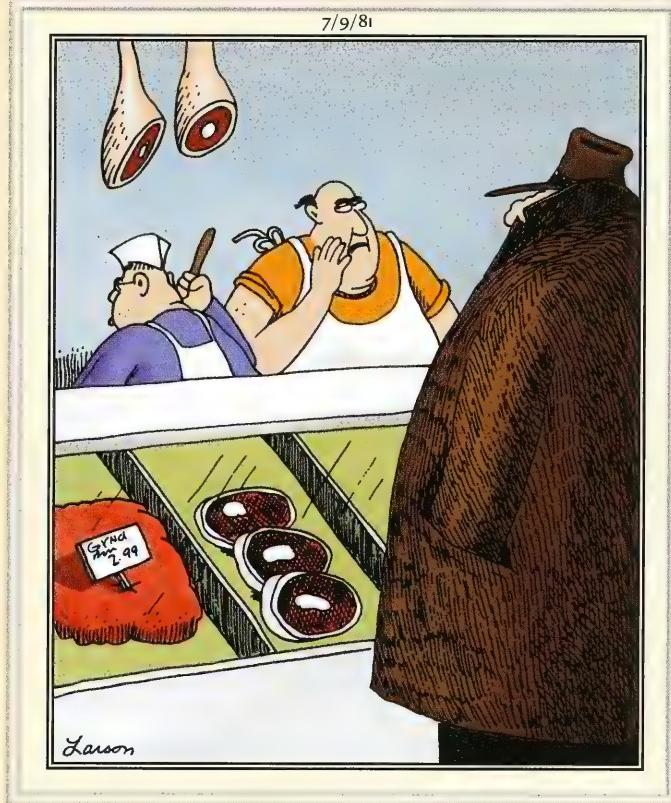


"Listen ... this party's a drag. But later on, Floyd, Warren, and myself are going over to Farmer Brown's and slaughter some chickens."

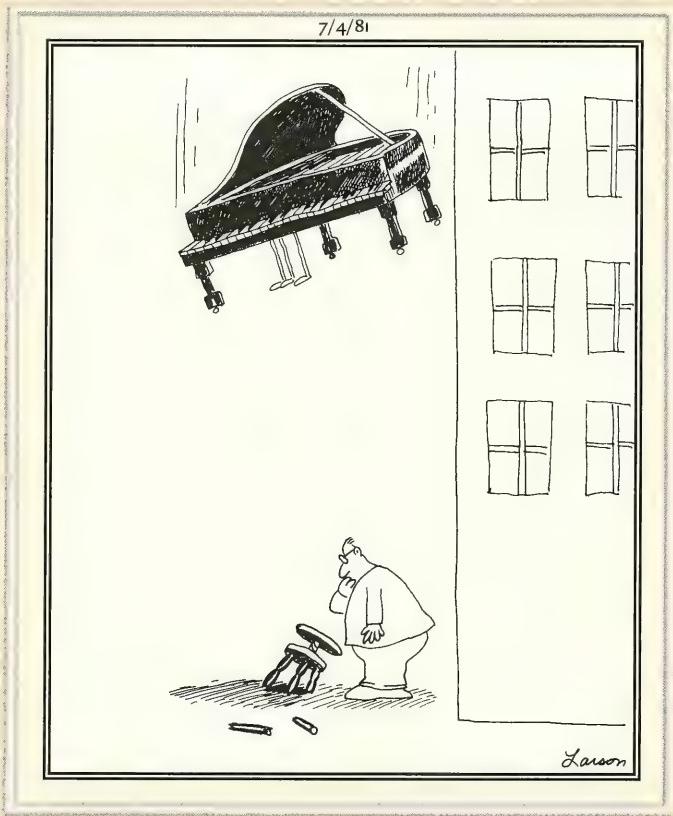
July 1981



"It's no use. ... We've just got to get
ourselves a real damsel."

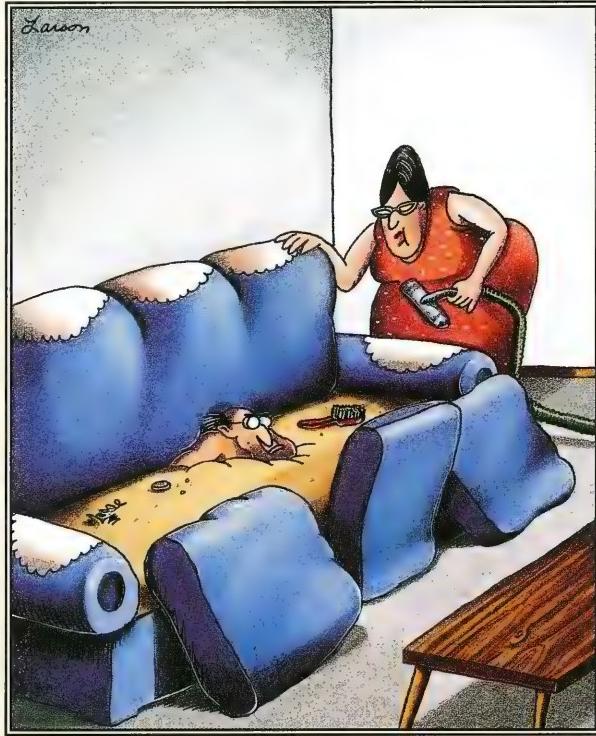


"Well, I never thought about it before ... but
I suppose I'd let the kid go for about
\$1.99 a pound."



July 1981

7/13/81

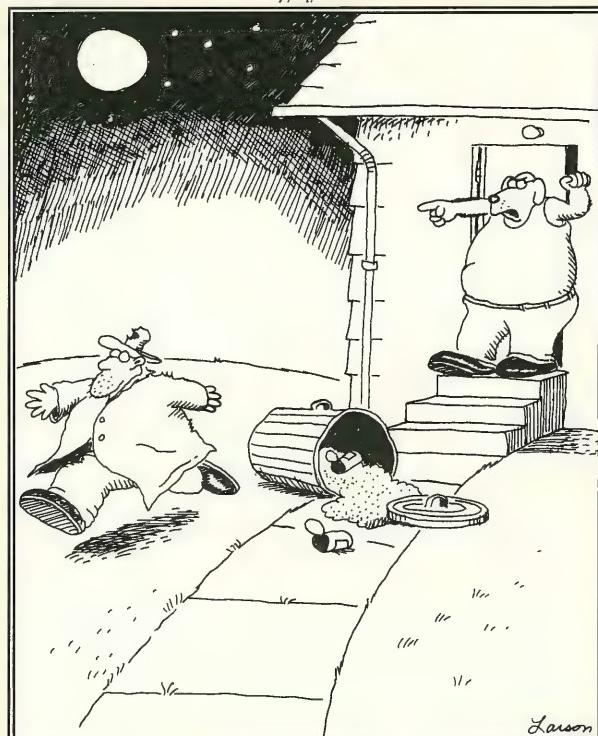


"Andrew! So that's where you've been!
And good heavens! ... There's my old
hairbrush, too!"

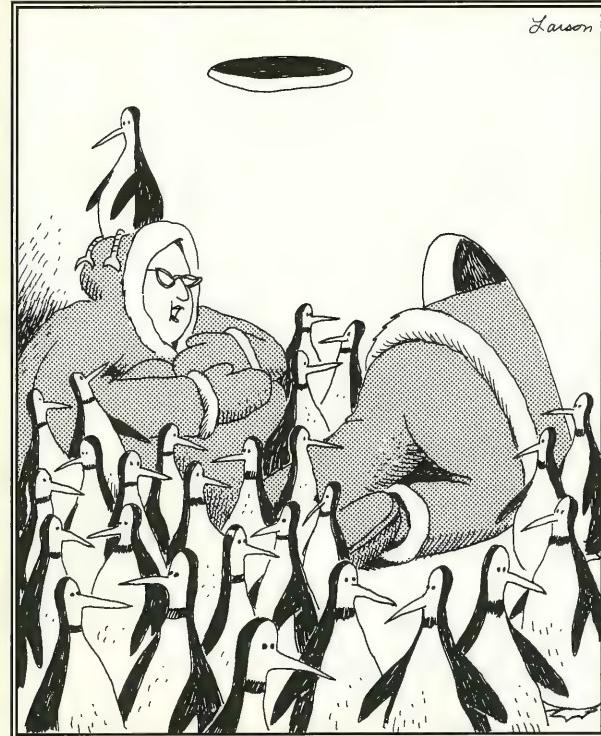
7/10/81



7/14/81

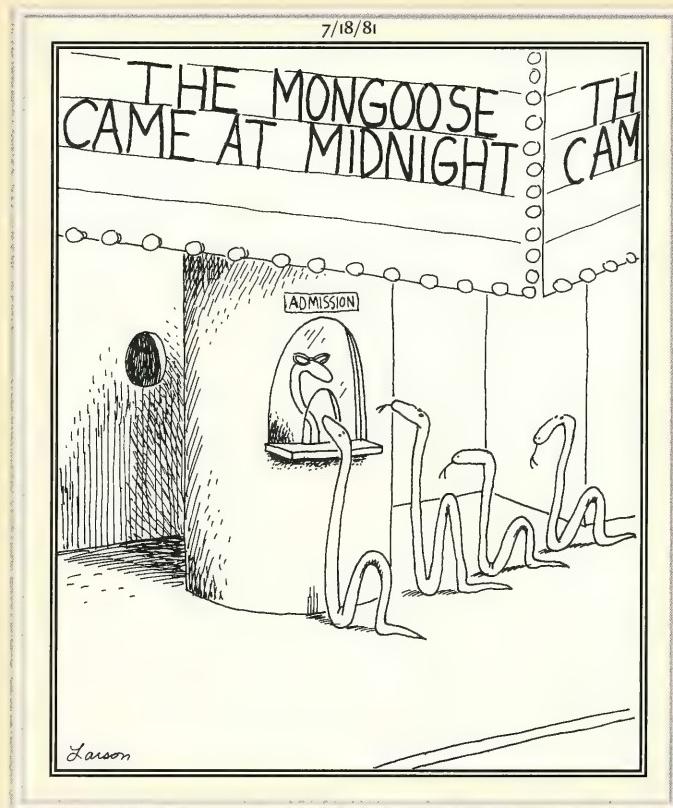
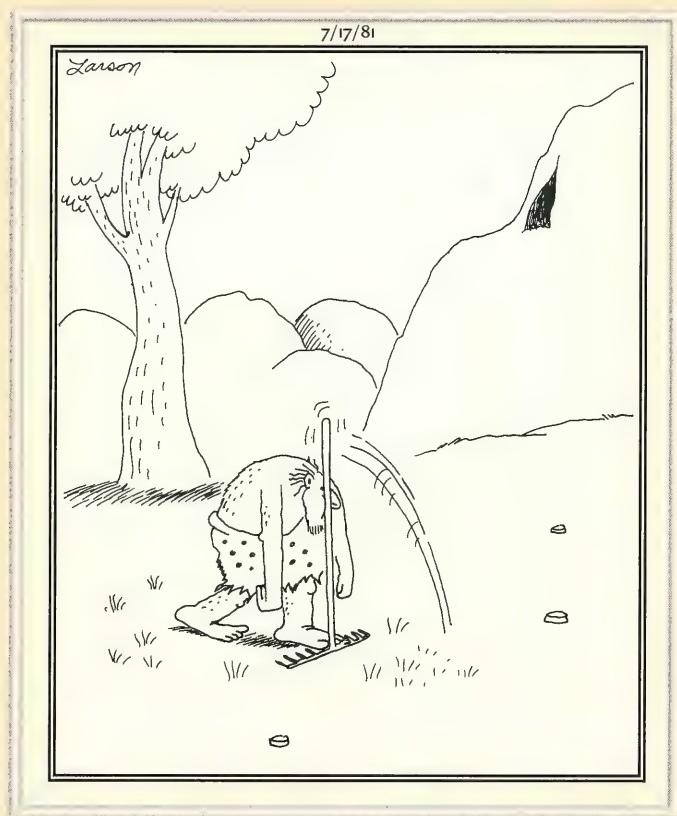


7/15/81

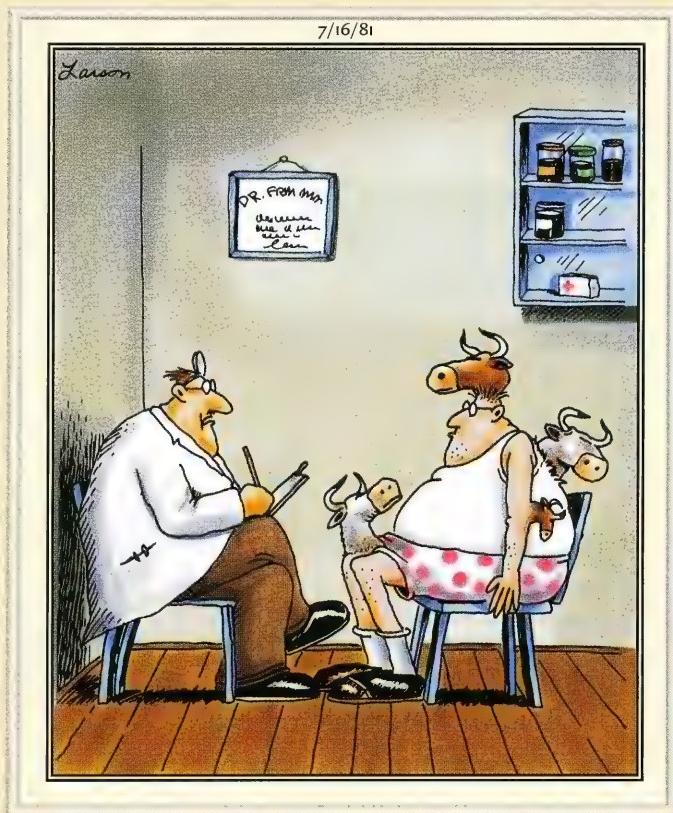


"Remember, milk, eggs, loaf of bread ...
and pick up one of those No-Penguin-Strips."

July 1981



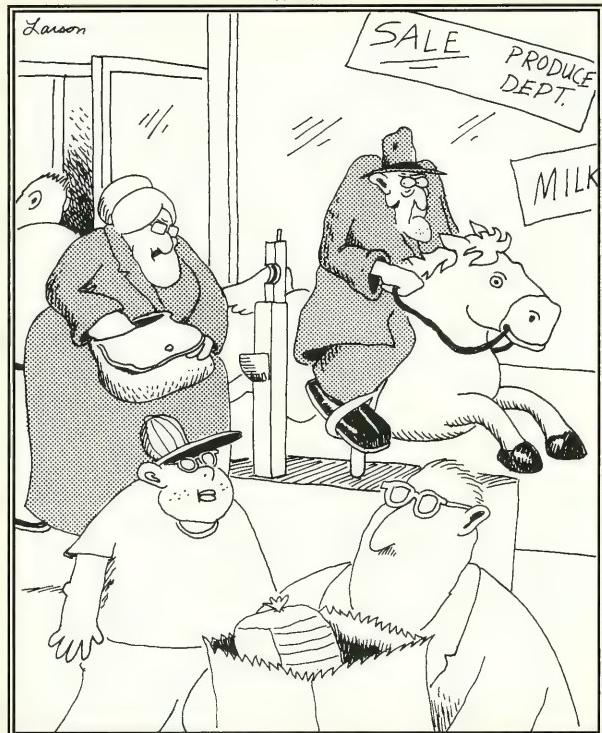
The discovery of tools



"I'm afraid you've got cows, Mr. Farnsworth."

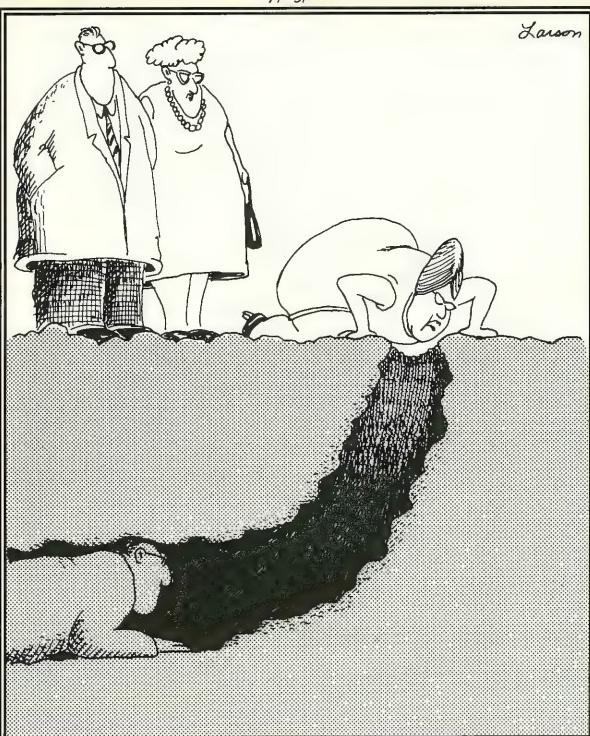
July 1981

7/20/81



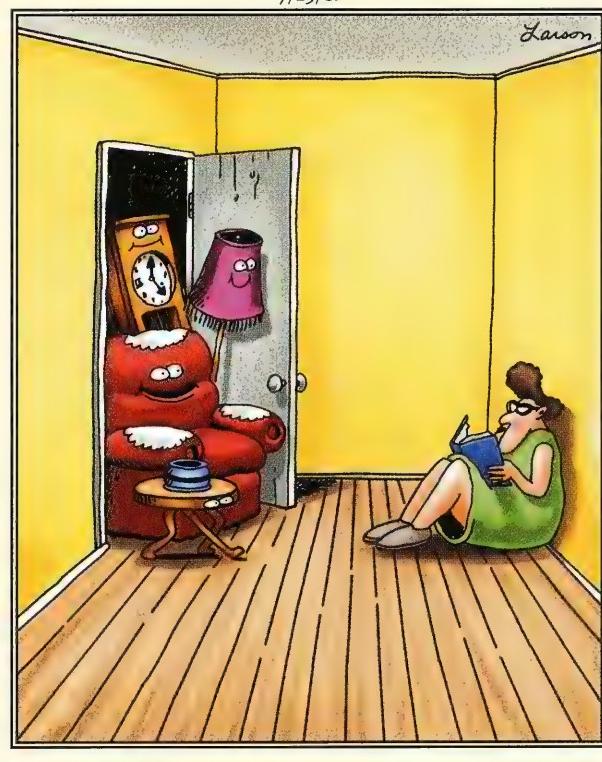
"Oh, all right, Barnaby! ... One more quarter and *then* we're going home!"

7/23/81



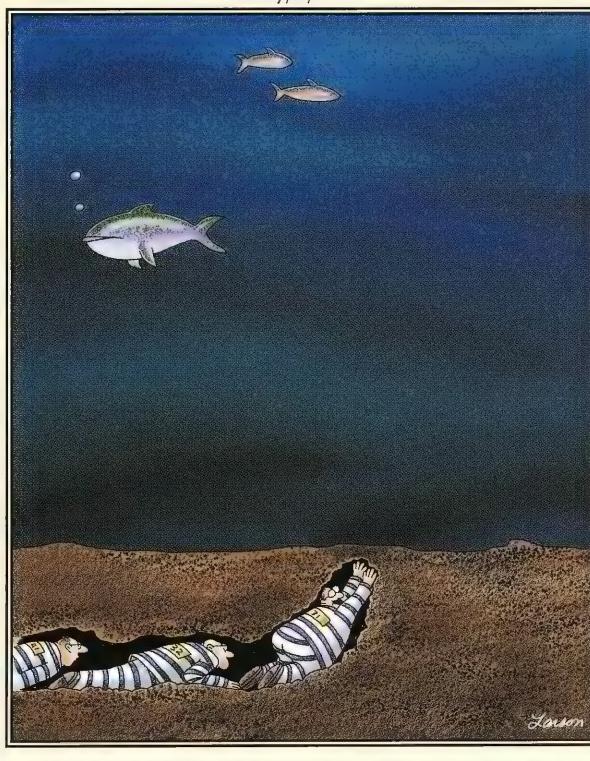
"Reuben! The Johnsons are here! You come up this instant ... or I'll get the hose!"

7/29/81



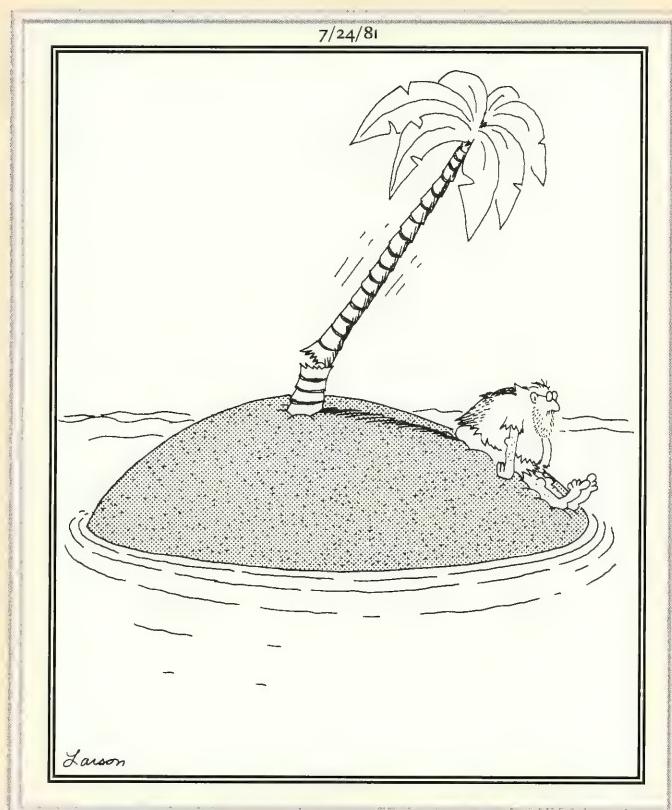
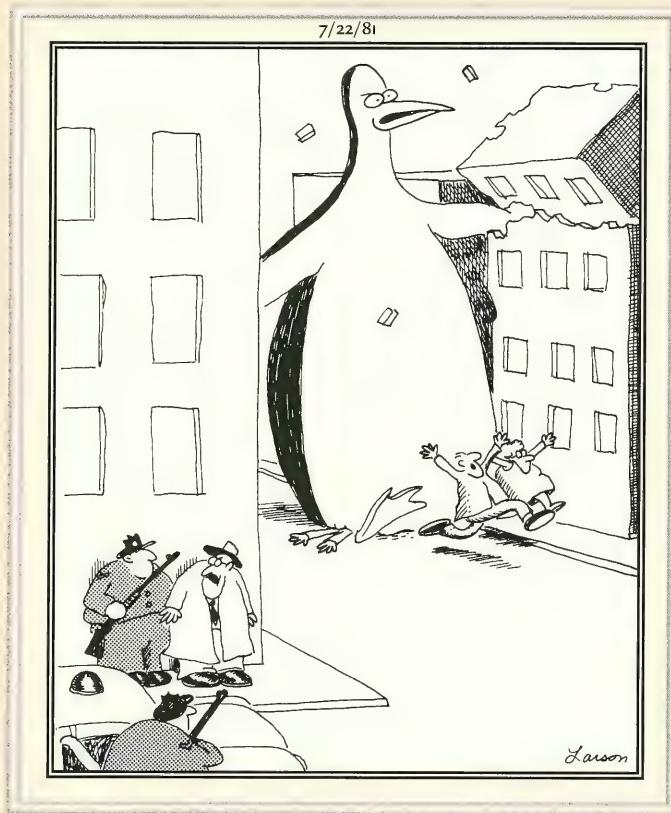
"Well, we're back!"

7/21/81

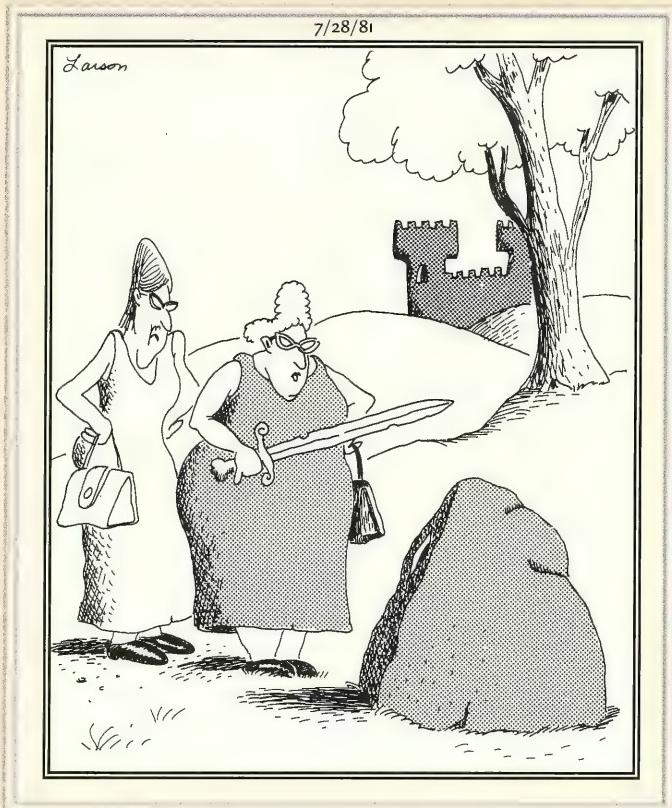
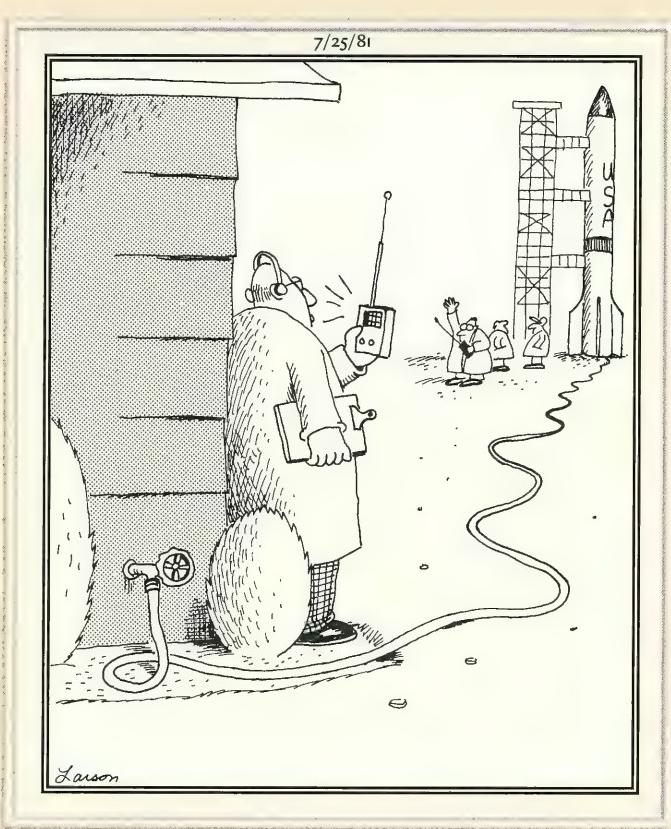


"We're almost free, everyone! I just felt the first drop of rain!"

July 1981



"Other cities get giant gorillas or dinosaurs. ...
But what do we get?"

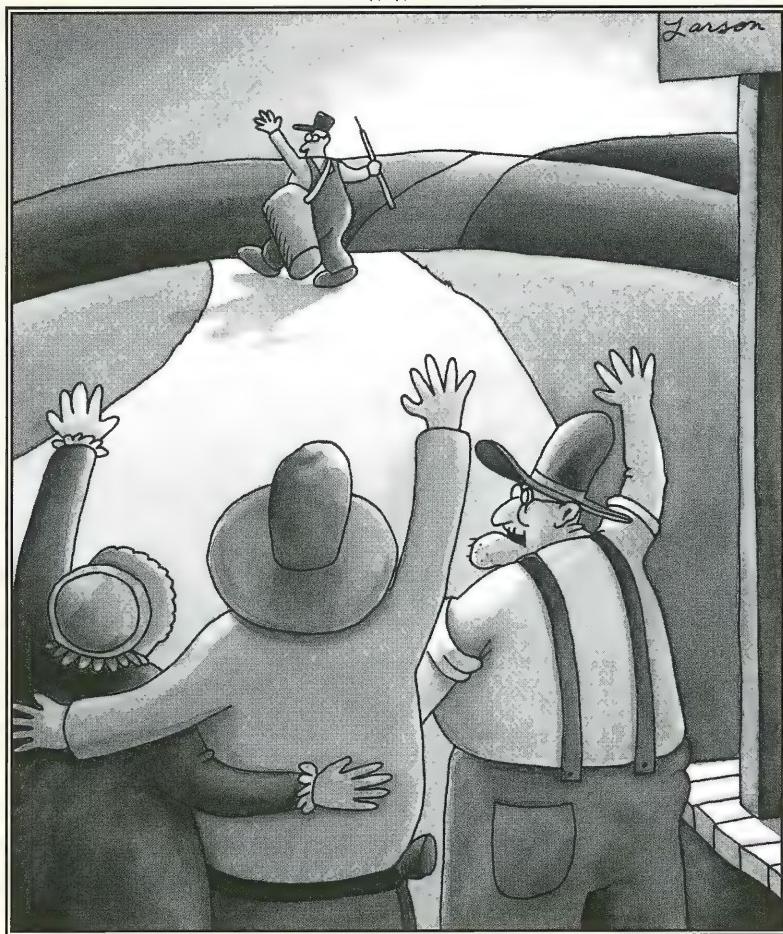


"Put it back in the rock, Barbara—you couldn't even slice a tomato with that old thing."

"Okay, Pete! Start the pressure nice and easy."

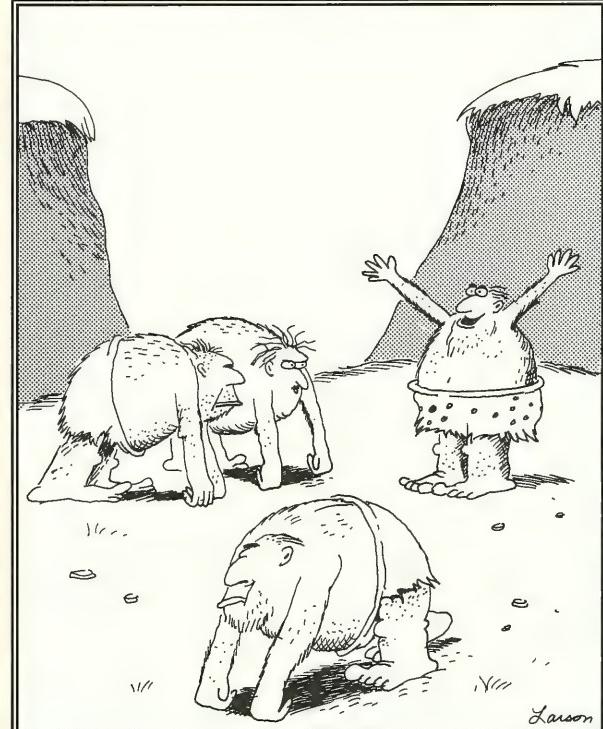
July 1981

7/27/81



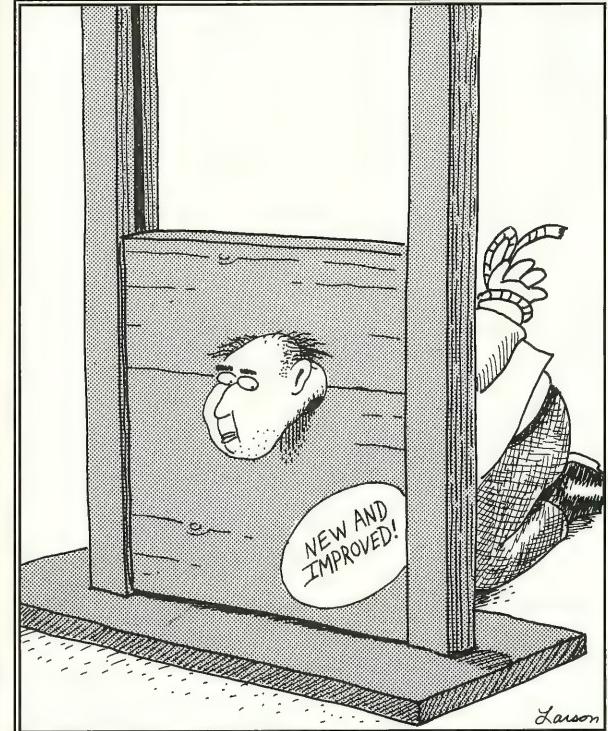
"I never got his name, but he sure cleaned up this town."

7/30/81



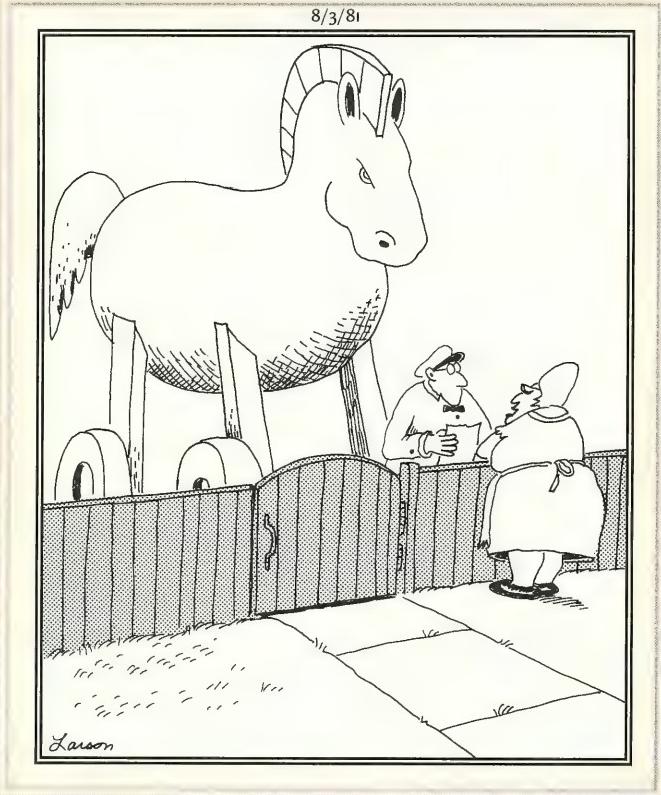
"Hey! Look! ... No hands!"

7/31/81



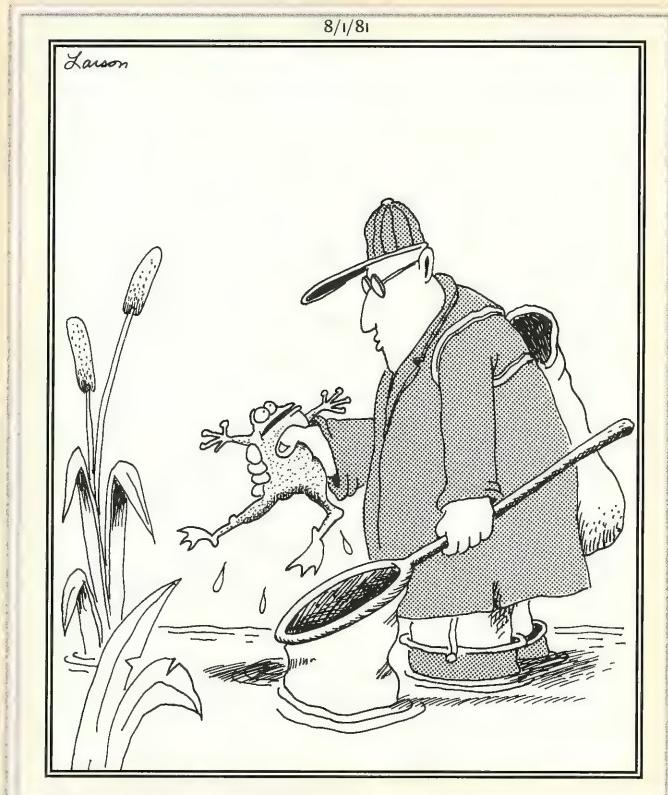
August 1981

8/3/81



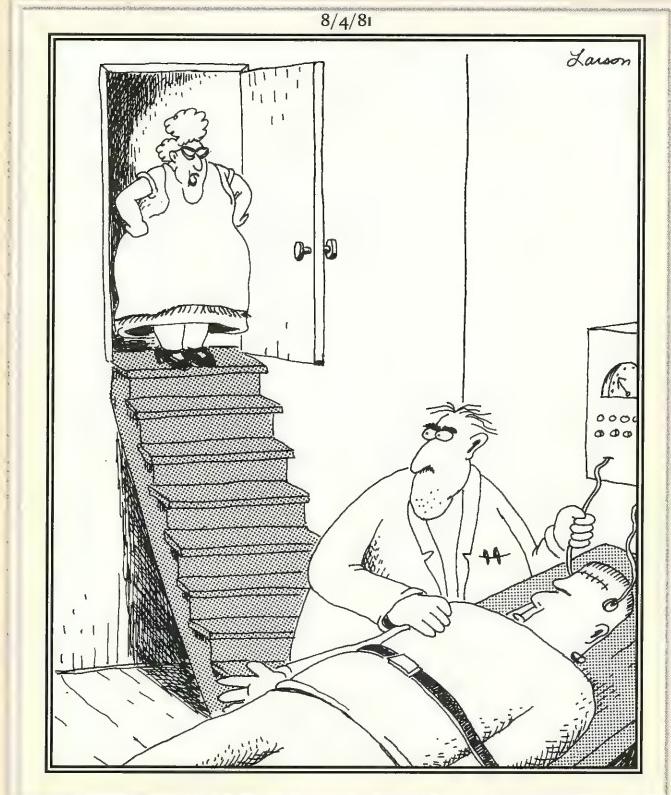
"No ... this is 221 Chestnut Drive. ... You want the big place around the corner."

8/1/81



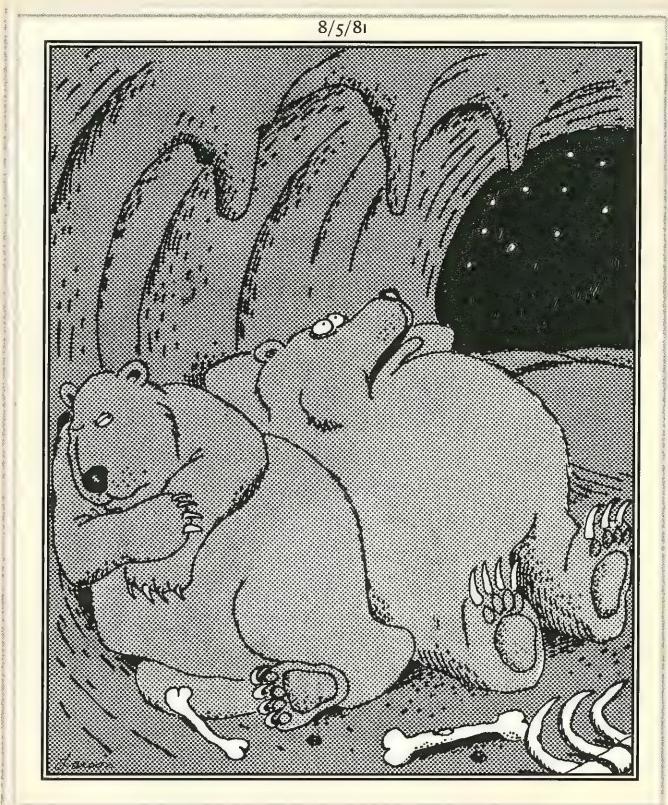
"Skinny legs! ... I got skinny legs!"

8/4/81



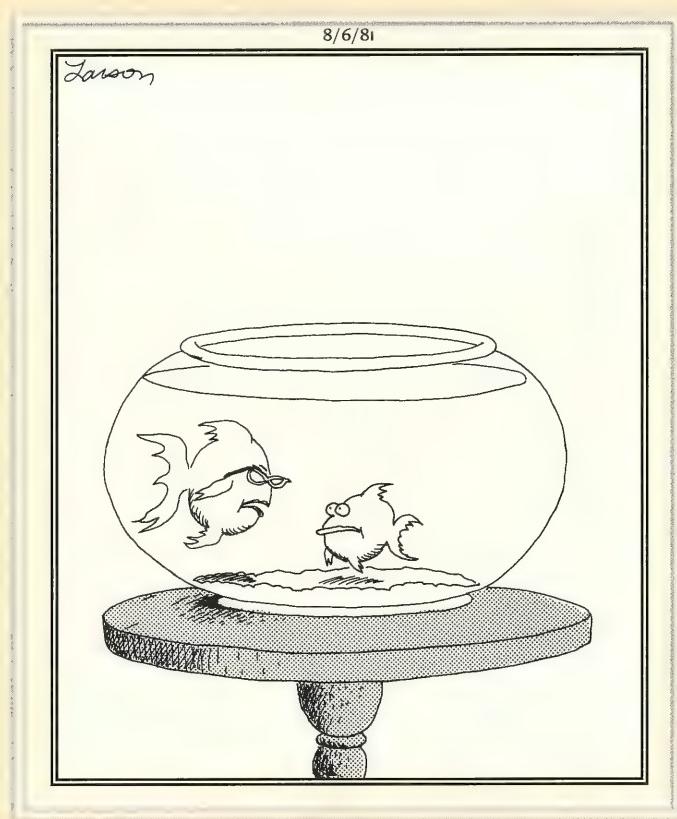
"Dear ... have you seen the beef brains I bought for supper tonight?"

8/5/81

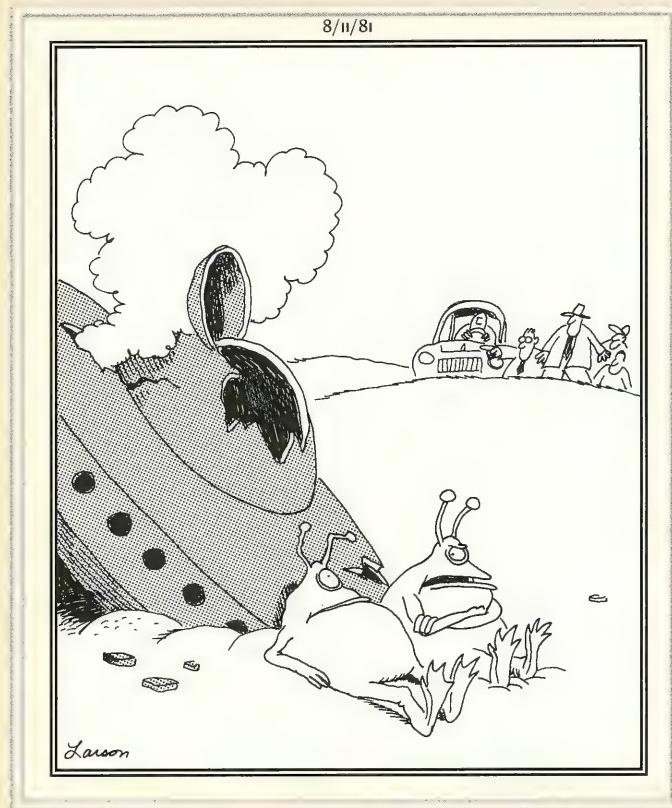


"Damn! ... I can't hibernate."

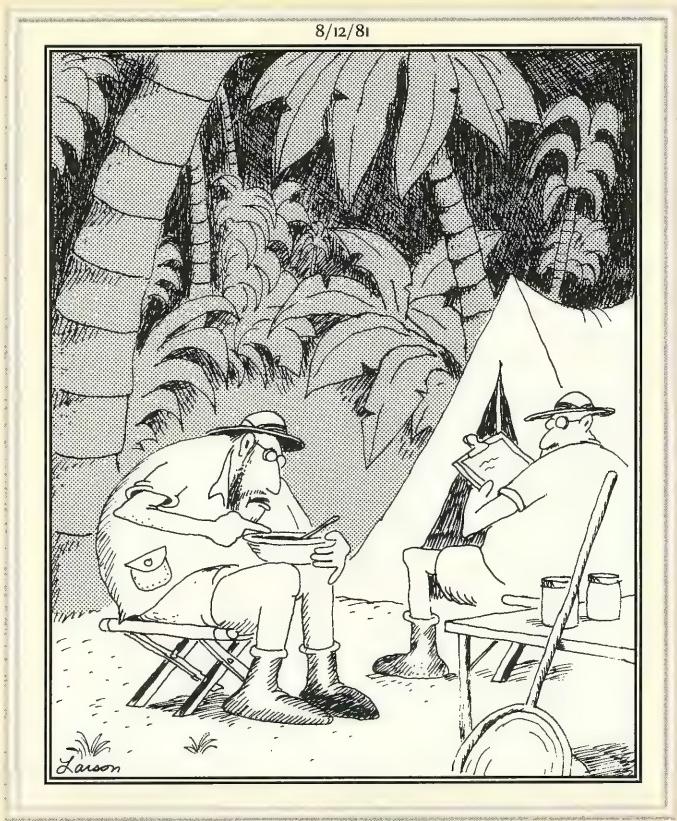
August 1981



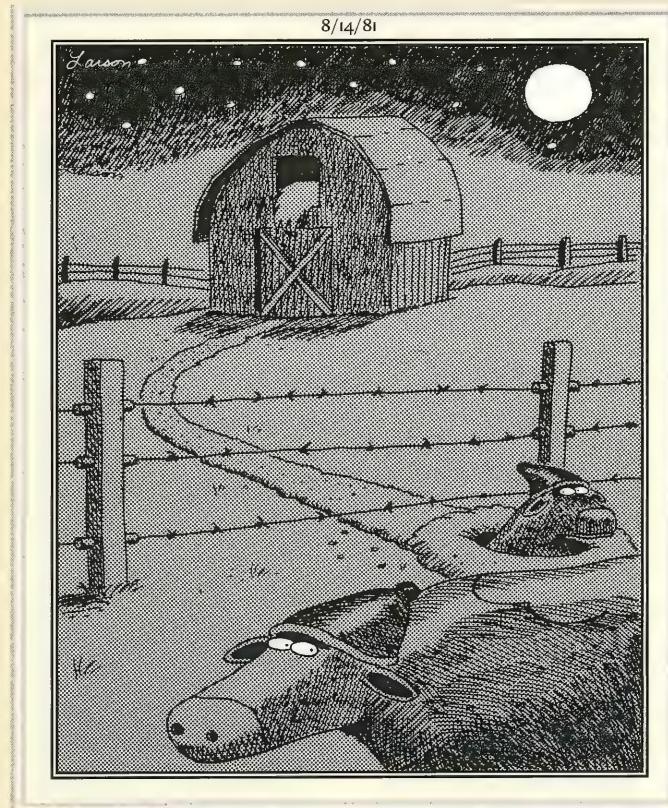
"That's not funny, Malcolm! There will be no more floating belly-up on the surface!"



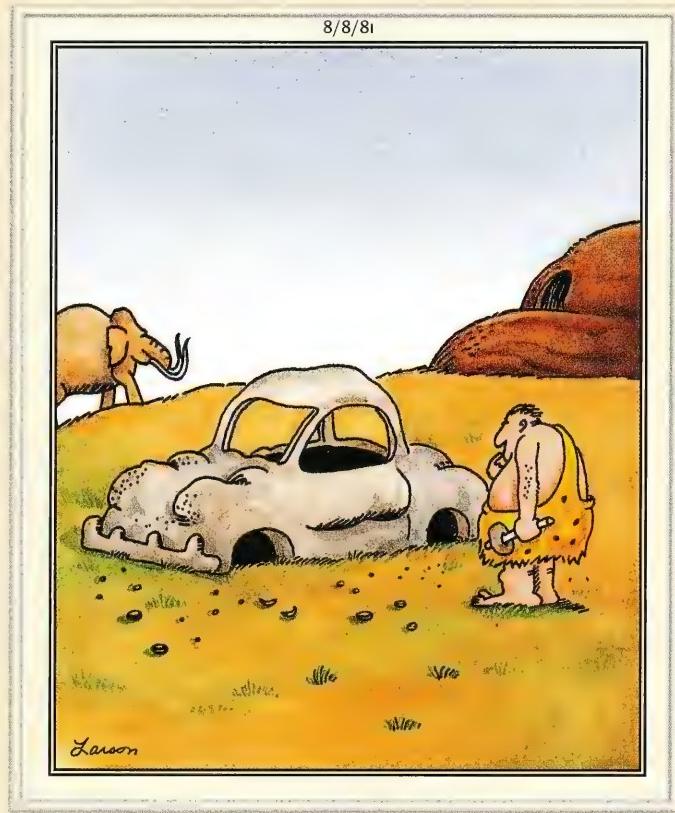
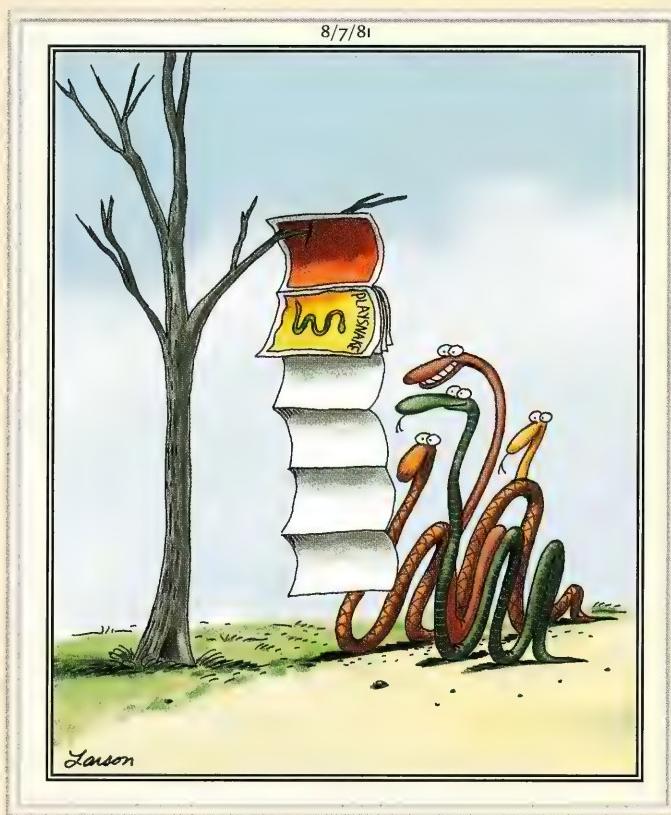
"I can't believe it! One lousy little bee gets inside and you just freak out!"



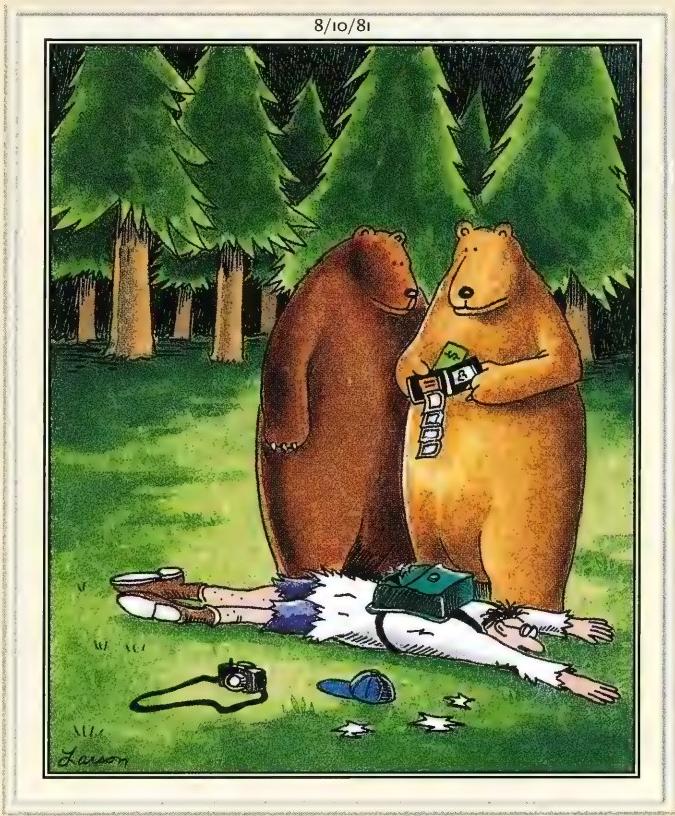
"Hey! What's this *Drosophila melanogaster* doing in my soup?"

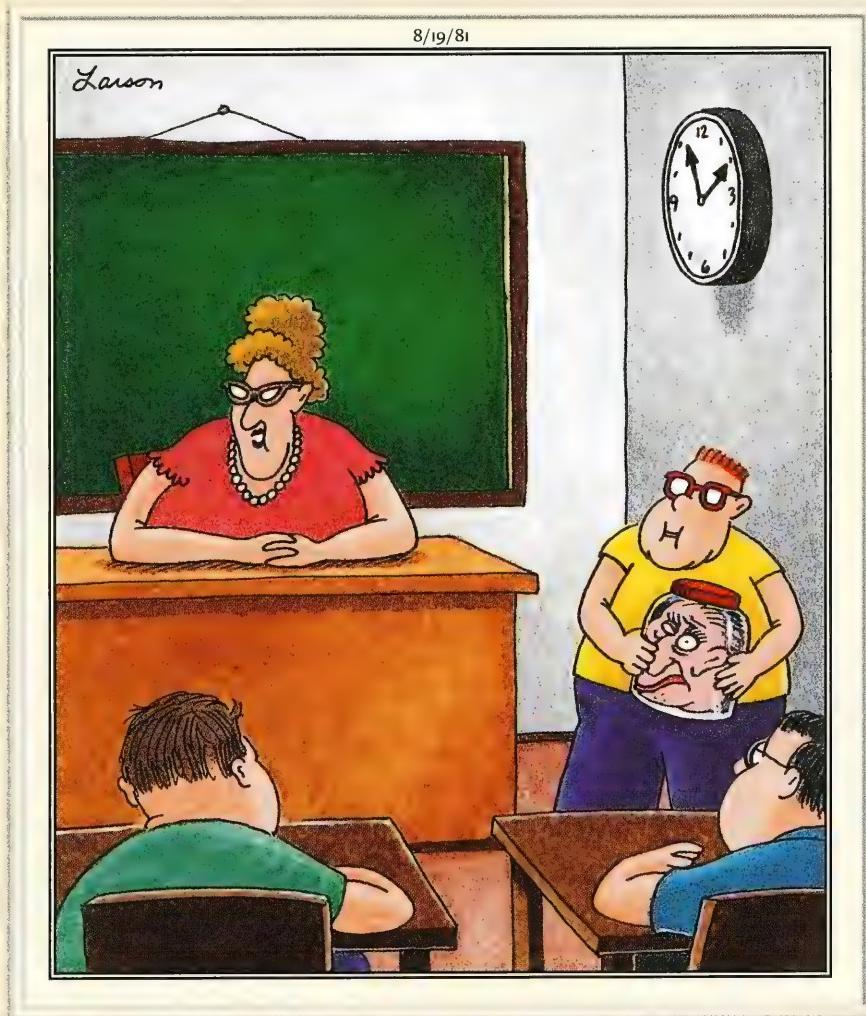


August 1981



"For God's sake, kill the lights, Murray—
he's back again!"

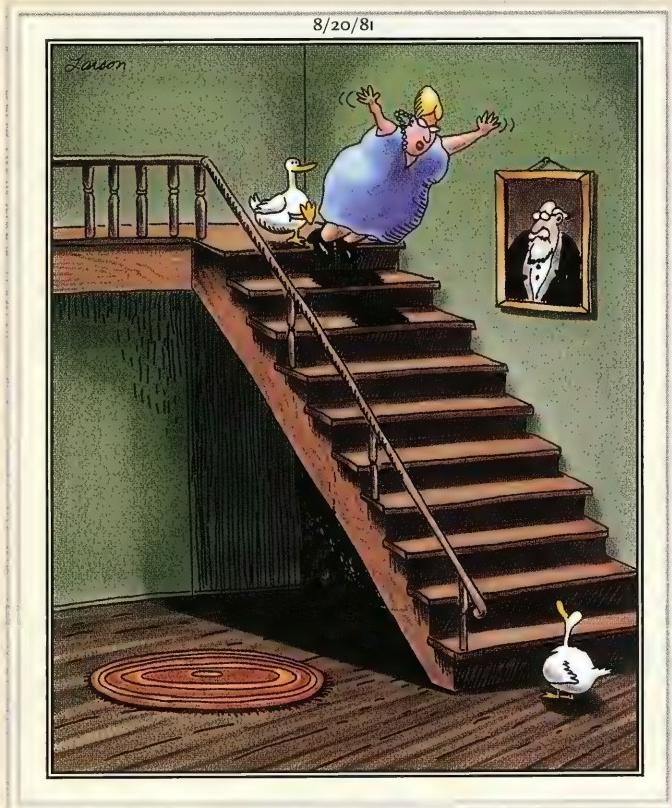




"And next, for show-and-tell, Bobby Henderson says he has something he found on the beach last summer. ..."



"Oh, brother! ... Not hamsters again!"

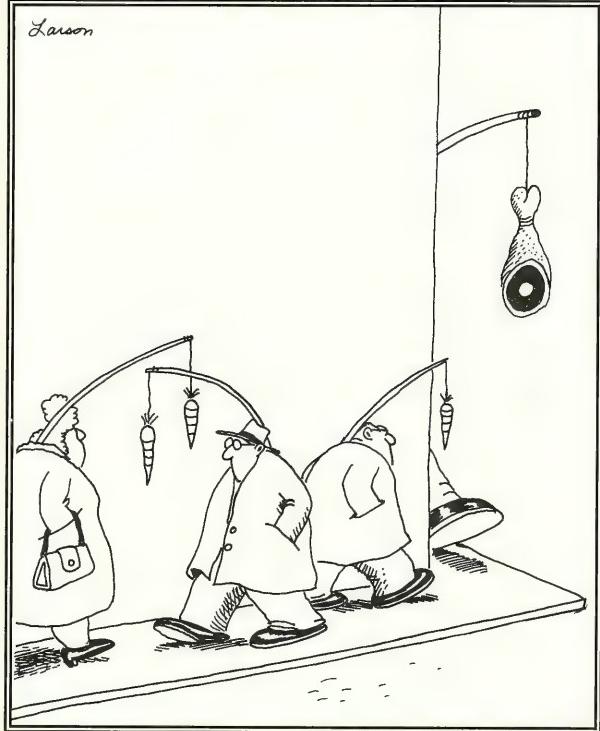


As the first duck kept Margaret's attention,
the second one made its move.

August 1981

8/15/81

Larson

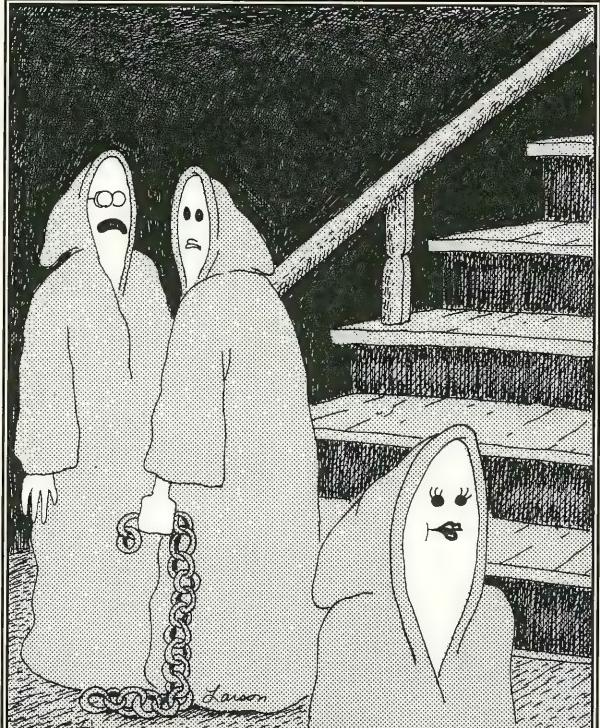


8/17/81



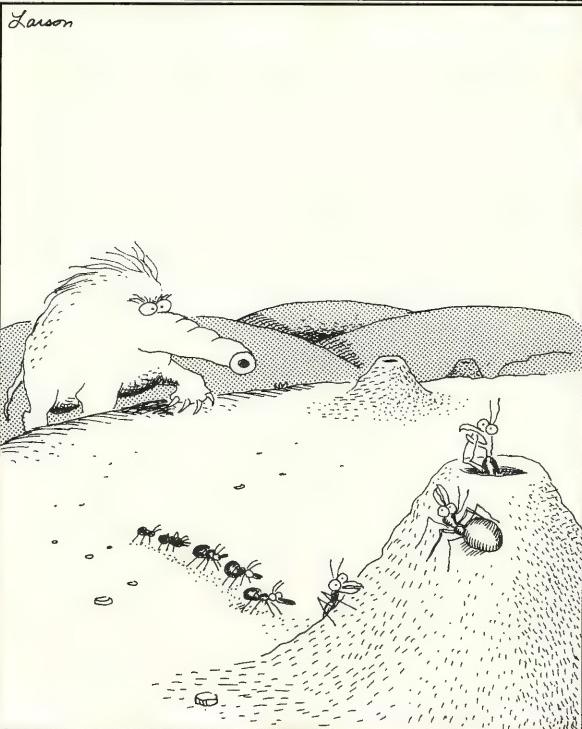
"Blast it, Agnes! If you're going to put
your cold feet on me, you could at
least dry them first."

8/21/81



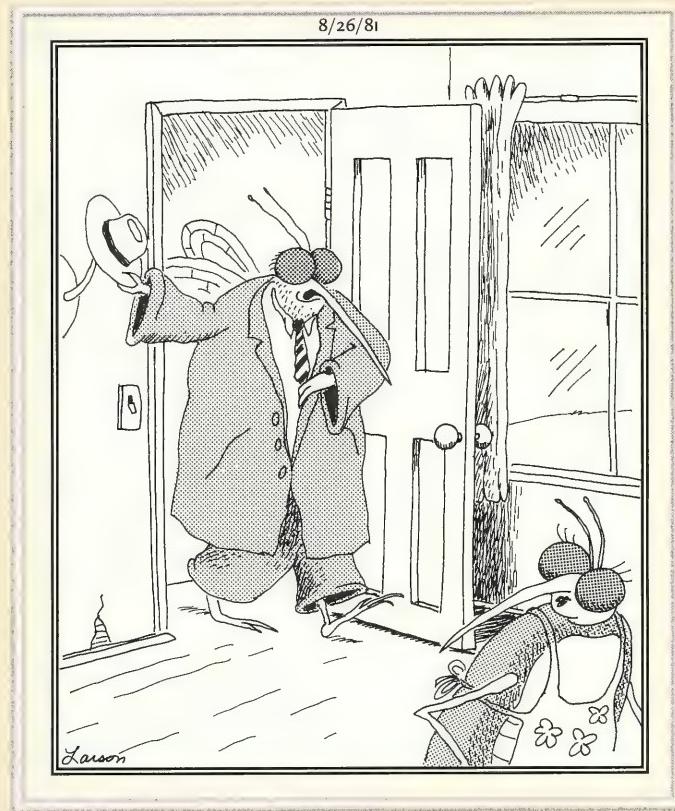
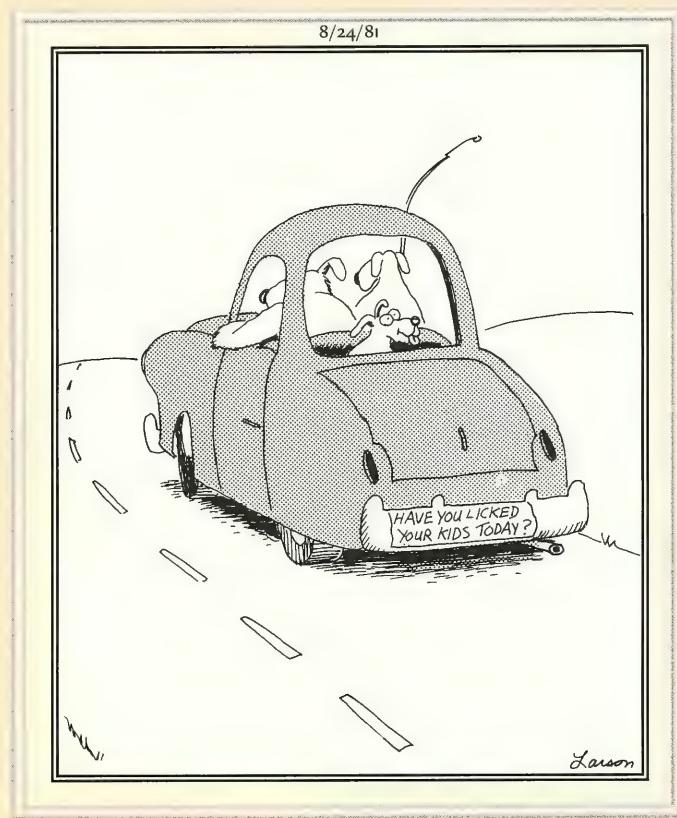
"Sure, I like her ... but she doesn't even
know I exist."

8/22/81

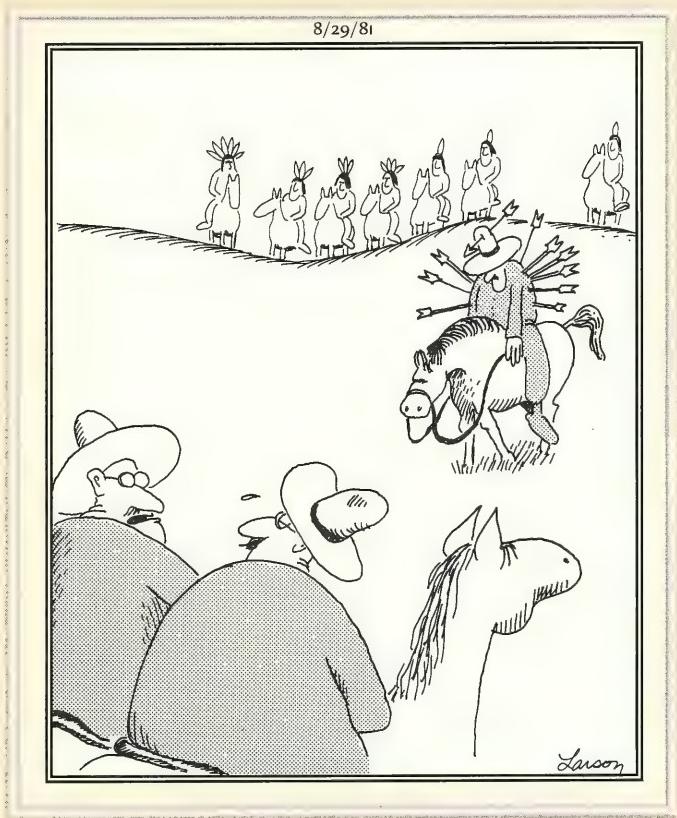


"ALERT! ALERT! ... IT'S THE
SUCKING DEATH!"

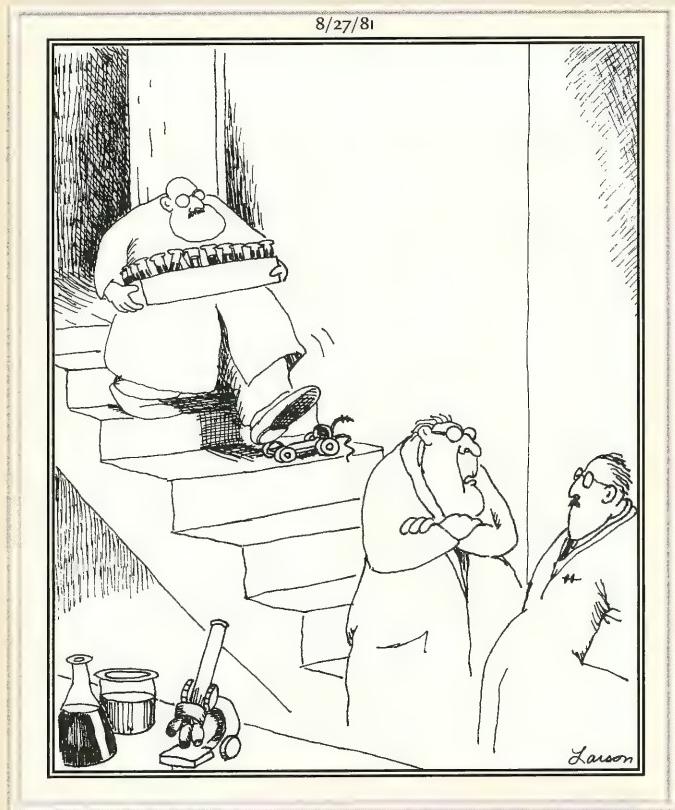
August 1981



"What a day! I must have spread malaria across half the country."



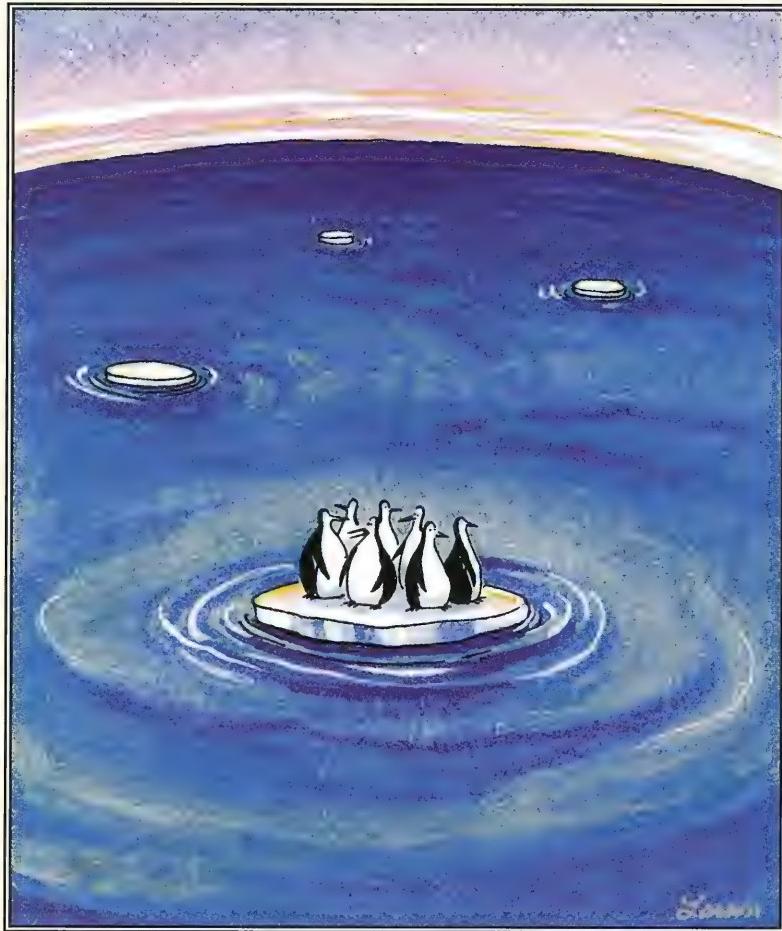
"Now stay calm. ... Let's hear what they said to Bill."



"And, as you shall soon observe, we are quite proud of our test tube baby progress."

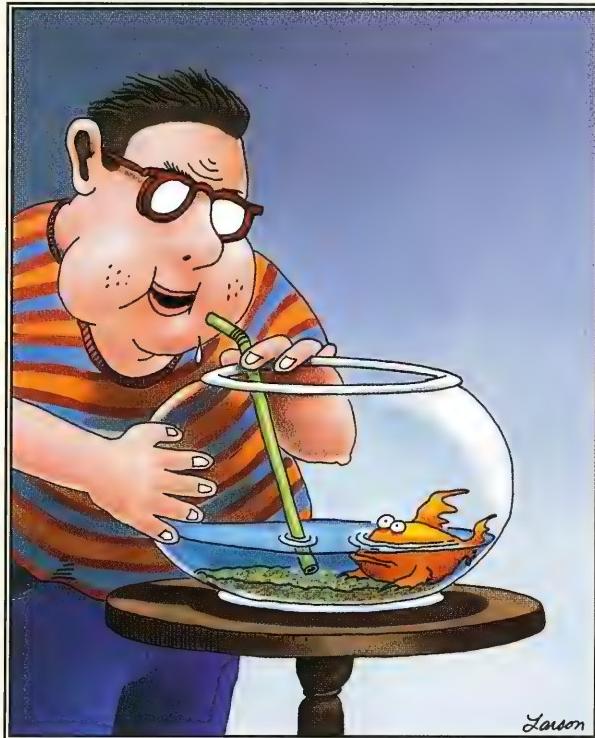
August 1981

8/25/81



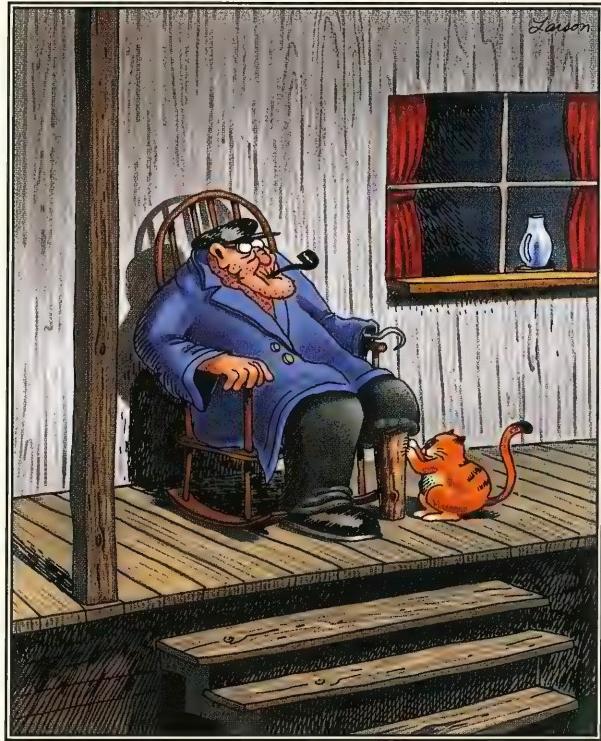
"On the other hand, what if we aren't alone
in the universe?"

8/31/81



"So! ... You *still* won't talk, eh?"

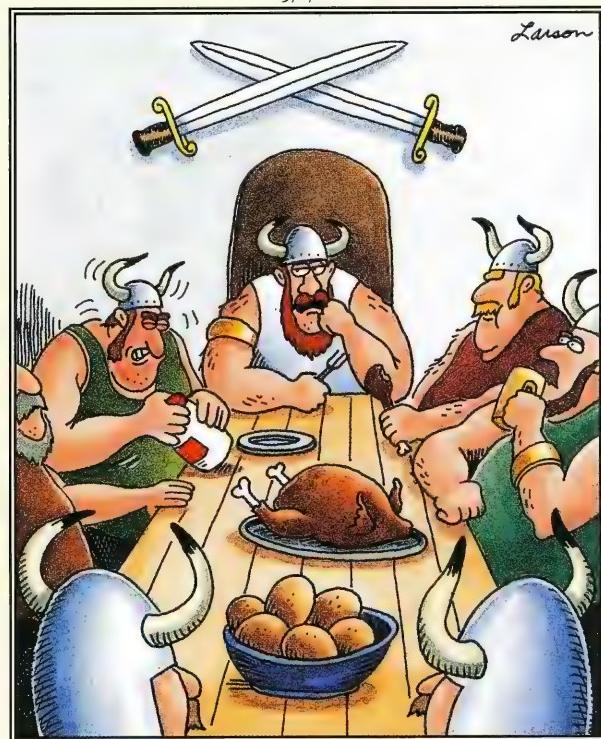
8/28/81



9/5/81

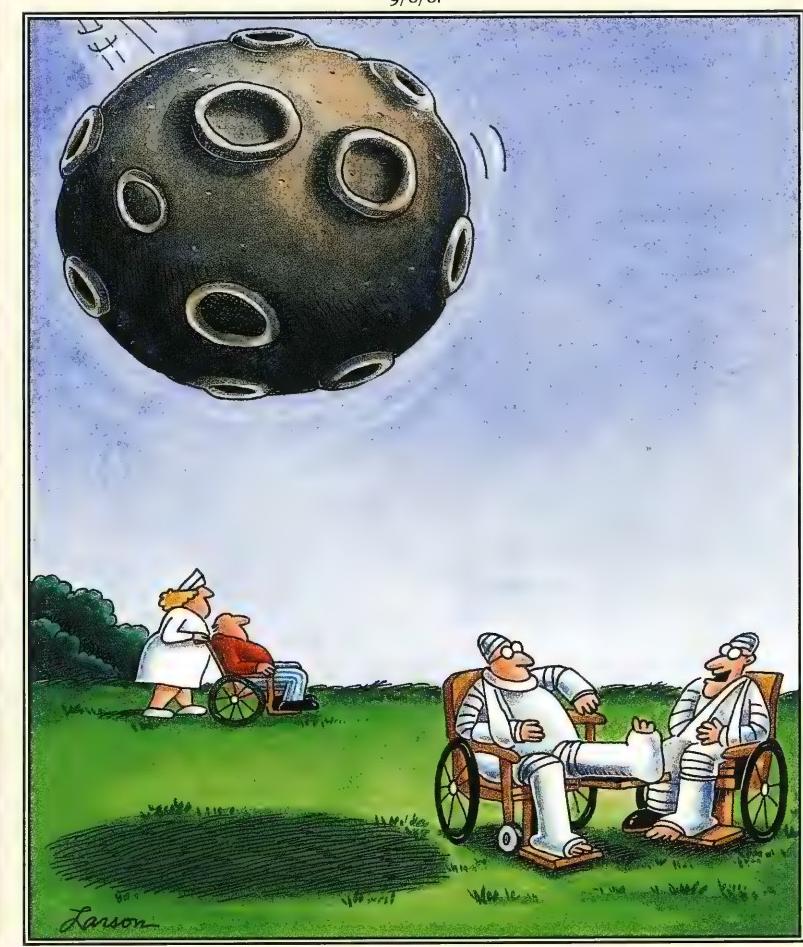


9/2/81



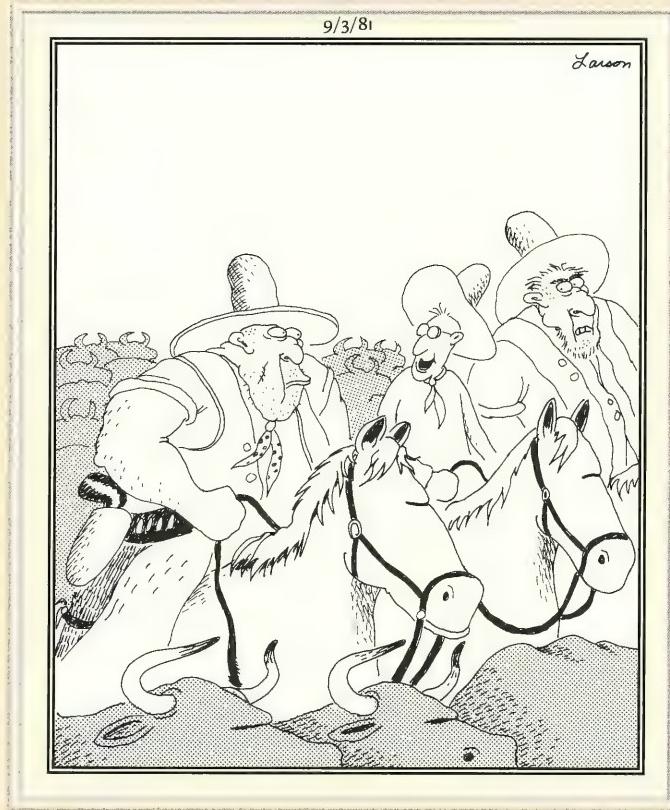
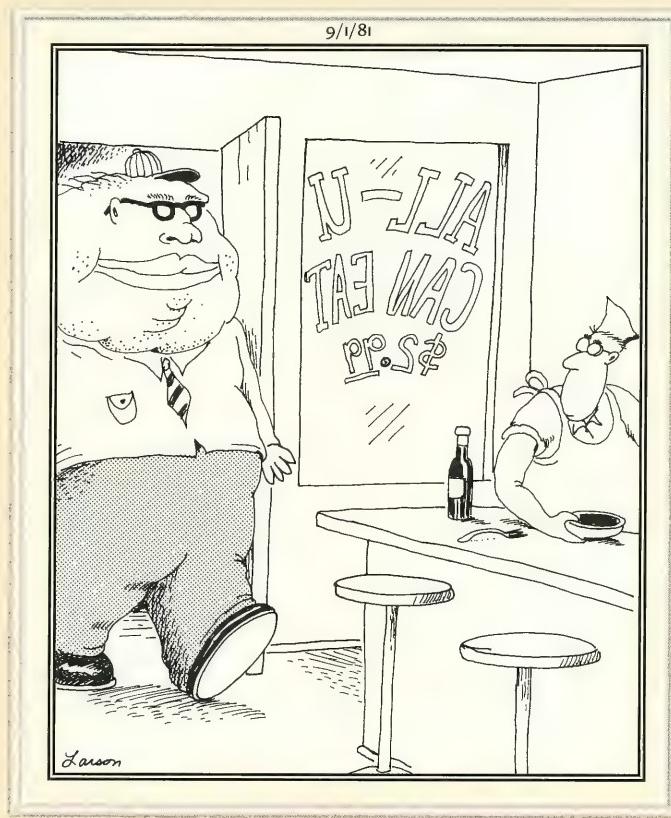
"I can't believe this! Can't anyone here get
the lid off the mayonnaise?"

9/8/81

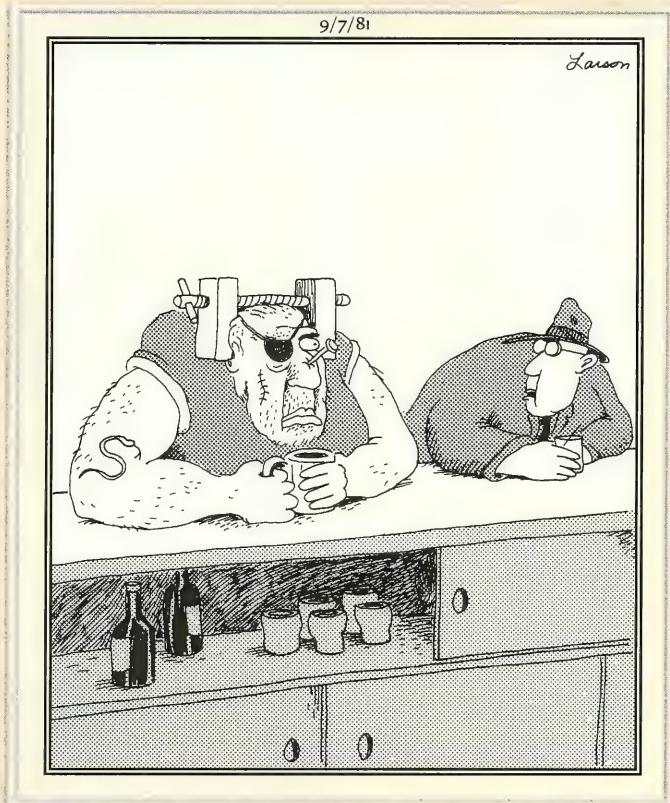
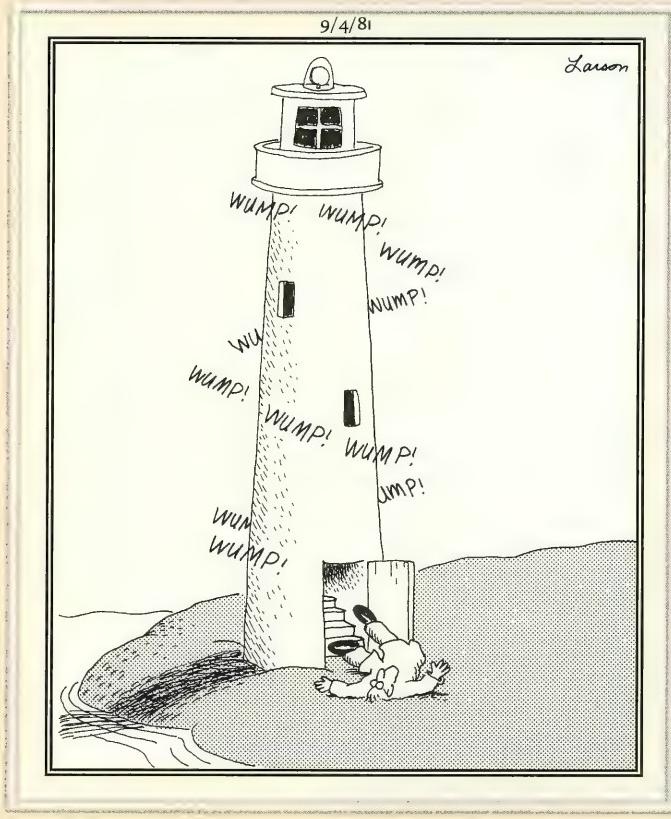


"You're kidding! I was struck twice by lightning too!"

September 1981

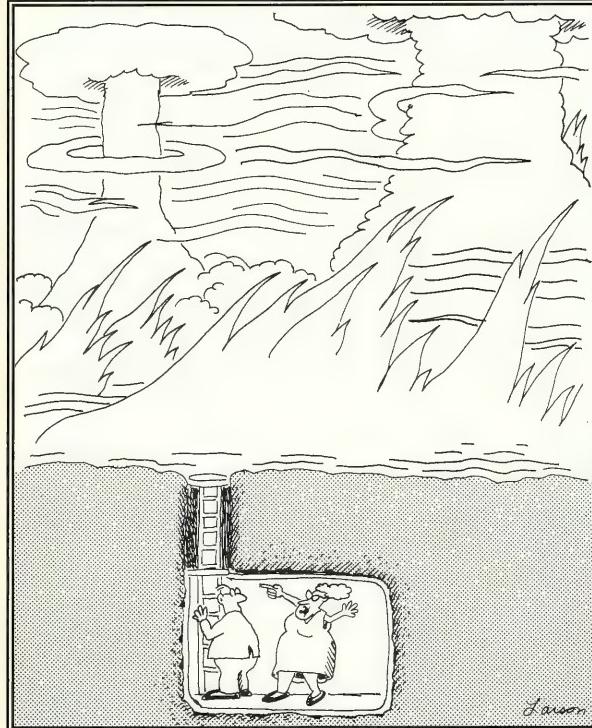


"Anyone for a chorus of 'Happy Trails'?"



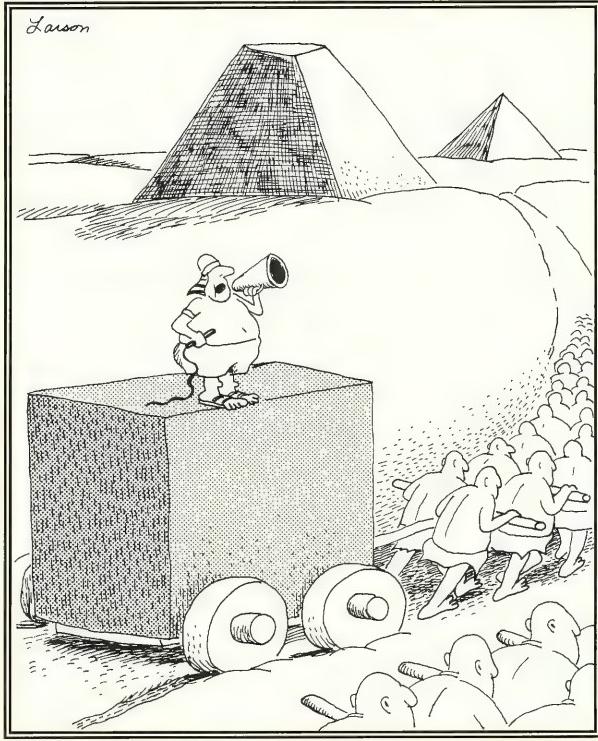
"Tough-guy, huh?"

9/9/81



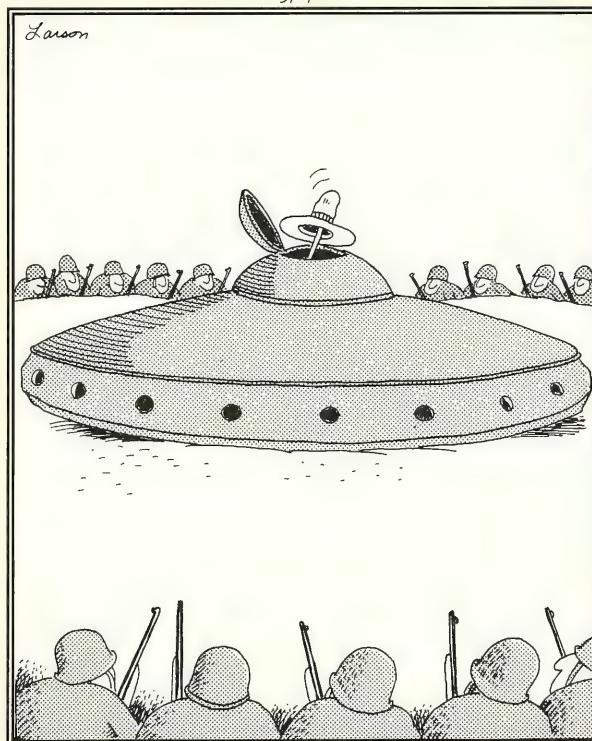
"Arnold! The bird! The bird! ... You get back up there and get the bird!"

9/10/81

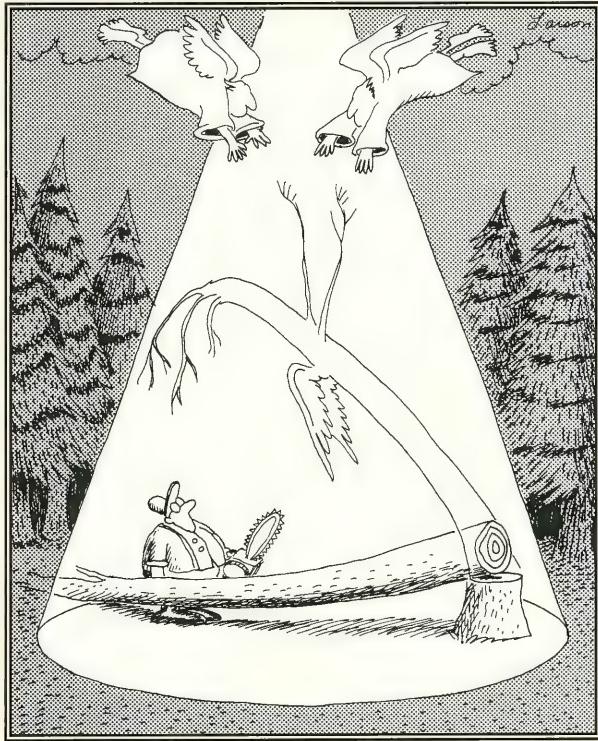


"C'mon, let's go! Remember Pharaoh's favorite mottoes: 'Many hands make light work, a job worth doing is worth doing well, and death to the laggard!'"

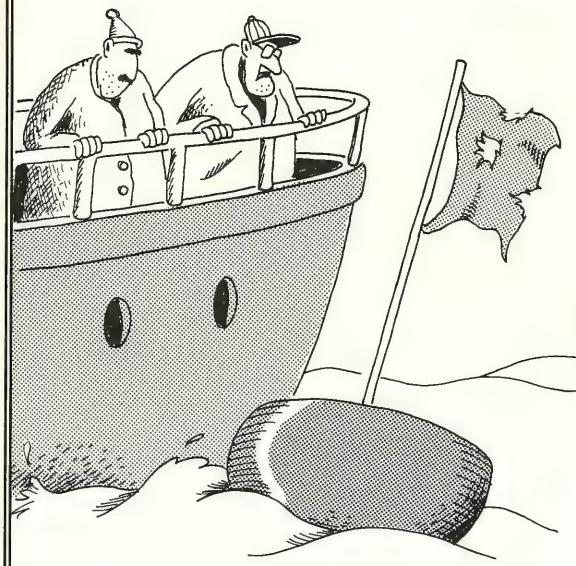
9/11/81



9/12/81



9/14/81



Larson

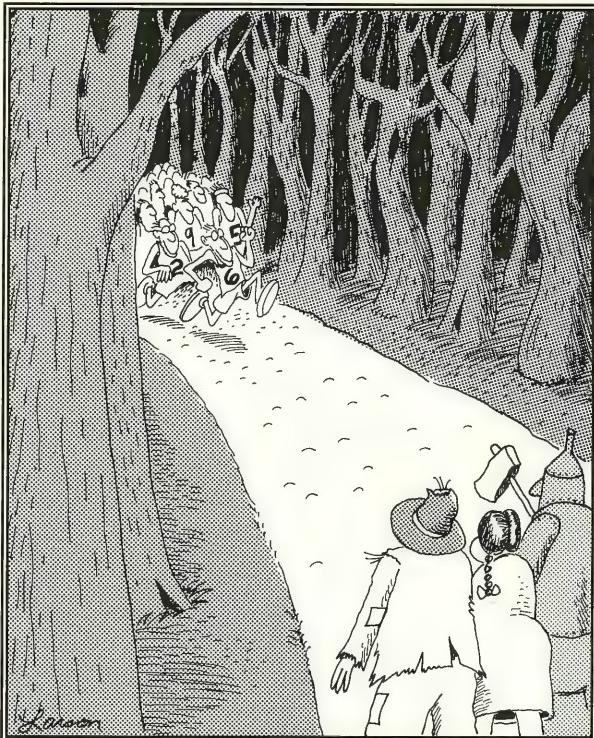
"What do you make of it, Earl? ... A small, pea-green boat, drifting way out here—empty, except for those two little skeletons."

9/15/81



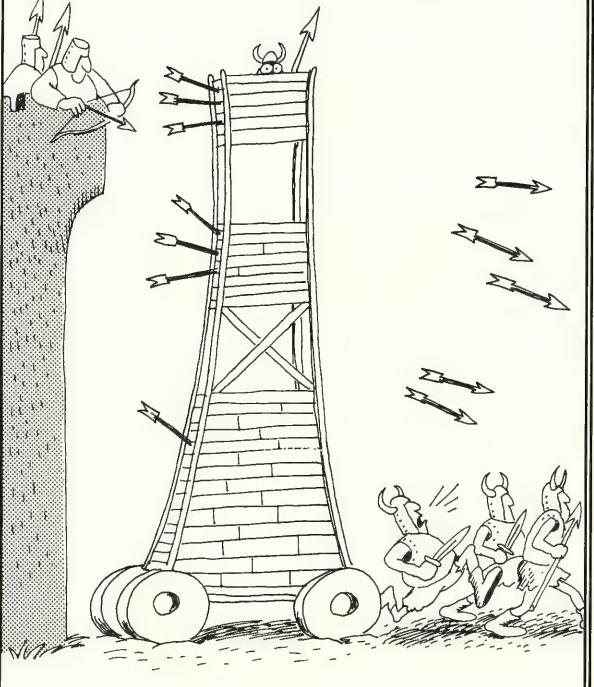
"I daresay there's a woman in Mayfield, Nebraska, who believes in UFOs."

9/16/81



Larson

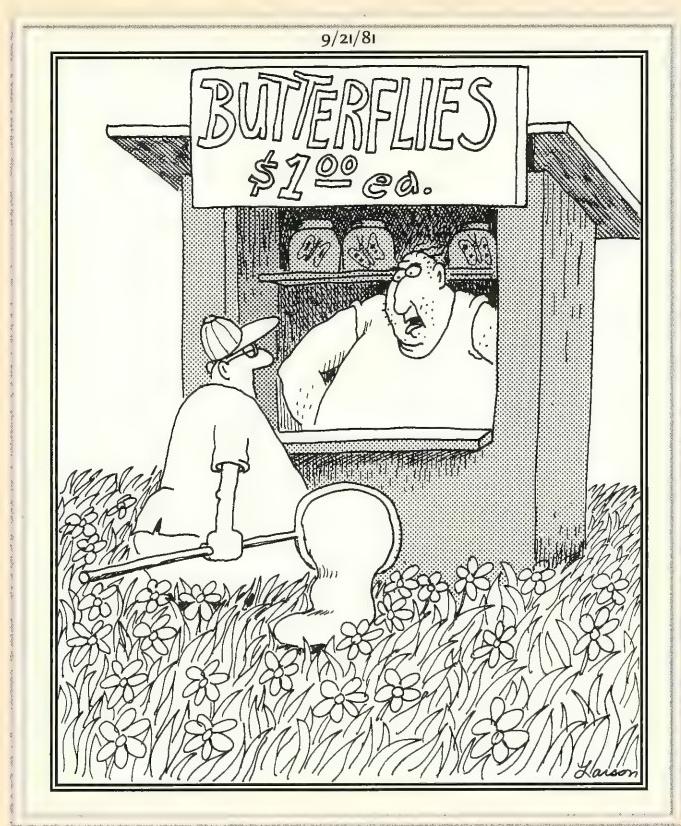
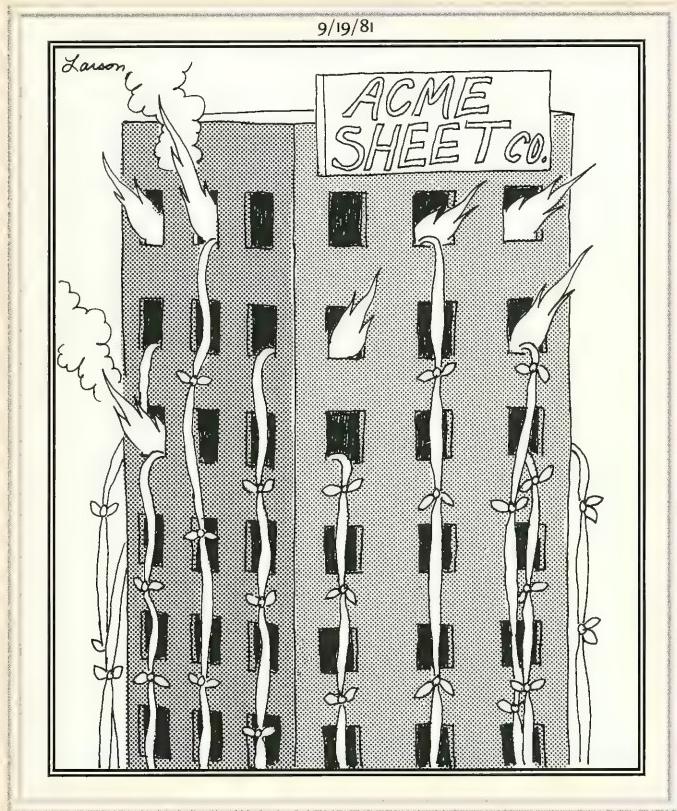
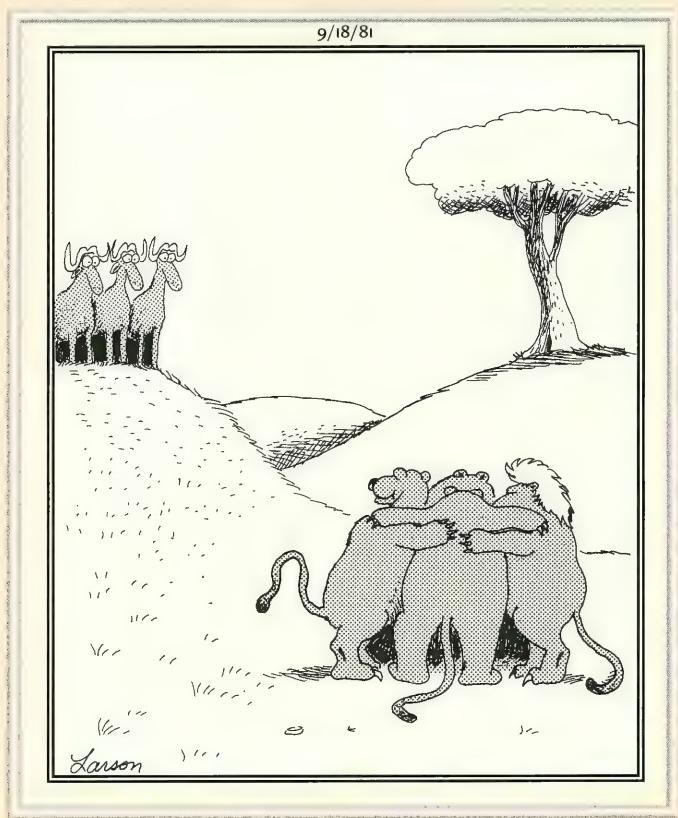
9/17/81



Larson

"RETREAT!"

September 1981



"Oh, my! ... What a *cute* little maggot!"

"Well, they ain't free anymore, buddy."

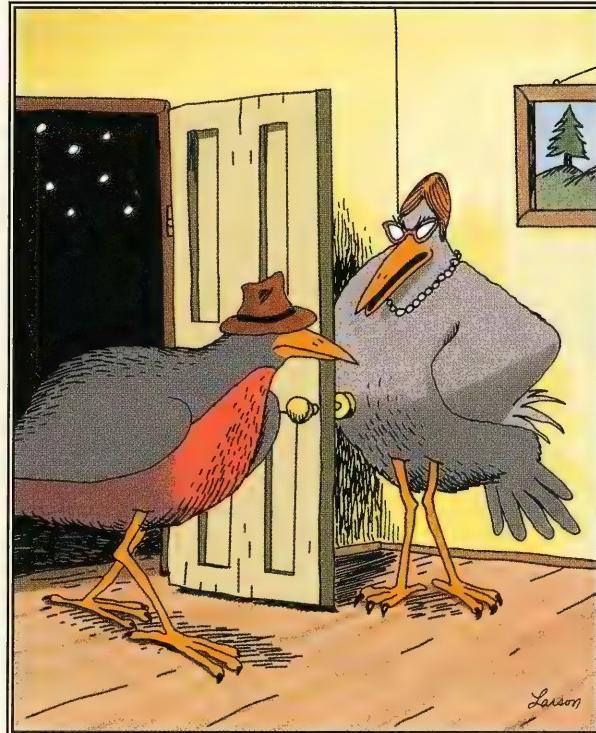
September 1981

9/22/81



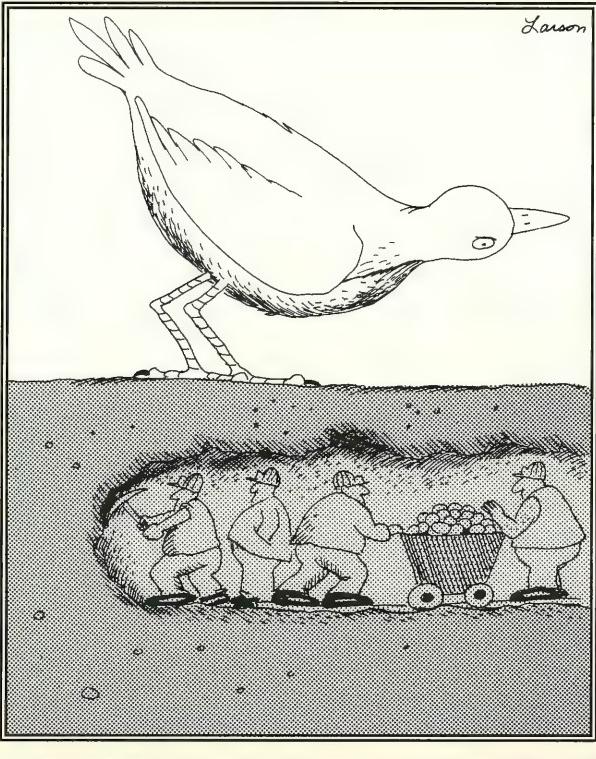
"Egad, Alex! I'm losing some wrinkles!"

9/24/81

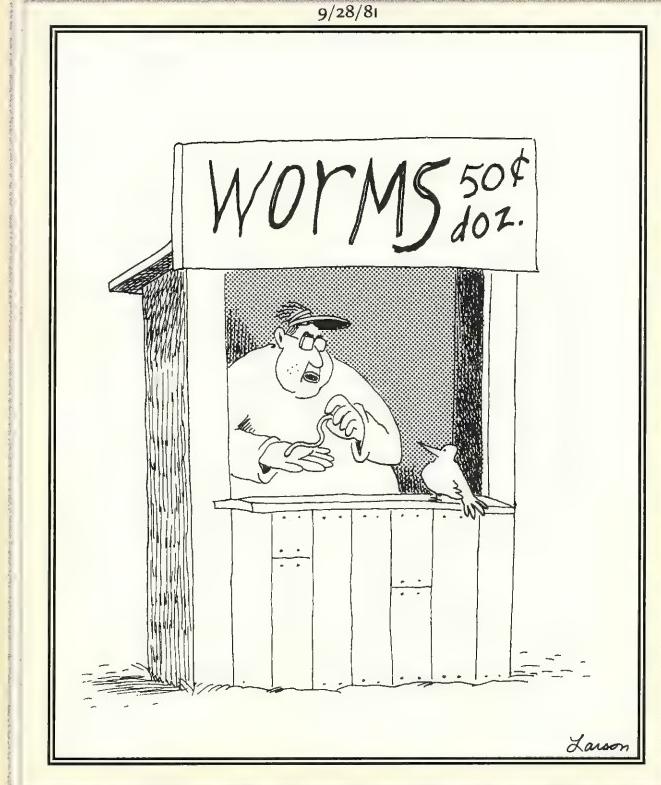


"So! ... Out bob bob bobbing along again!"

9/25/81



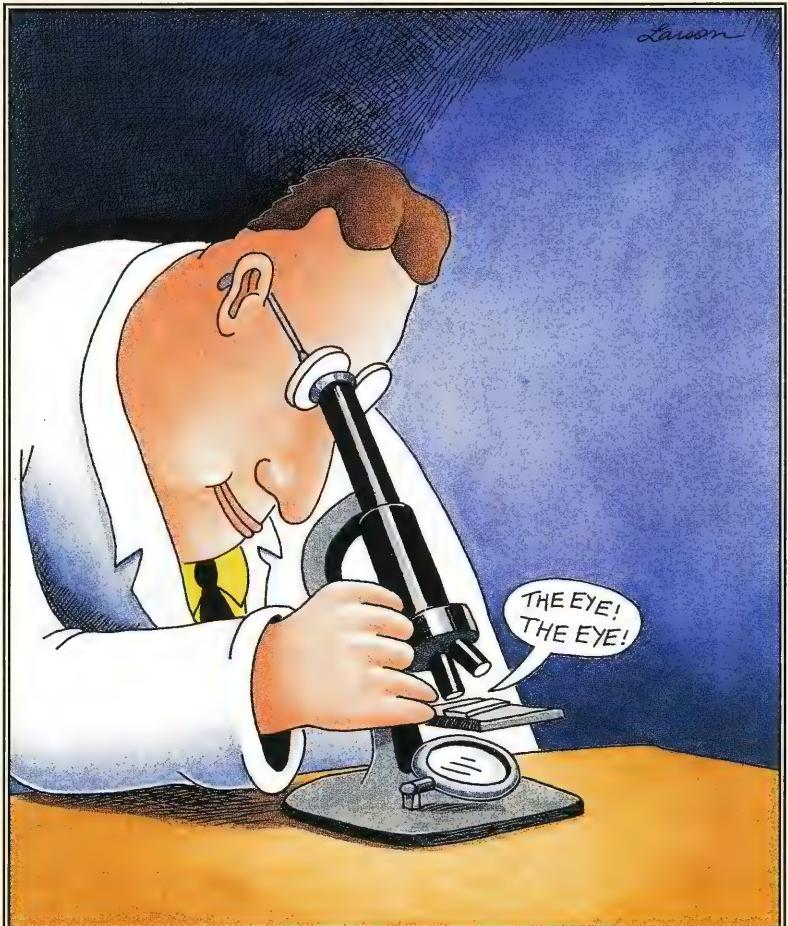
9/28/81



"Well, I dunno. This one's a little beak-worn. ...
How much do you want for it?"

September 1981

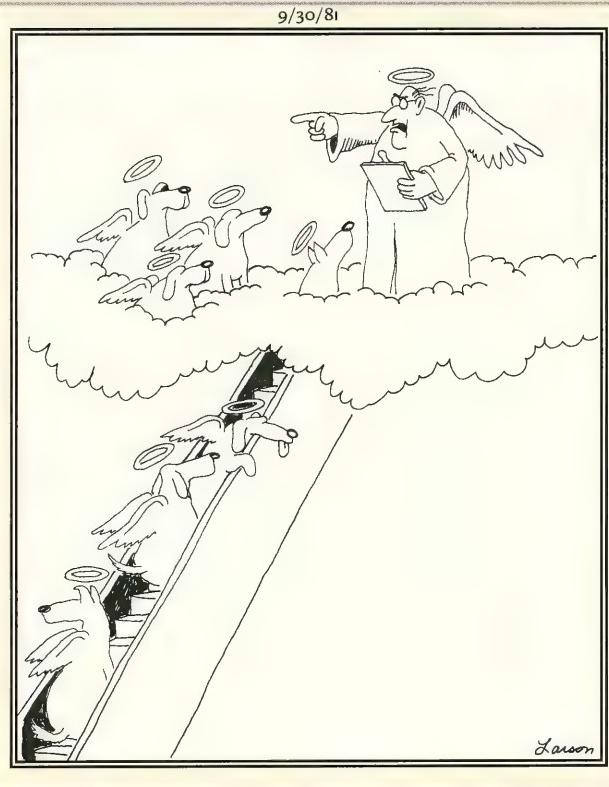
9/26/81



9/29/81



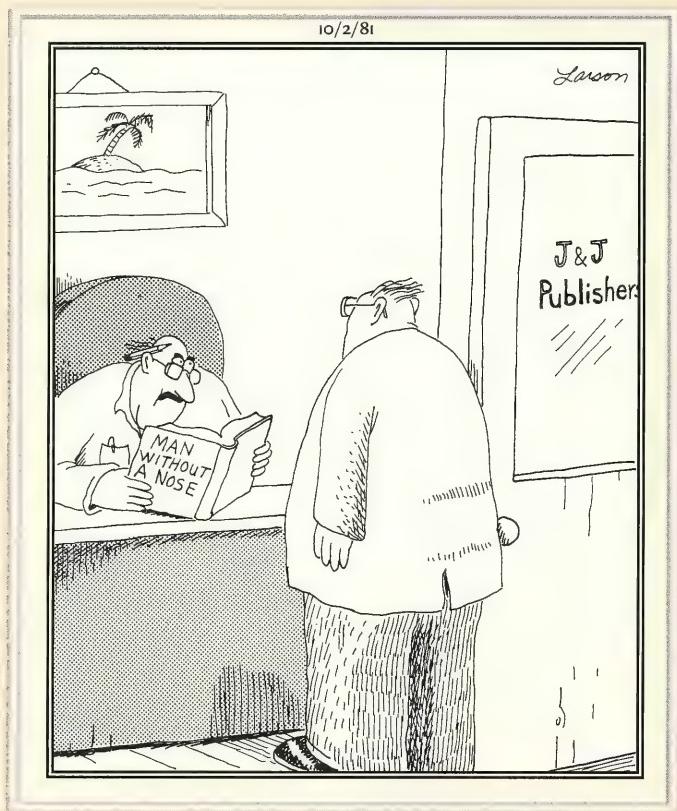
9/30/81



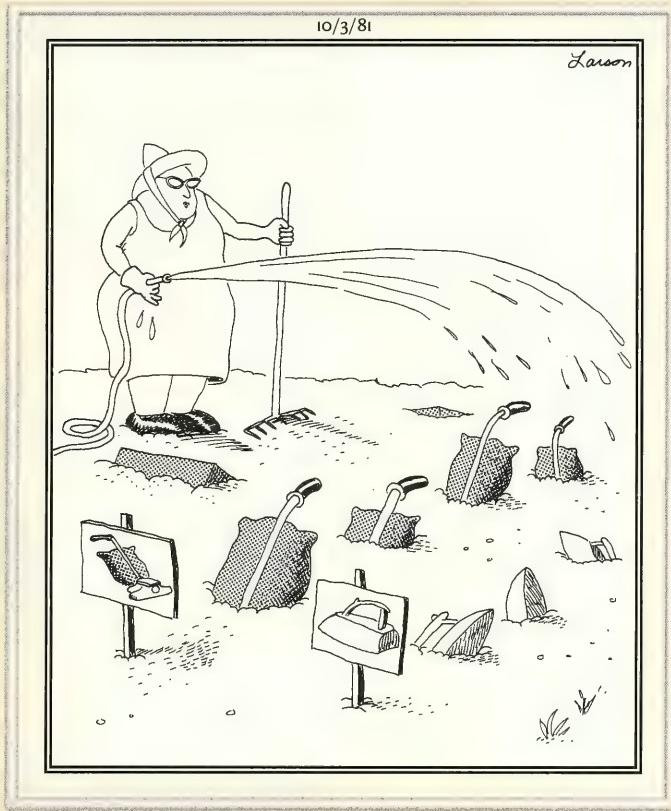
"Okay now, listen up! ... First, I want all
the car-chasers over here!"

"Polly wanna finger."

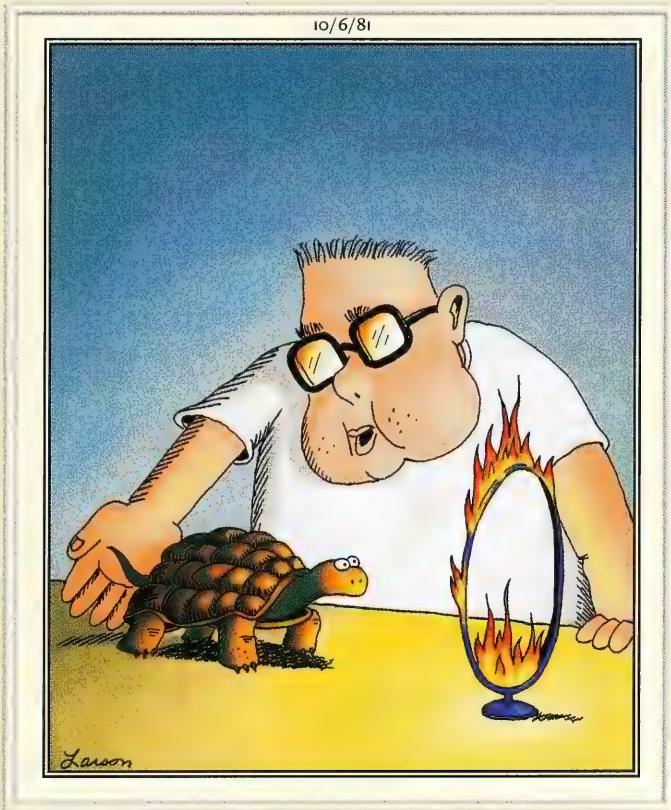
October 1981



"Autobiography I presume?"



"C'mon, c'mon! Either it's here or it isn't!"



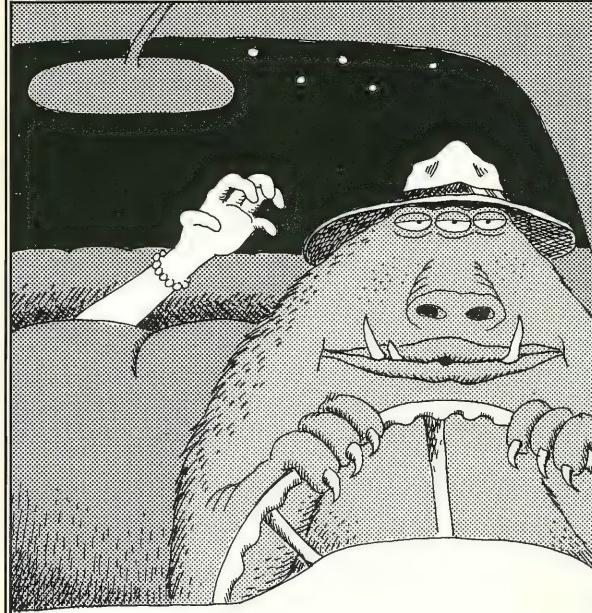
"Through the hoop, Bob! Through the hoop!"

10/7/81



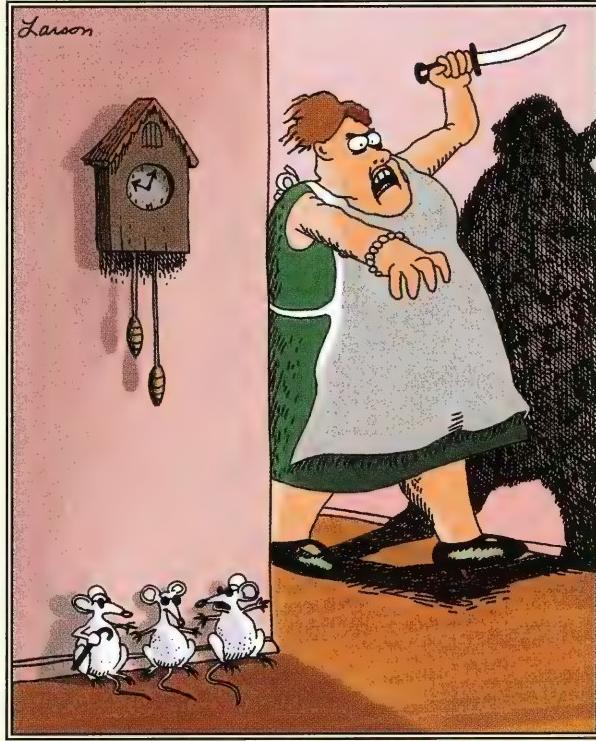
"Gad, I hate walking through this place at night."

10/5/81



Larson

10/9/81



"Egad! ... Sounds like the farmer's wife has really flipped out this time!"

10/10/81

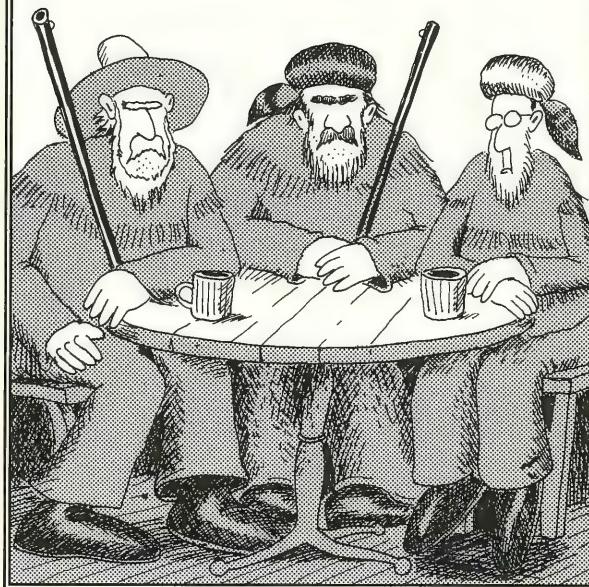


"It's still hungry ... and I've been stuffing worms into it all day."

October 1981

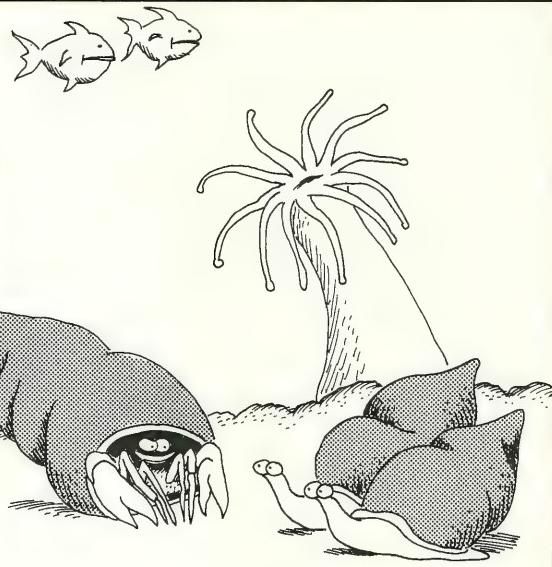
10/8/81

Larson



Buffalo Bill, Grizzly Adams, and Pigeon Jones

10/12/81

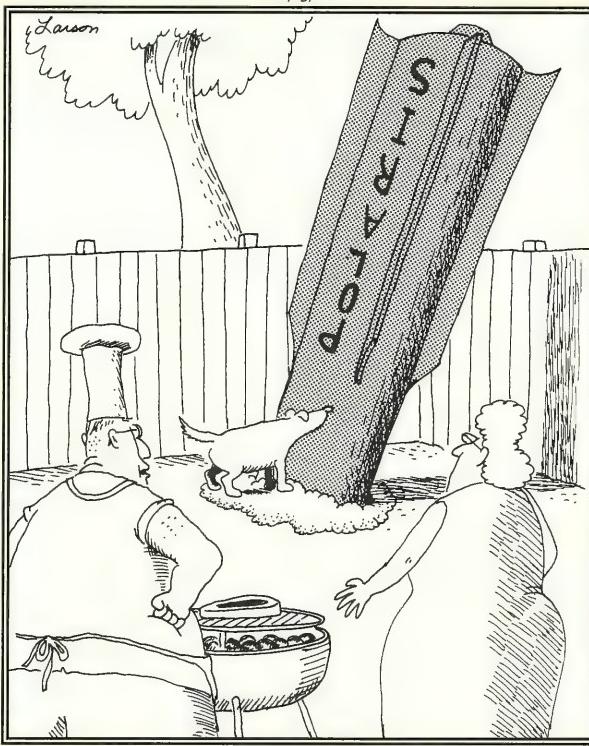


Larson

"Sorry—Carl doesn't live here anymore."

10/13/81

Larson



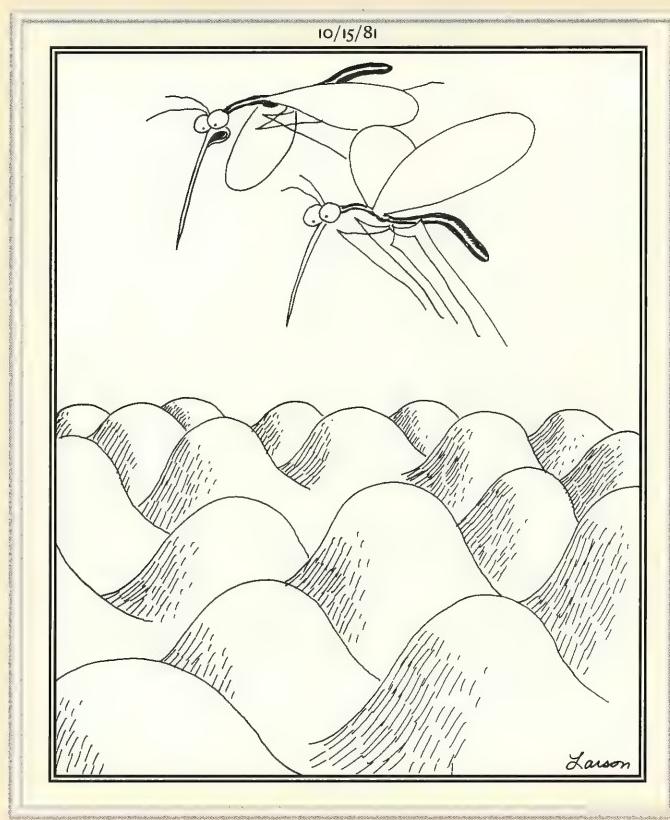
"Let's not overreact, Agnes. ... For one thing,
it was only a dud."

10/14/81

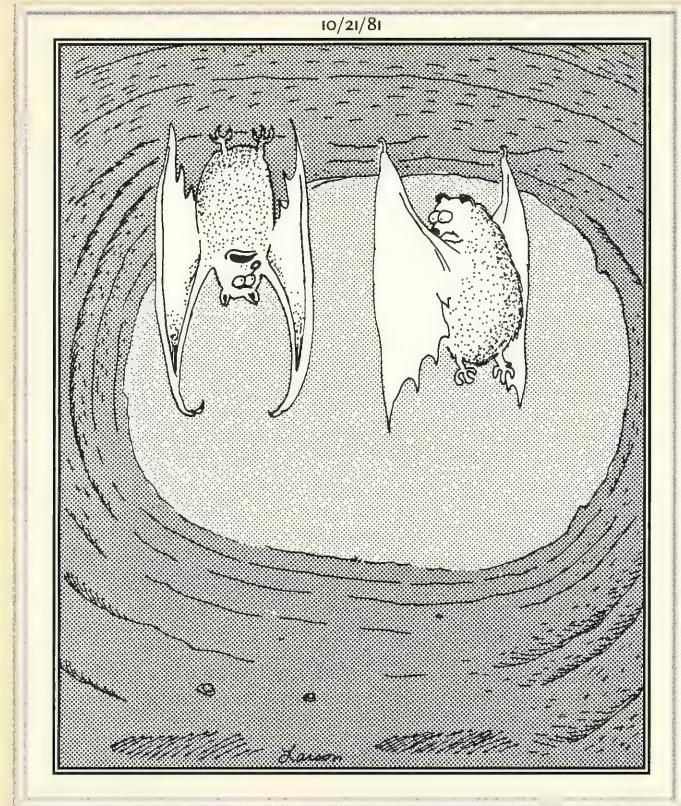
Larson



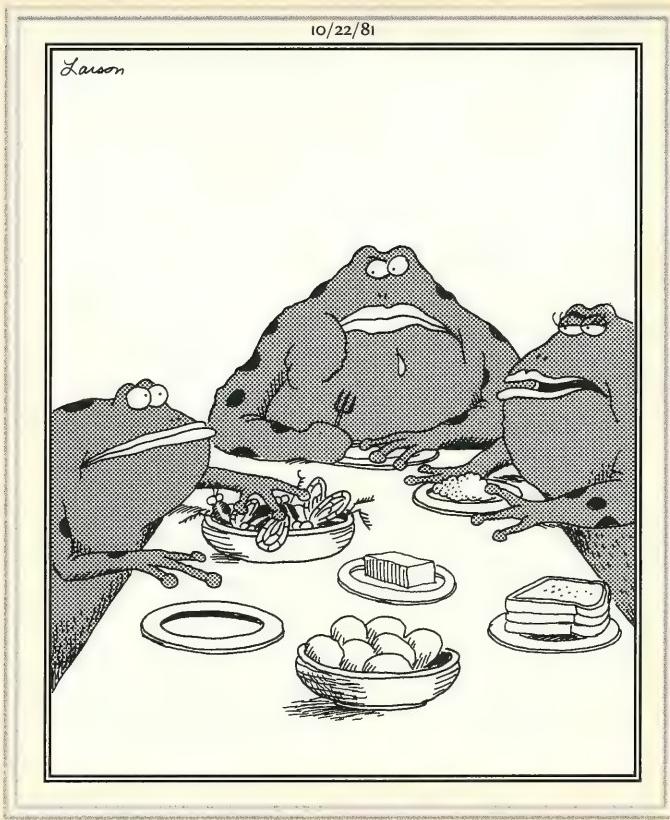
"This is Harold Schwartz! ... Something
horrible is happening out here!"



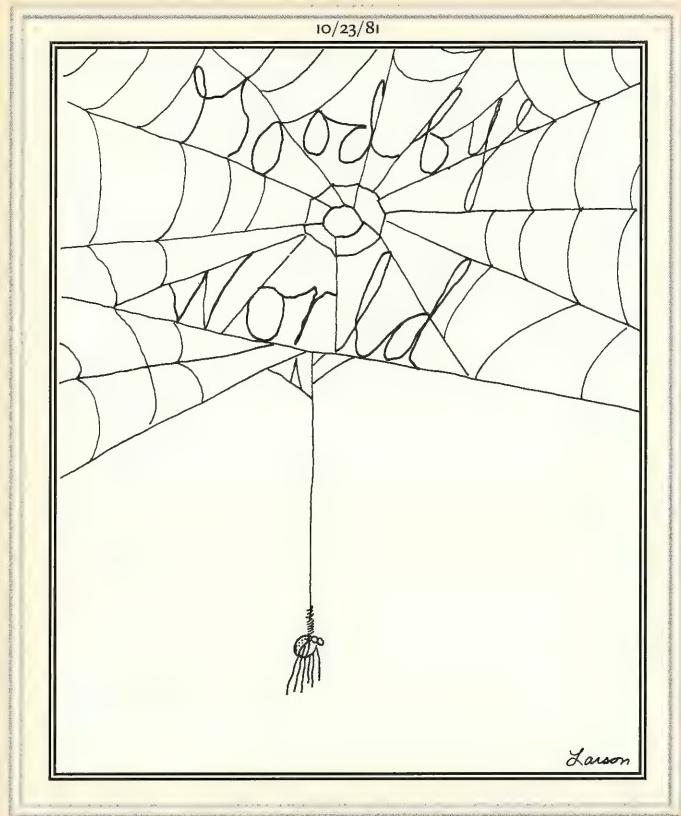
"Looks like this place has been pretty much sucked over."

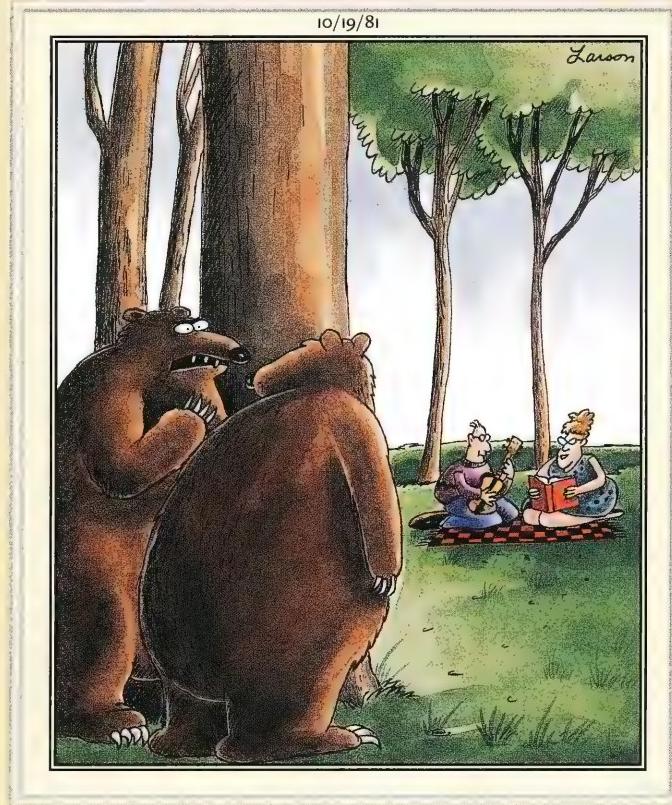
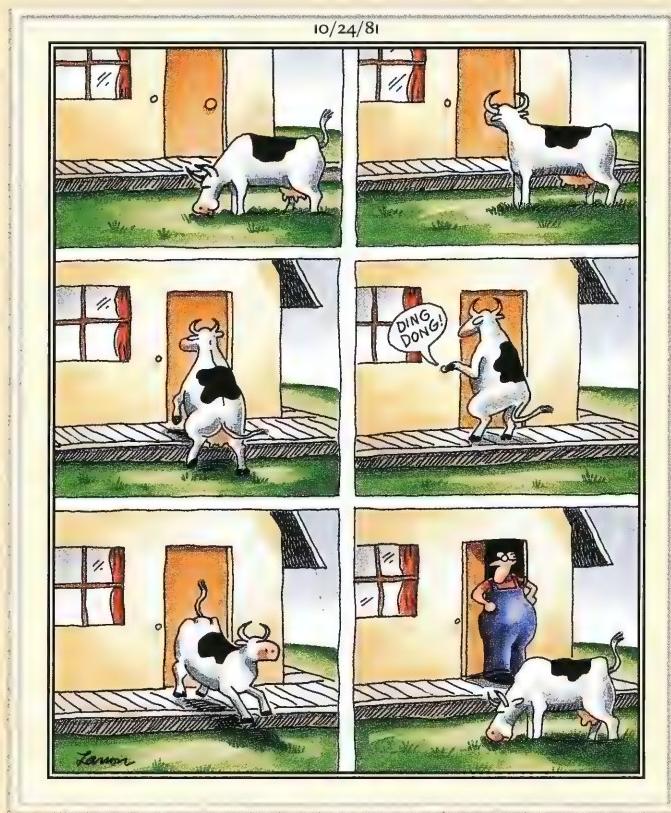


"Sure, go ahead—if you want the blood to rush to your feet."

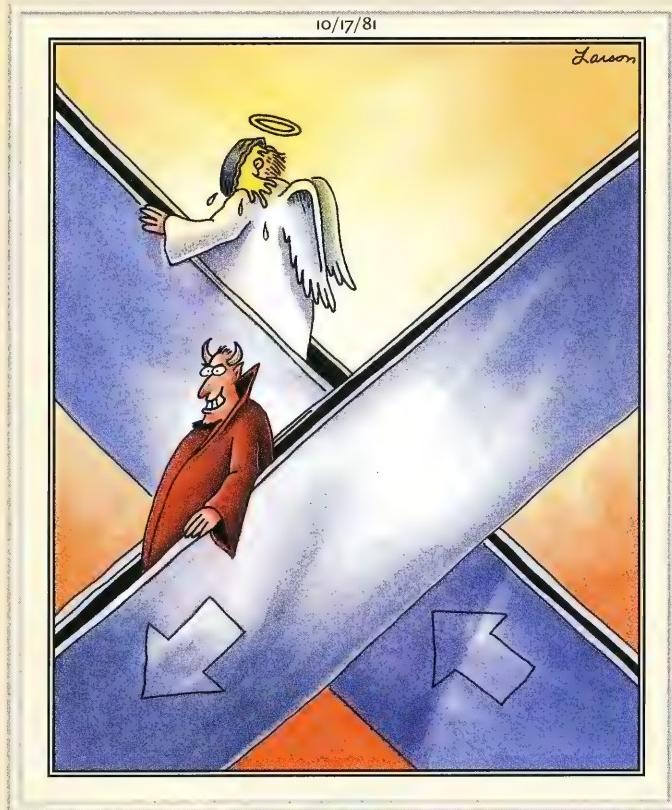


"Sidney, just take one—don't handle every fly."





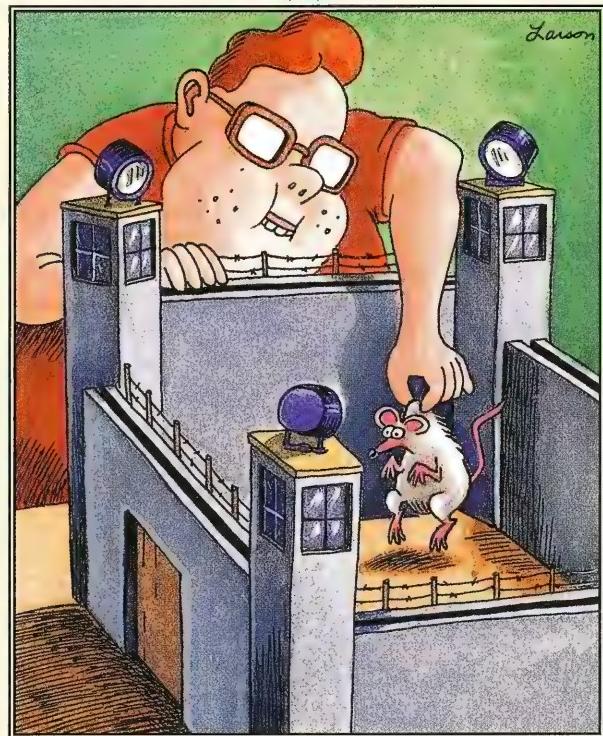
"C'mon! Look at these fangs! Look at these claws! You think we're supposed to eat just honey and berries?"



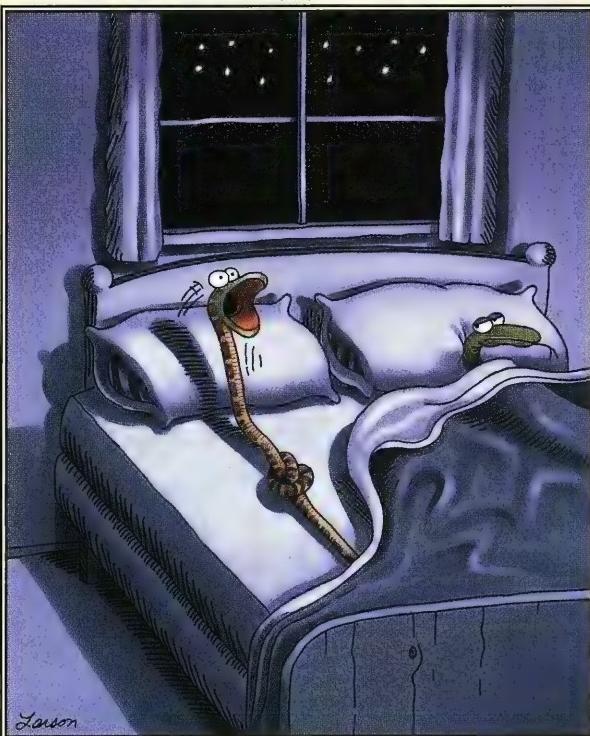
"Hey, wait a minute! This is grass! We've been eating grass!"

October 1981

10/20/81

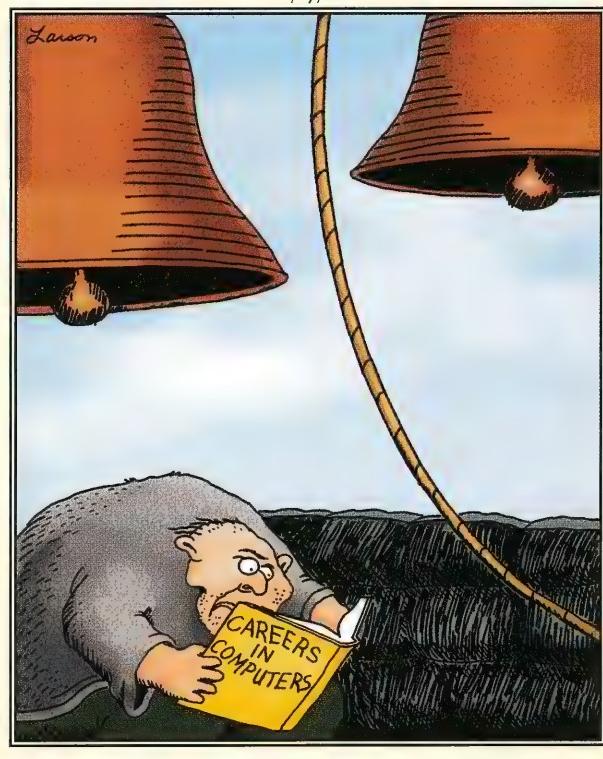


10/26/81

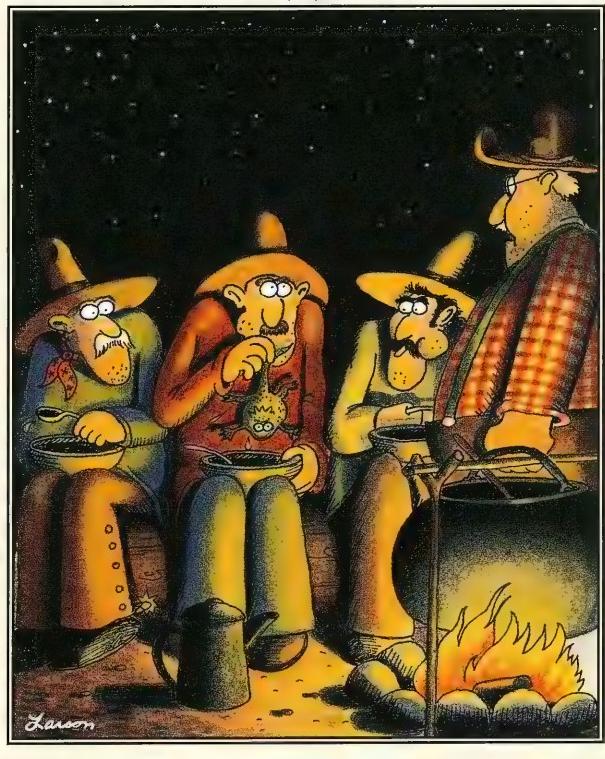


"CHARLEY HORSE!"

10/27/81

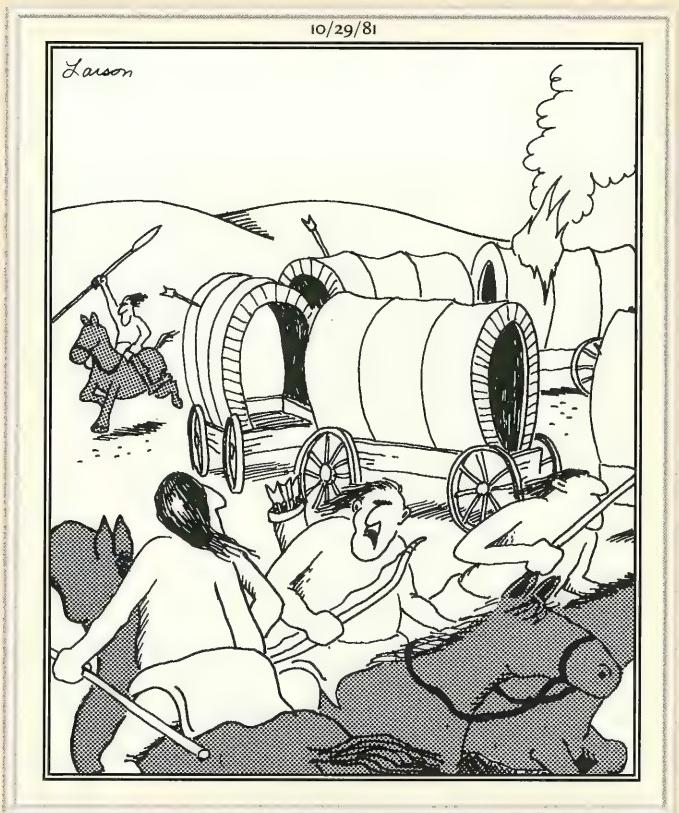
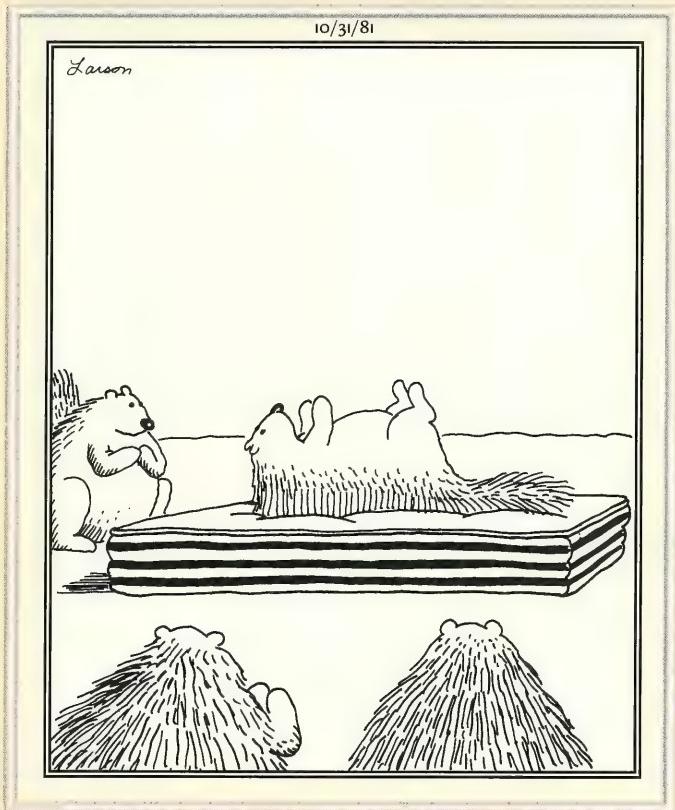
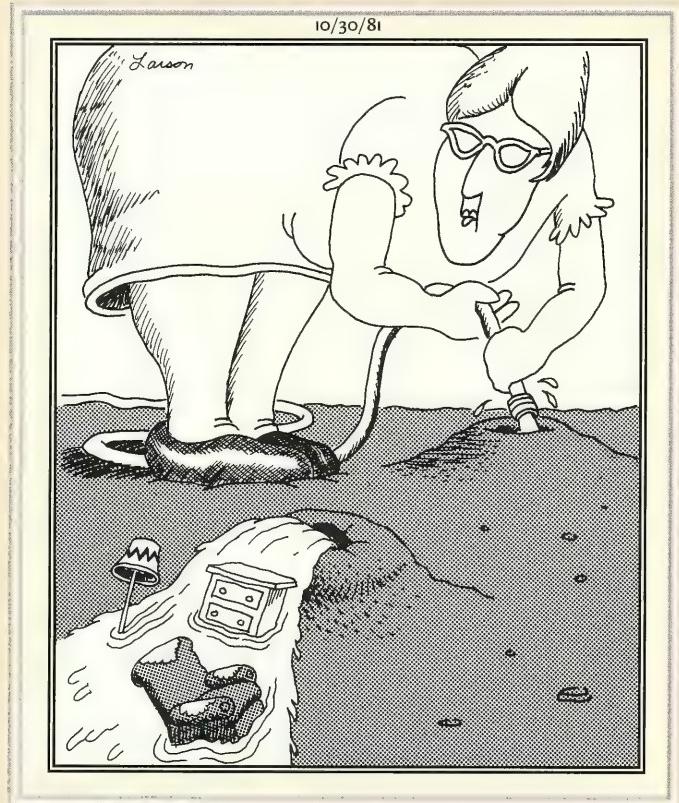


10/28/81



"Well, I'll be! Eggbeater must have missed that one."

October 1981



November 6, 1981

Gary Larson
C/O The Washington Post
Washington, DC 20071

Dear Mr. Larson:

I am an English teacher in the Waynesboro Area Senior High School. Recently one of my students came up with a question in a research class--and no one here can answer the question. This is the question:

Why are all races (human and horse) run counter-clockwise around the track, rather than clockwise?

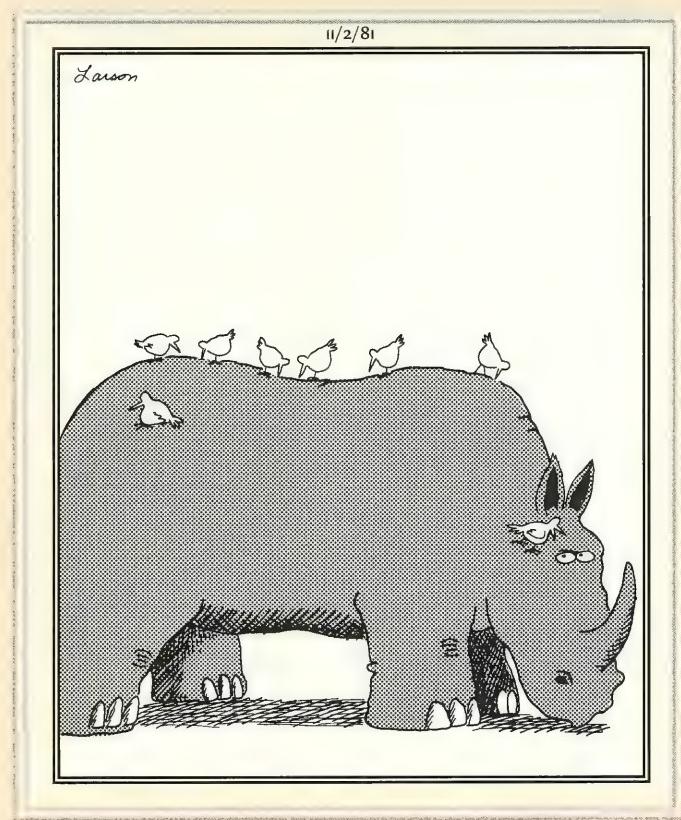
We have consulted all of the sources available and cannot seem to come up with a satisfactory answer. Then, on October 29 the Post ran your "The Far Side" cartoon ("Counterclockwise, Red Eagle! Always counterclockwise!") and we are terribly curious to know where you got the idea for this.

Could you help us, please? Thank you so very much.

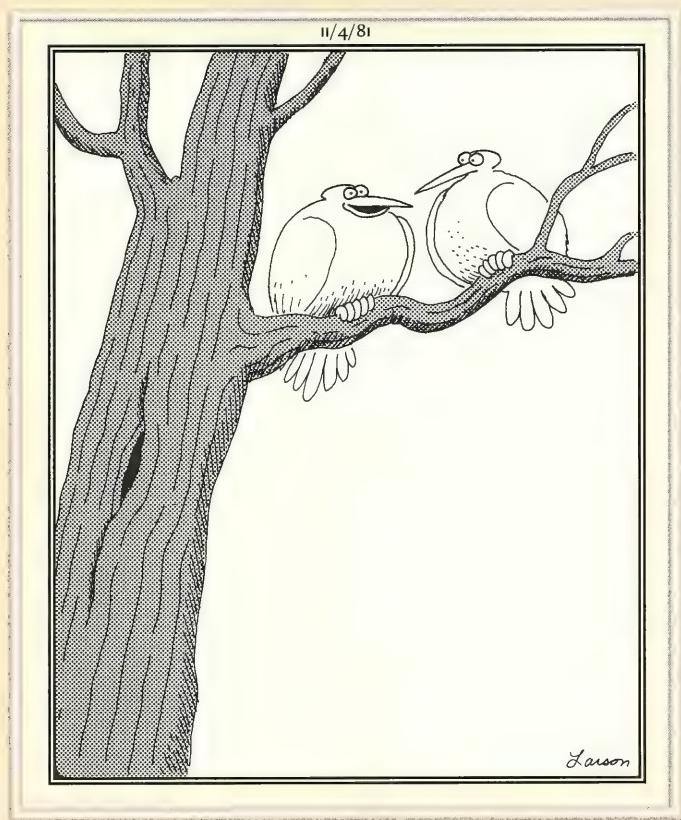
Yours truly,
Mary Ann M. Kulp

"Counterclockwise, Red Eagle!
Always counterclockwise!"

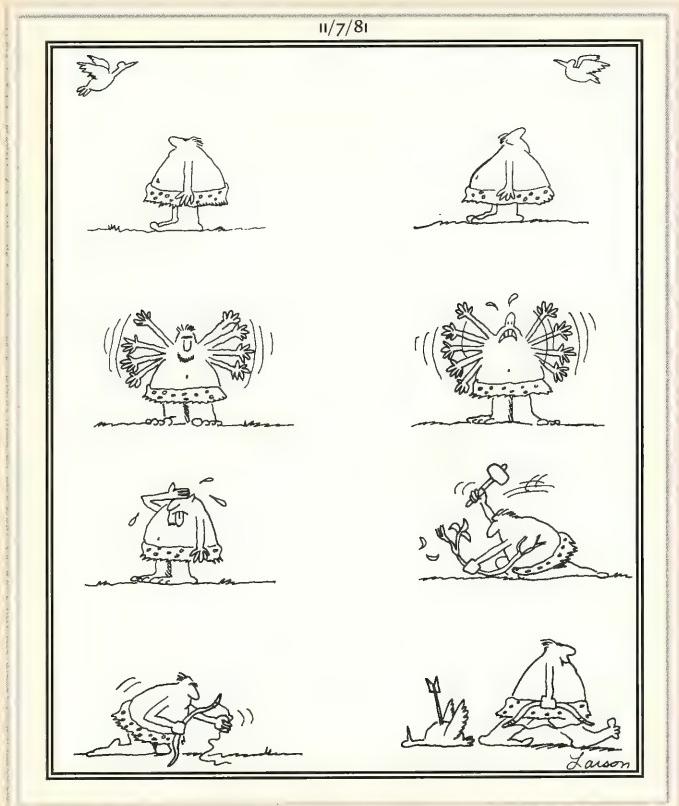
November 1981



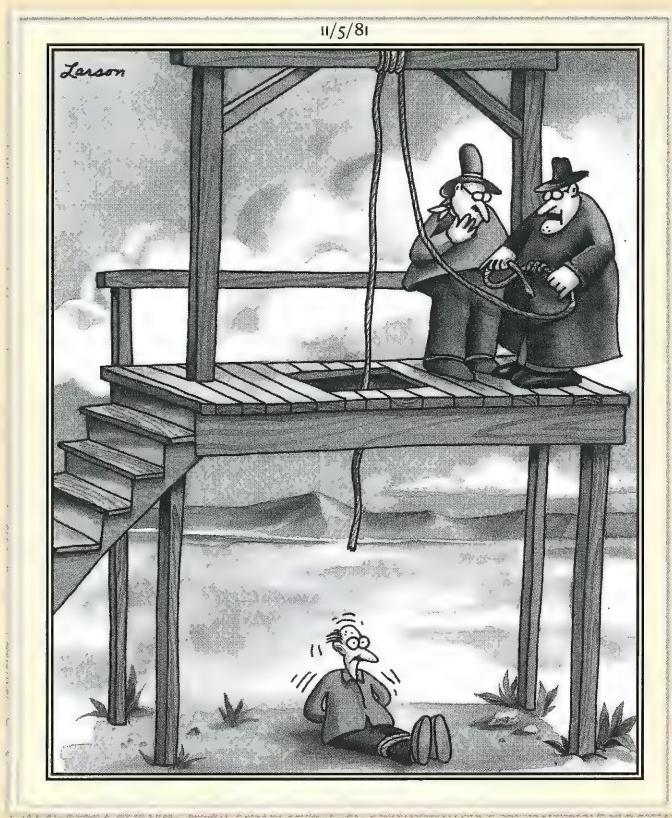
"Mind if we check the ears?"



"I dreamt last night I was walking. ... And I mean I could walk anywhere ... fast, slow ..."

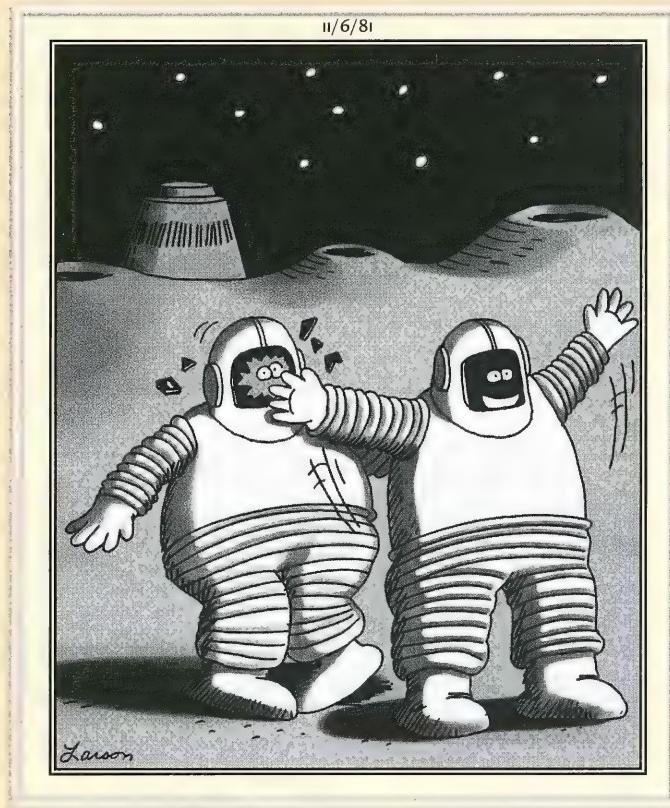


November 1981



11/5/81

Larson

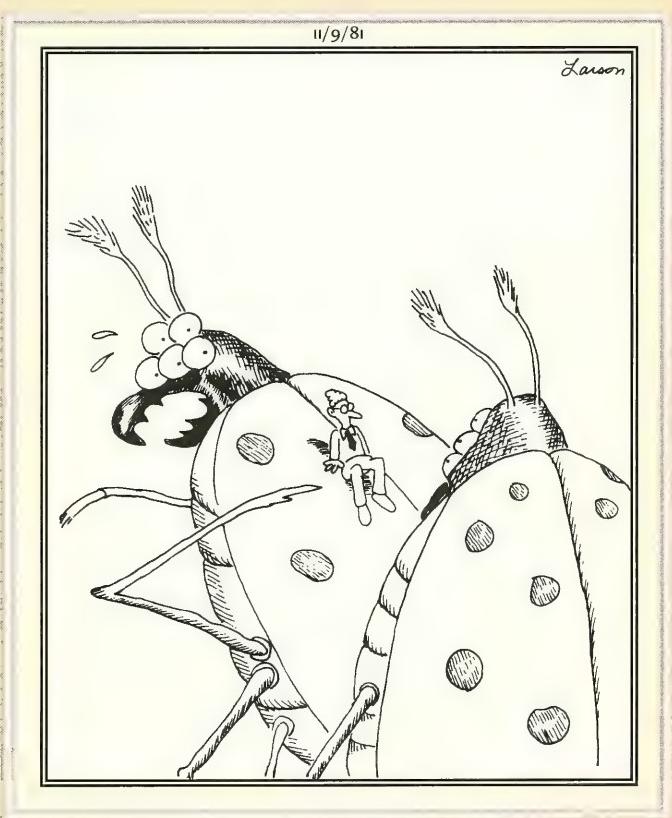


11/6/81

Larson

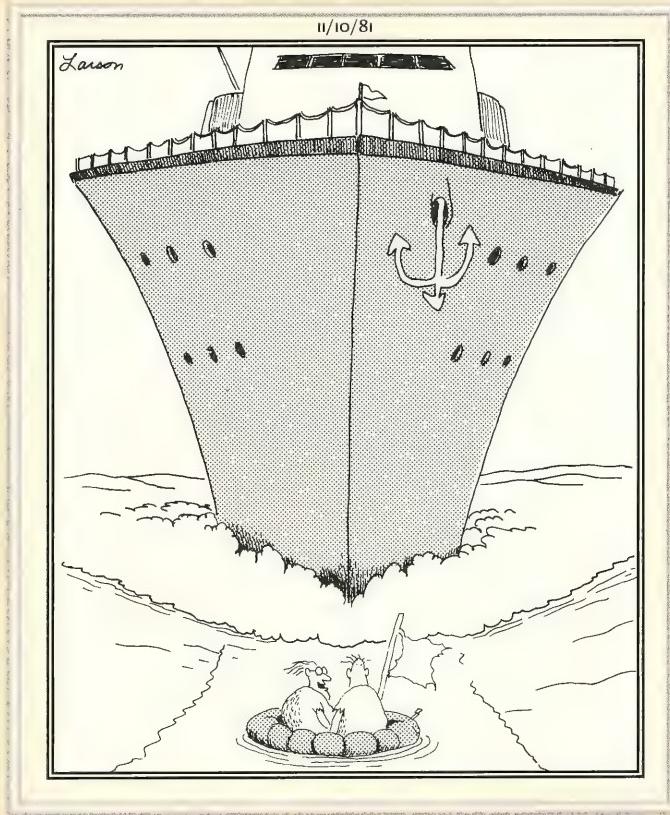
"We've made it, Warren! ... The moon!"

"You meathead! Now watch! ... The rabbit goes through the hole, around the tree five or six times ..."



11/9/81

Larson



11/10/81

Larson

"Thank goodness, Malcolm! We've finally been spotted!"

"Get it off me! Get it off me!"

November 1981

11/11/81

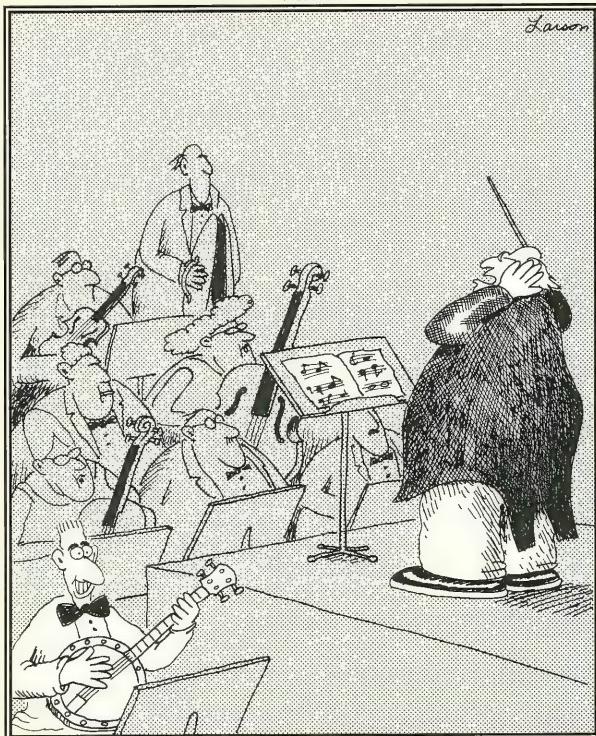
Larson



"Bozo? Did you hear that?
She called me a bozo!"

11/13/81

Larson



"Stop! Stop! What's that sound?
What's that sound?"

11/12/81

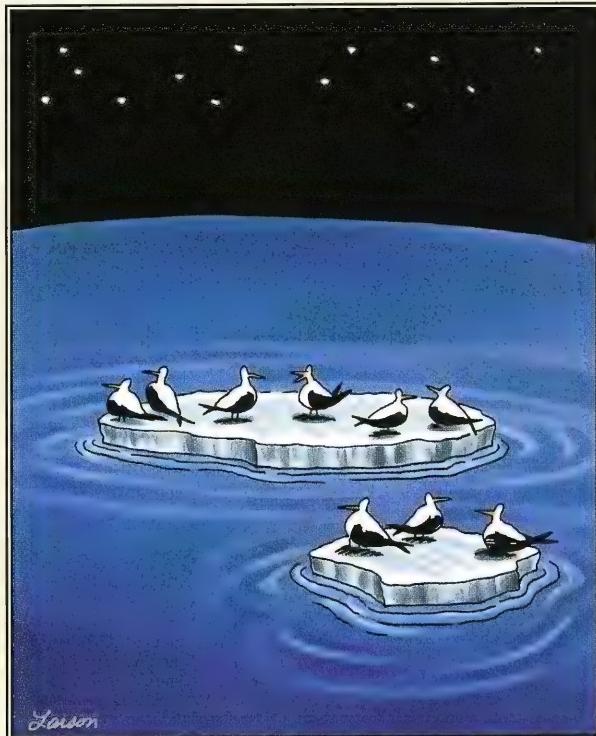
V. Larson



"Yes, yes ... now don't fuss. ... I have
something for you all."

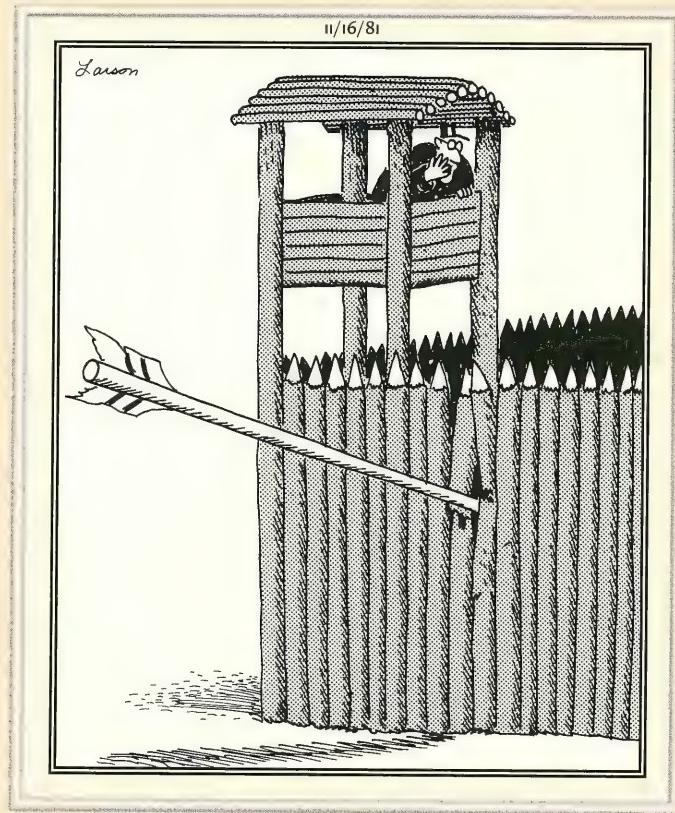
11/14/81

Larson

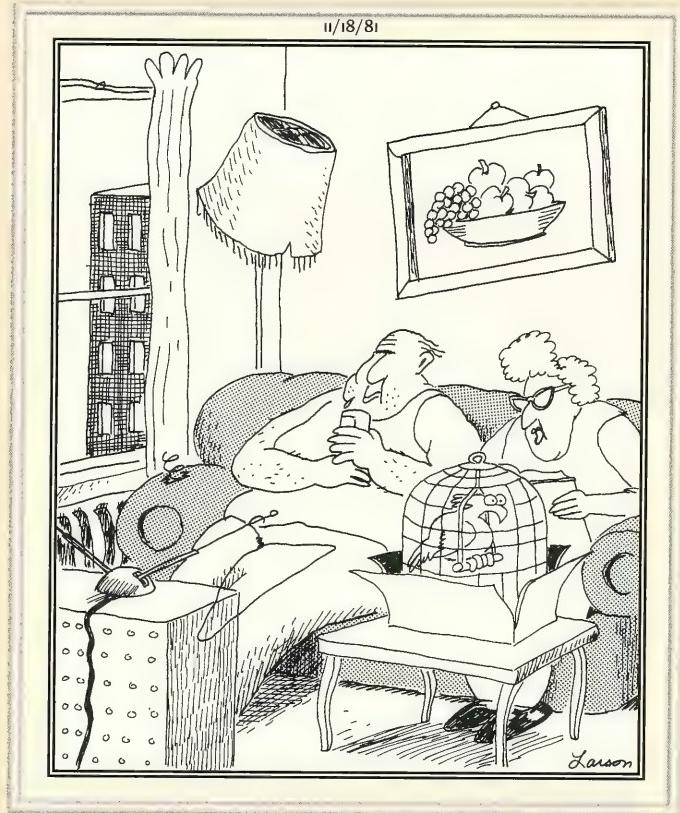
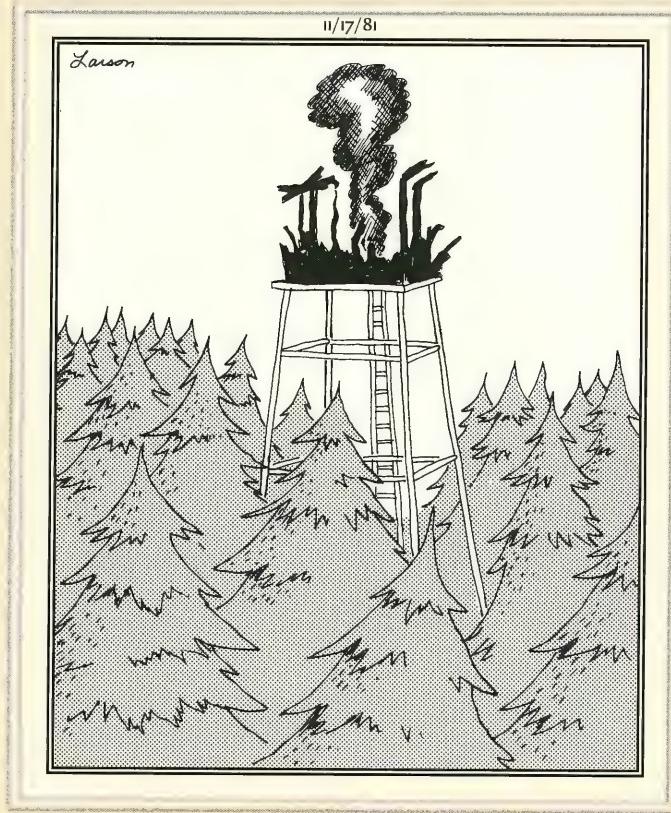


"You imbecile! We flew 12,000
miles for THIS?"

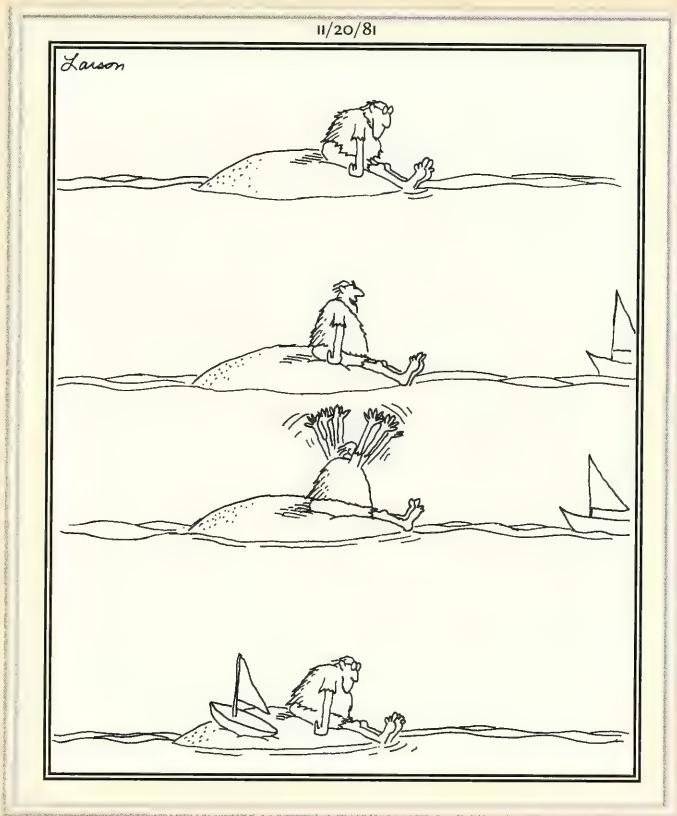
November 1981



"First the good news, sir! ... I count
only one Indian!"



"Uh-oh! It says here: 'A good mimic, this
bird should not be exposed to foul
or abusive sounds.'"



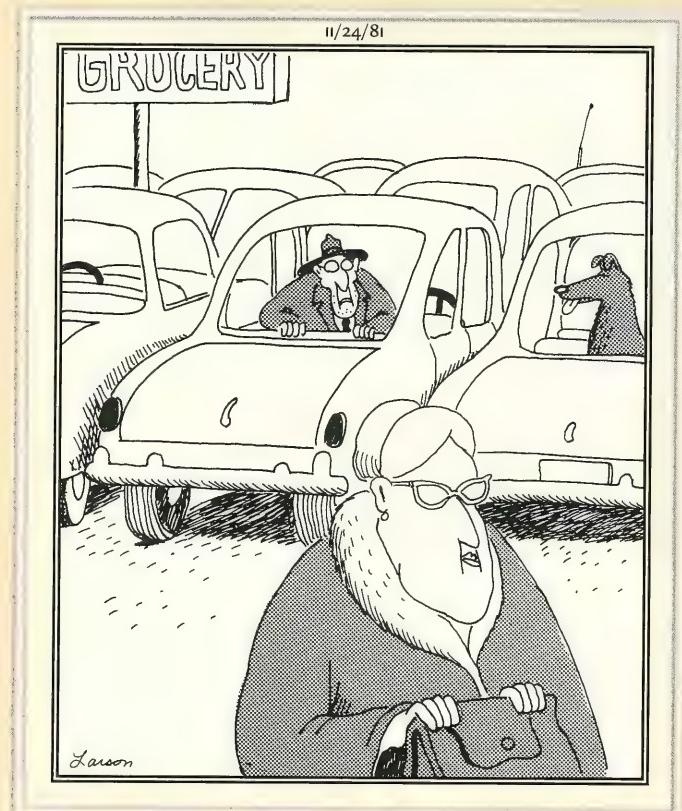
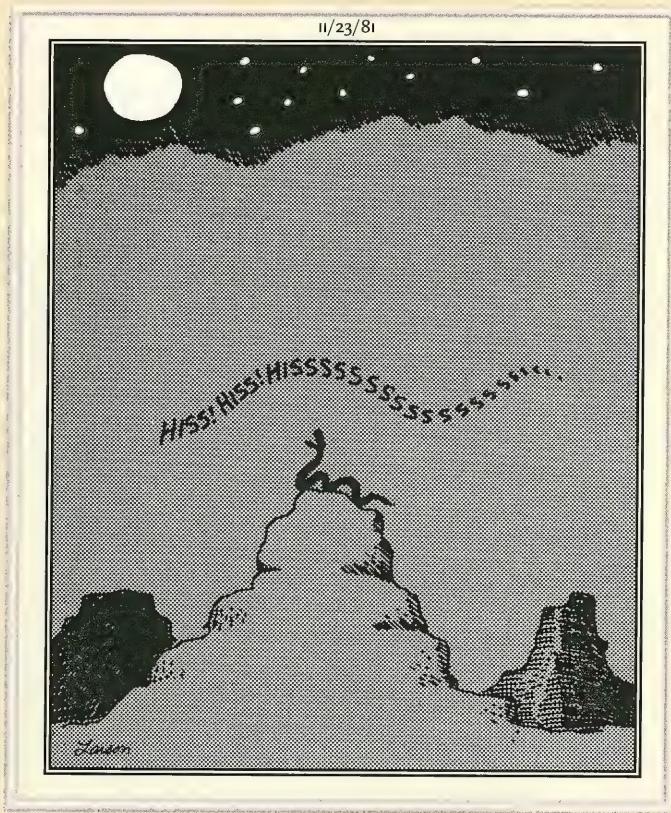
November 1981

11/19/81



"Something's wrong here, Harriet. This is starting to look less and less like Interstate 95."

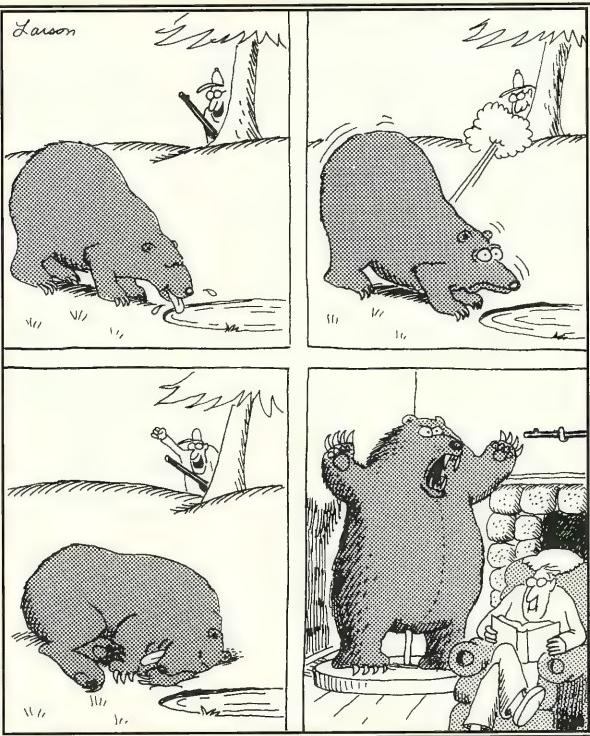
November 1981



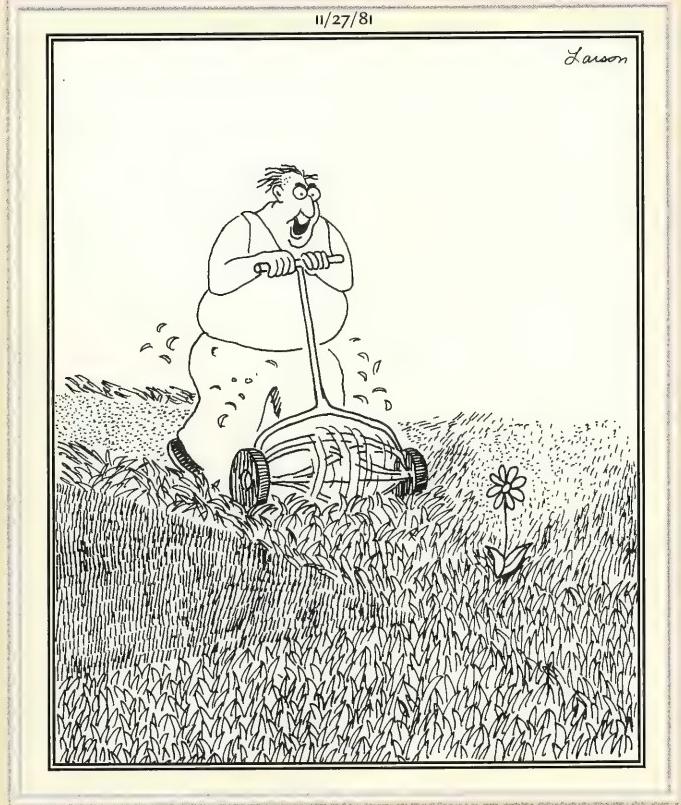
“FIND THEM!”

November 1981

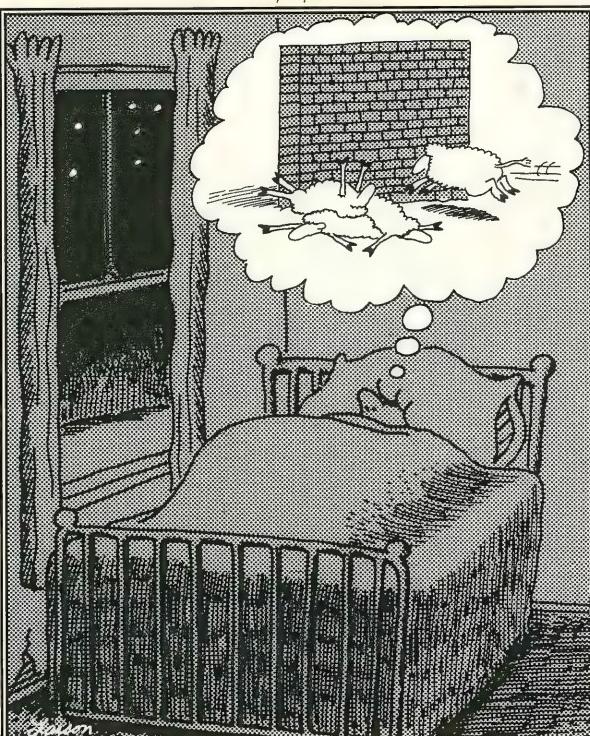
11/26/81



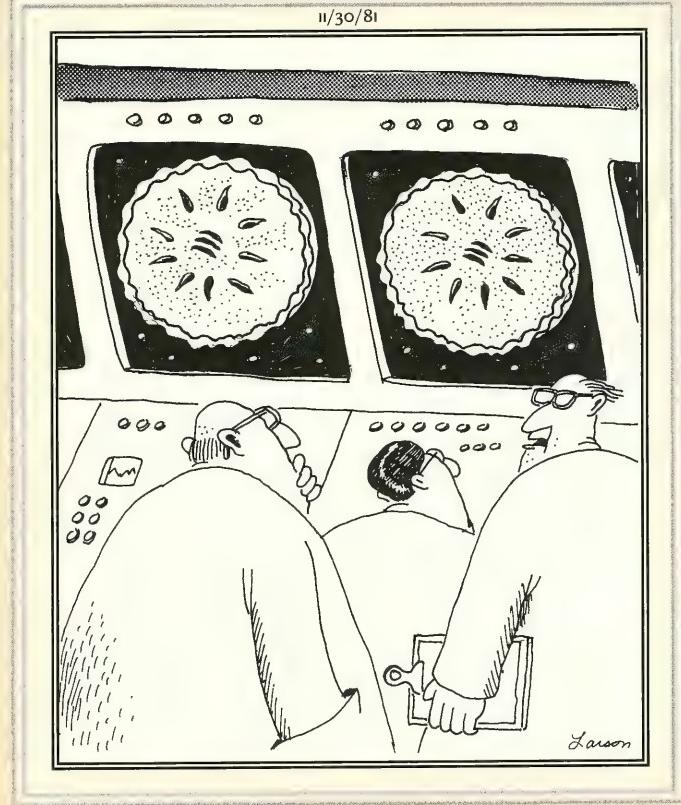
11/27/81



11/28/81

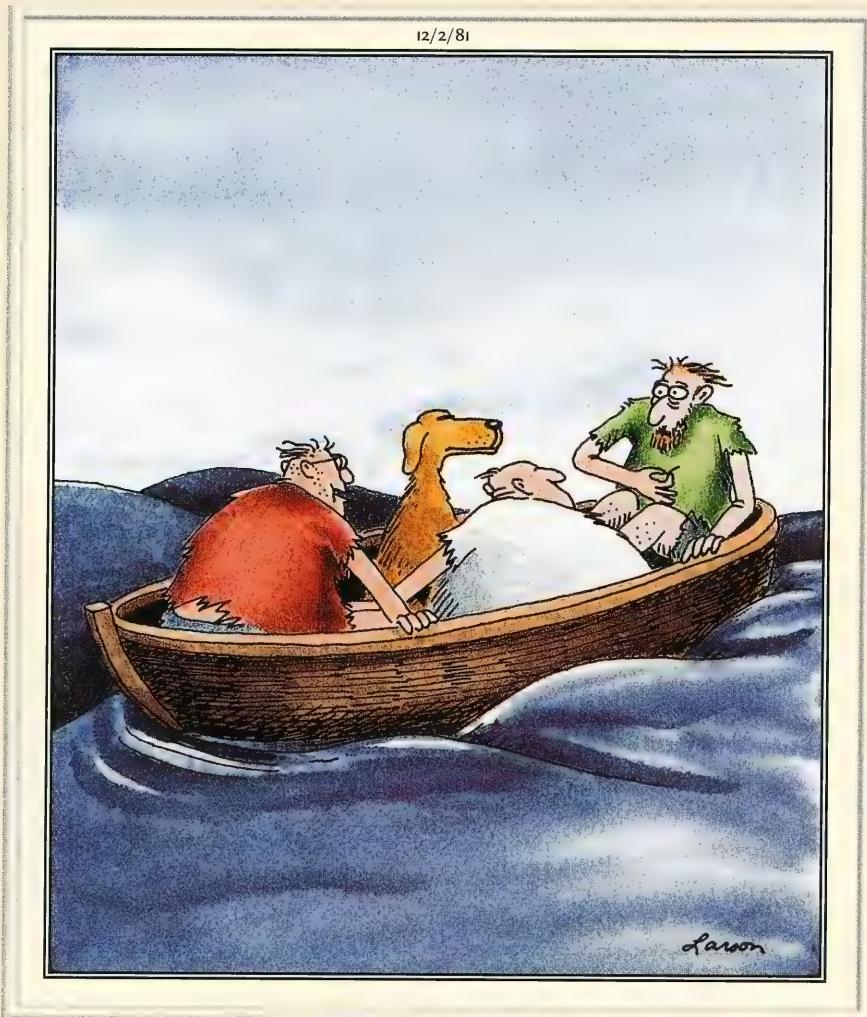


11/30/81

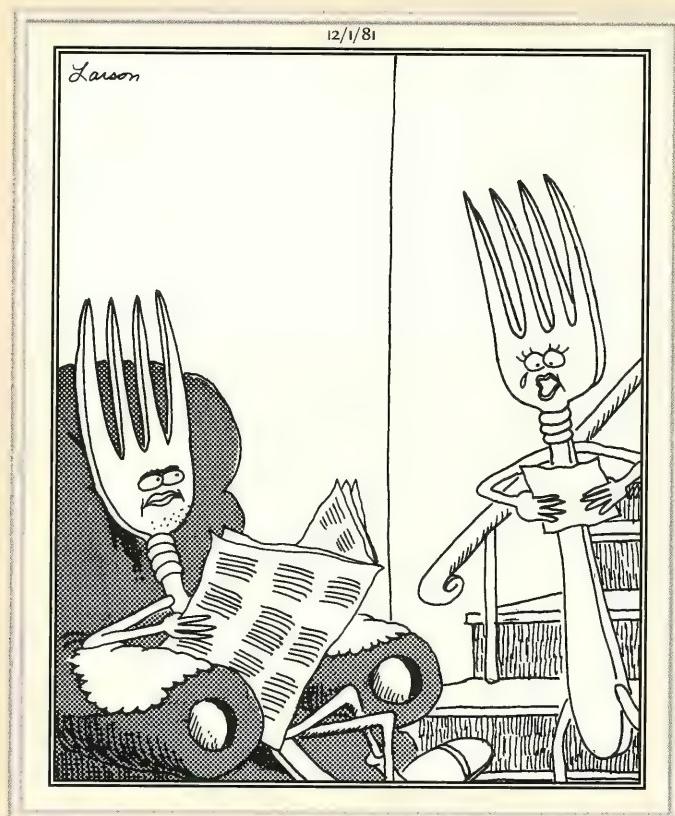


"We estimate it to be 7,000 kilometers in diameter, 130,000 kilometers away—and we're on a collision course!"

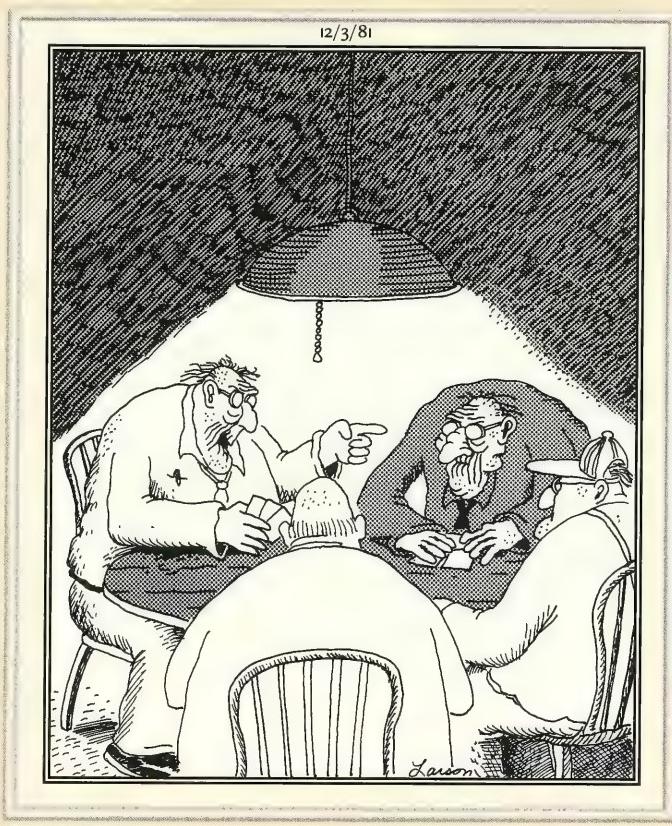
December 1981



"Fair is fair, Larry. ... We're out of food,
we drew straws—you lost."



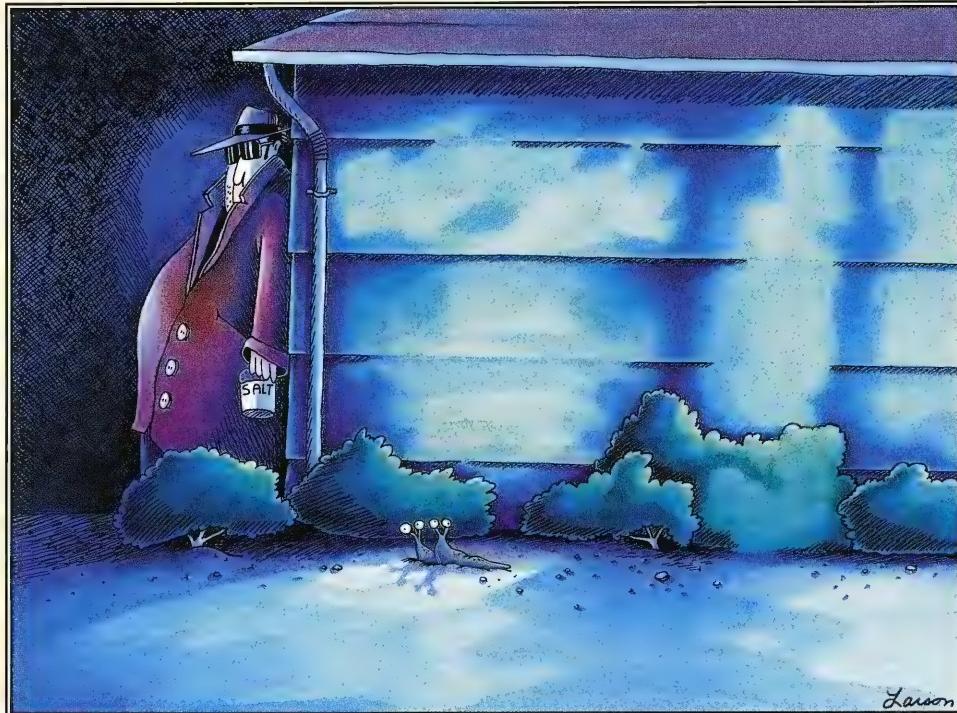
"Harry! I found this note from Mary Beth! ...
She's run off with a spoon!"



"Ha! I knew you were bluffing, Amos! You
never did have much of a poker face!"

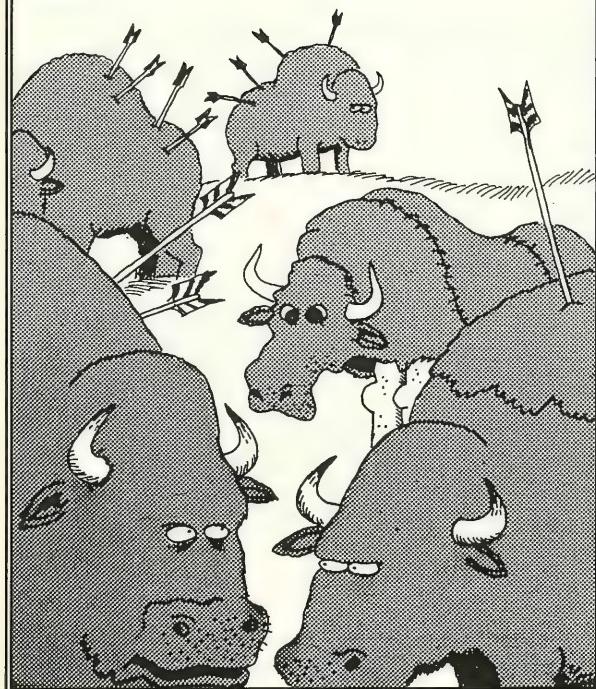
December 1981

12/5/81



12/4/81

Larson



Comics Editor
Minneapolis Tribune
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I am quite liberal when it comes to various types of comics and even go so far as to enjoy the cartoons and jokes in magazines like Playboy and High Society.

But I must strongly protest the cartoon, The Far Side, by Gary Larson. A sample is attached.

Larson has some kind of sickness in that he has to portray animals in some kind of suffering situation. I think we have enough people in the world who inflict pain on helpless animals and we don't have to encourage this craziness on the comic pages.

I am able to accept comics that deal with people-to-people violence simply because people have some control over how they may or may not feel toward each other. I cannot stomach the violence of people against animals who have no way of knowing when danger is imminent.

The Minneapolis Tribune should drop The Far Side until Gary Larson completes psychotherapy to overcome his problem. The Far Side does not represent humor. It represents illness.

Please send Gary Larson a copy of this letter. He needs to know that a whole lot of people don't think he's funny.

Thanks very much.

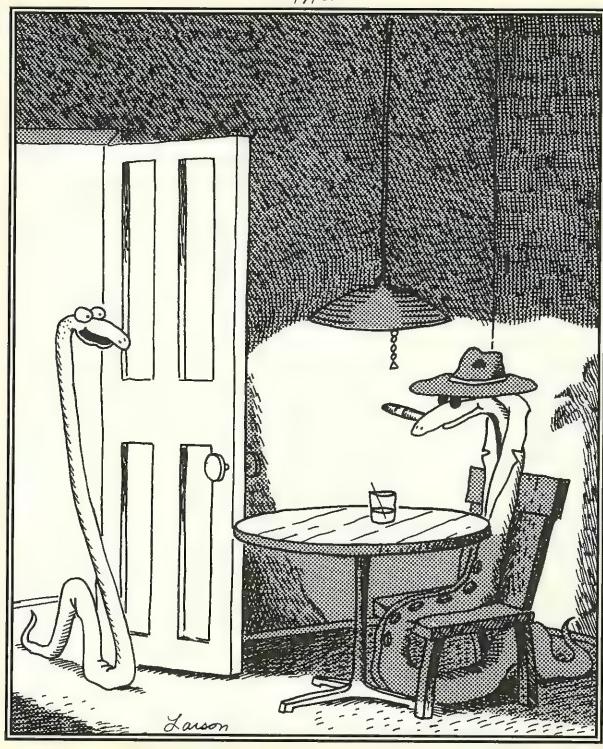
R. E. Enger
Minneapolis

P.S. I should add that the Minneapolis Tribune comic page is excellent (expect for an occasional Far Side) and urge you not to eliminate any of its other fine comics.

"Say ... maybe it's not just a bad swarm of horseflies."

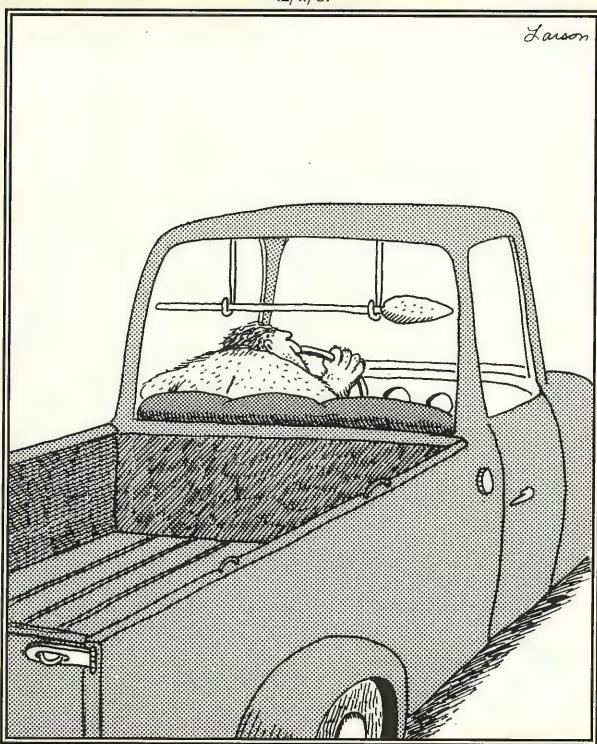
December 1981

12/7/81

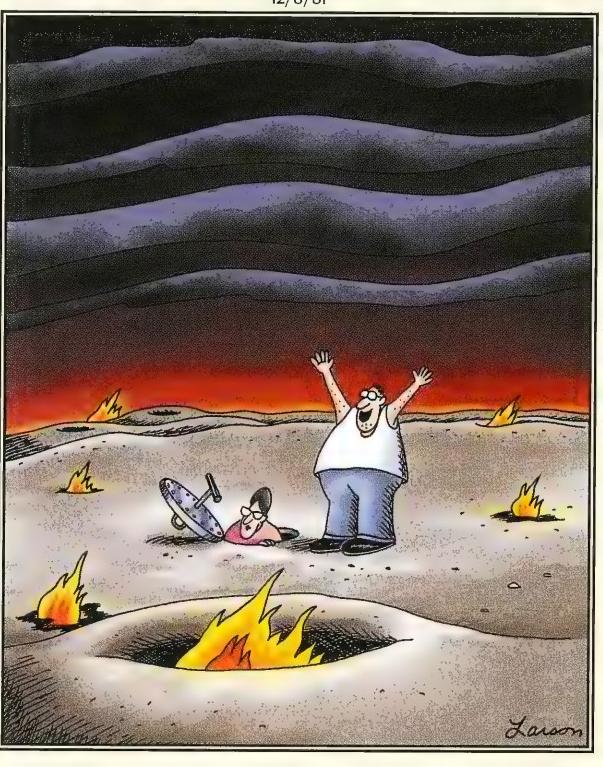


"So ... you must be the one they
call Mr. Long."

12/11/81

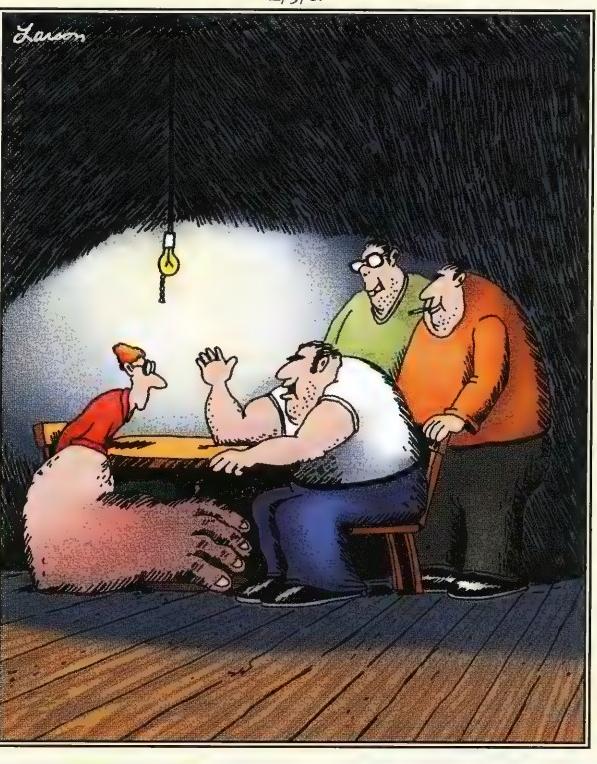


12/8/81



"Thank God, Sylvia! We're alive!"

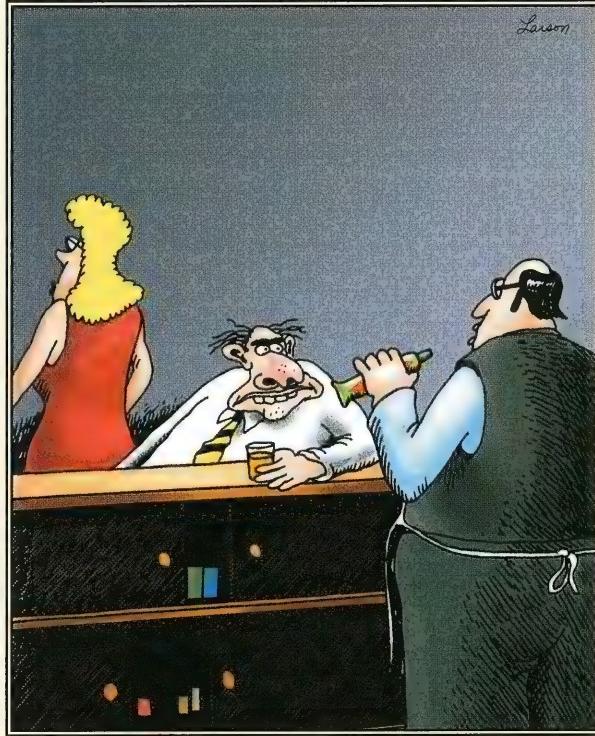
12/9/81



"Okay, buddy. Then how 'bout the right arm?"

12/14/81

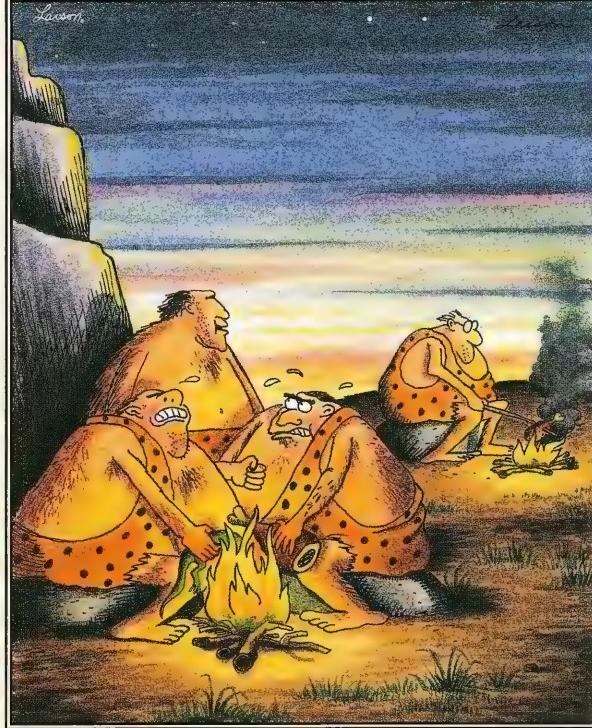
Larson



"Rejected again, huh Murray? Have you heard about this new breath-freshening toothpaste?"

12/10/81

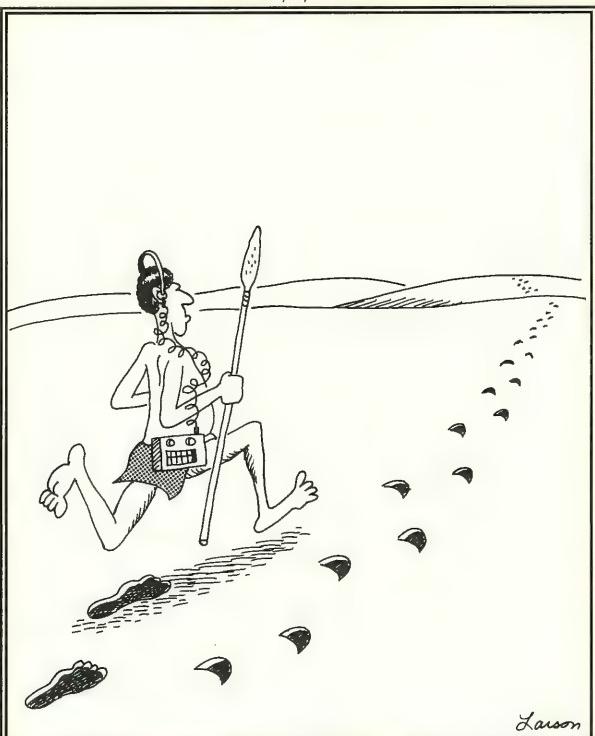
Larson



"Hey! Look what Zog do!"

12/12/81

Larson



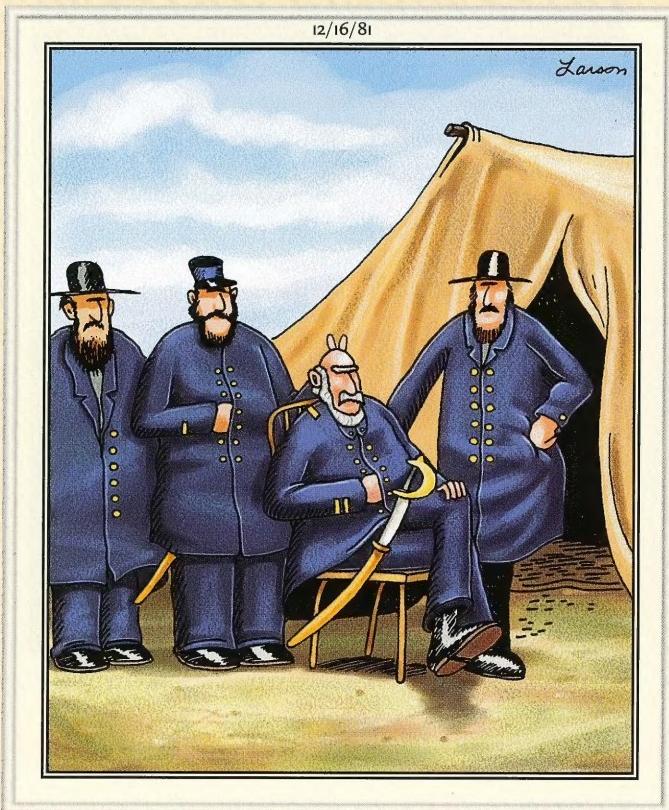
12/15/81

Larson

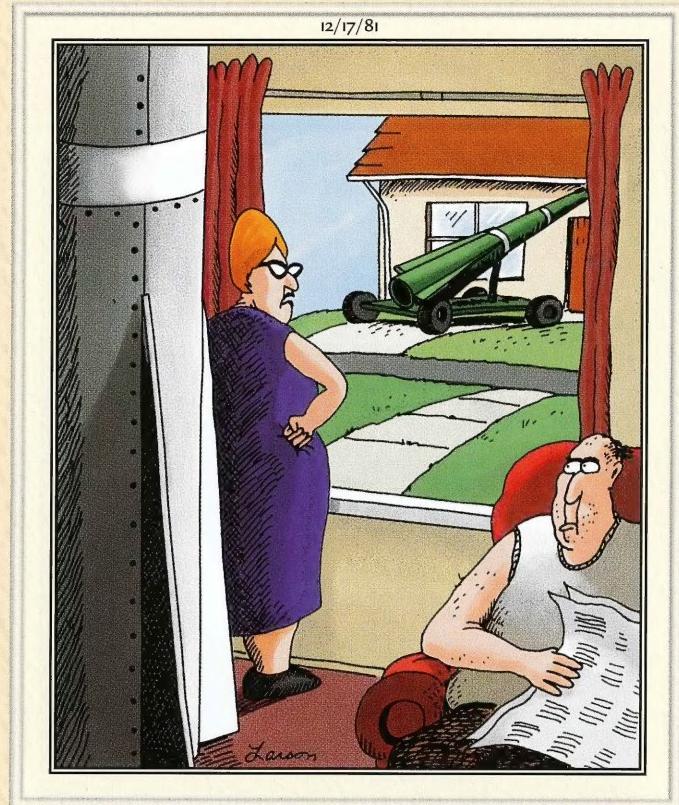


"Excuse me, Harold, while I go slip into something more comfortable."

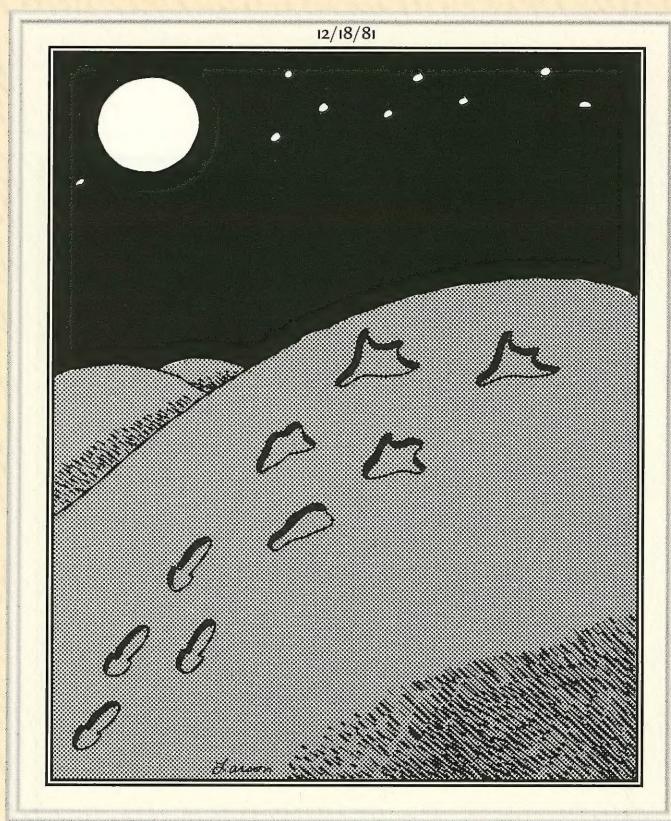
December 1981



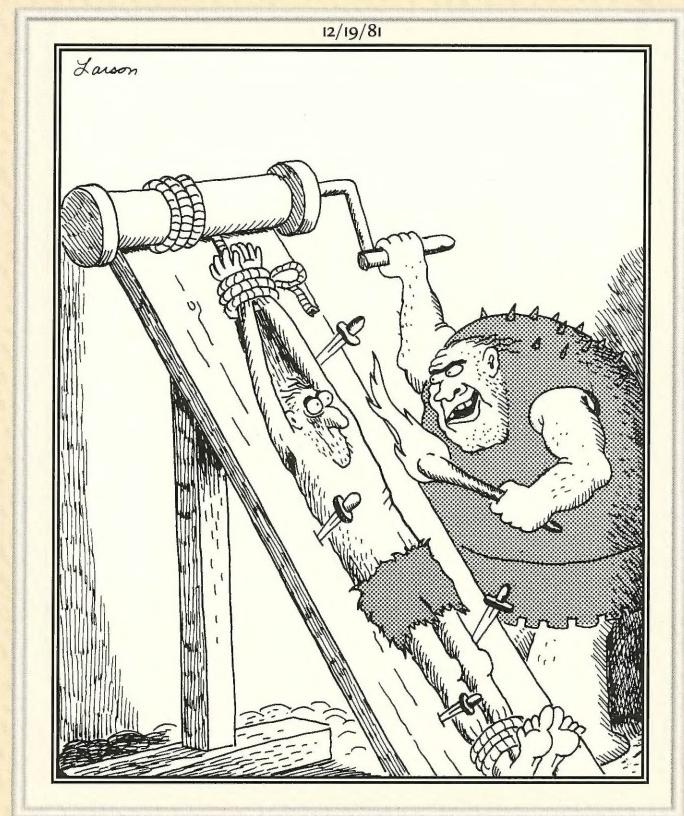
Near Gettysburg, 1863: A reflective moment



"Wouldn't you know it! Now the Hendersons have the bomb."

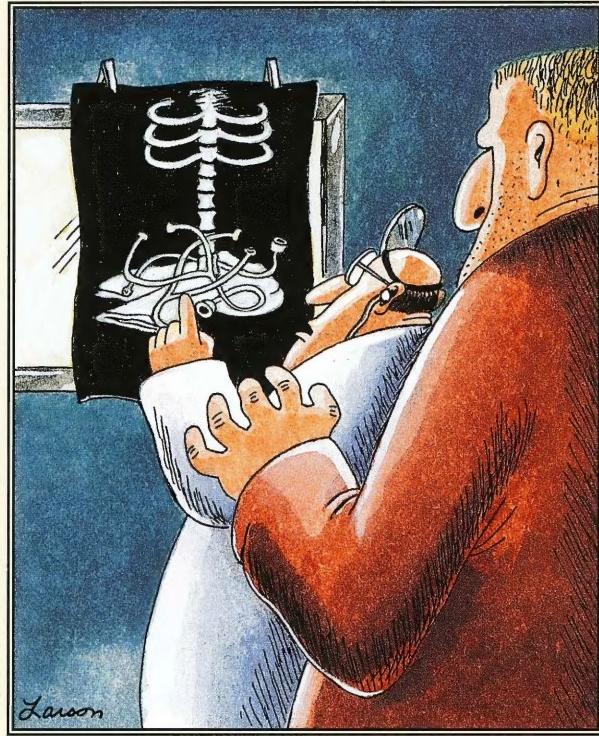


The wereduck cometh.



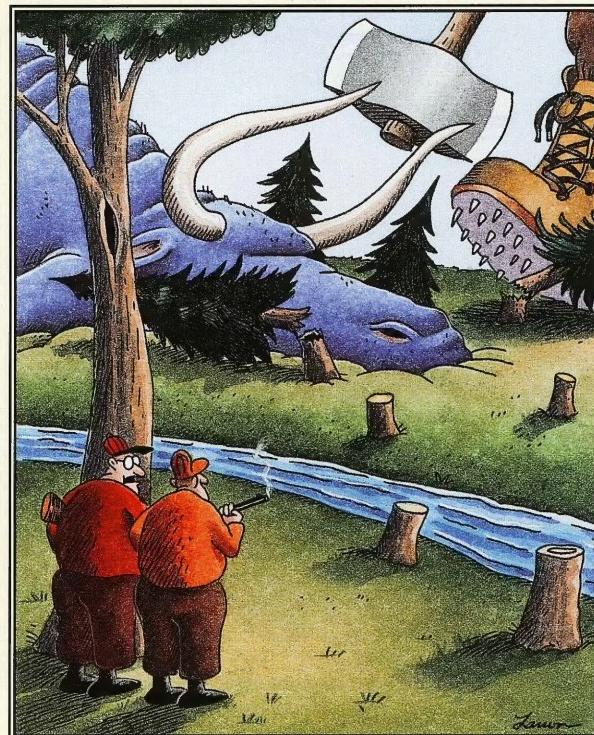
"Still won't talk, huh? ... Okay, no more Mr. Nice Guy."

12/22/81



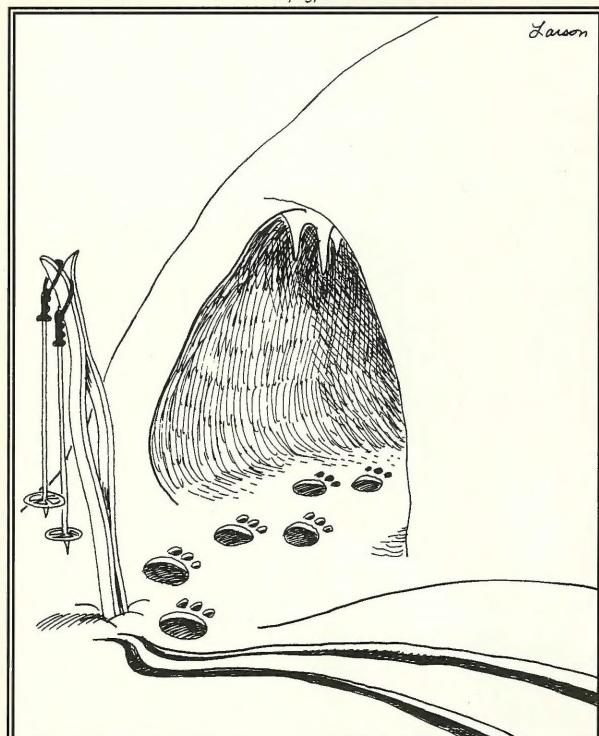
"My goodness, Mr. Osgood! Your X-ray reveals several stethoscopes, a smock, and ..."

12/21/81

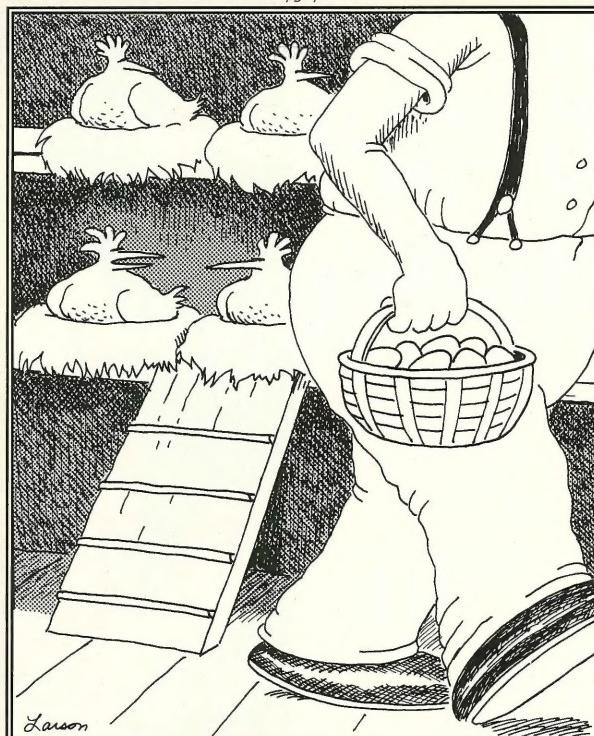


"Uh-oh, Stan. I guess it *wasn't* a big, blue mule deer."

12/25/81

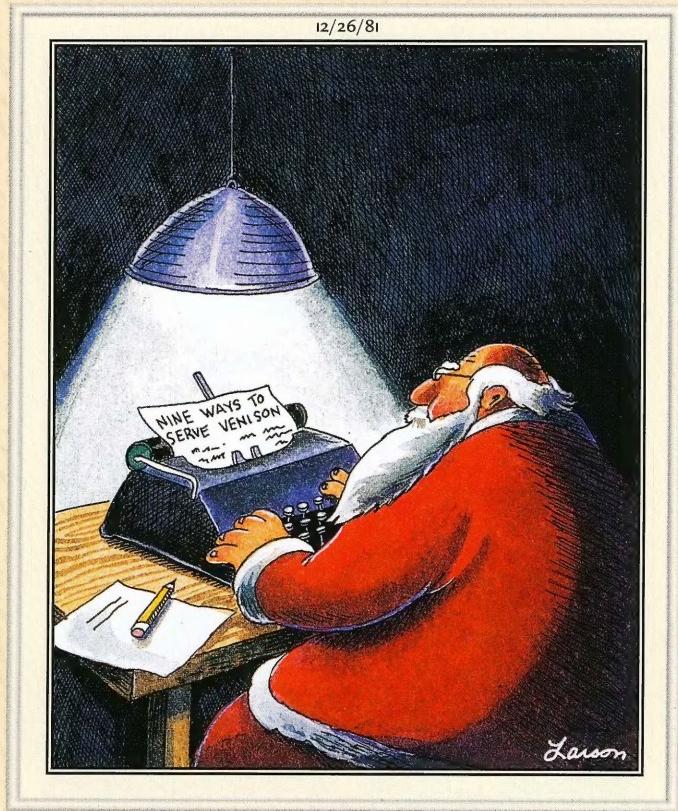
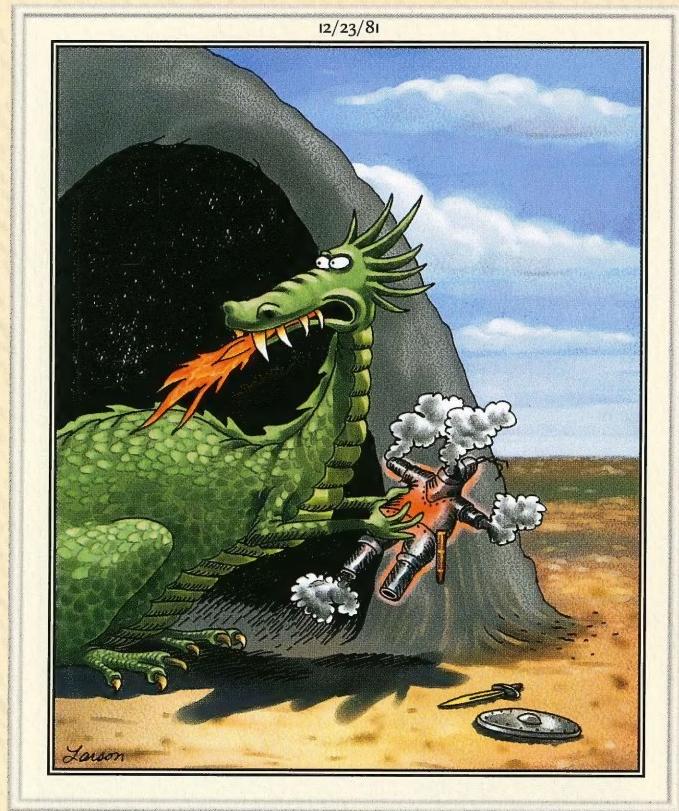


12/30/81

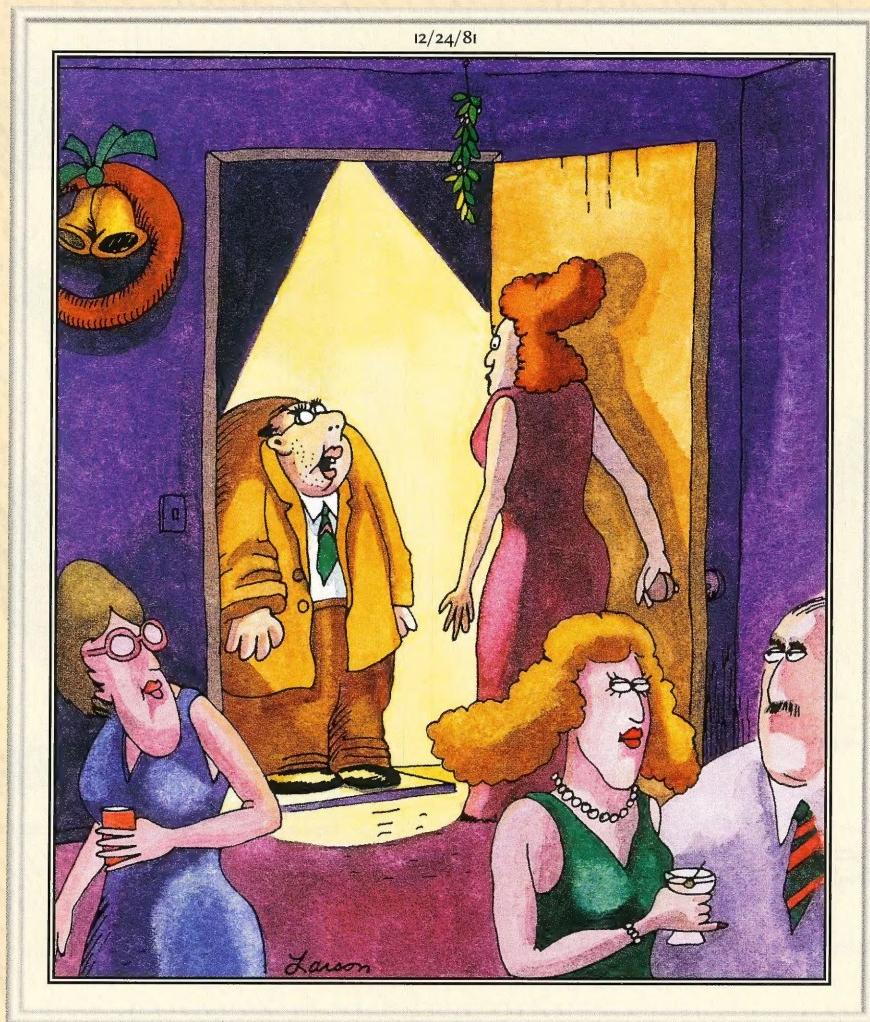


"Well, that does it! ... Tomorrow he dies."

December 1981



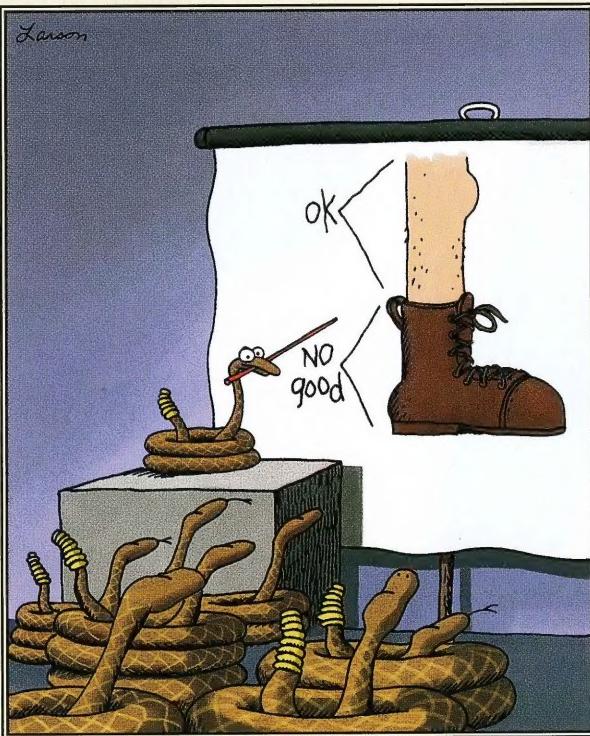
"Ooo! Ow! Blast it, Phyllis! ... Hurry up
with them hot pads!"



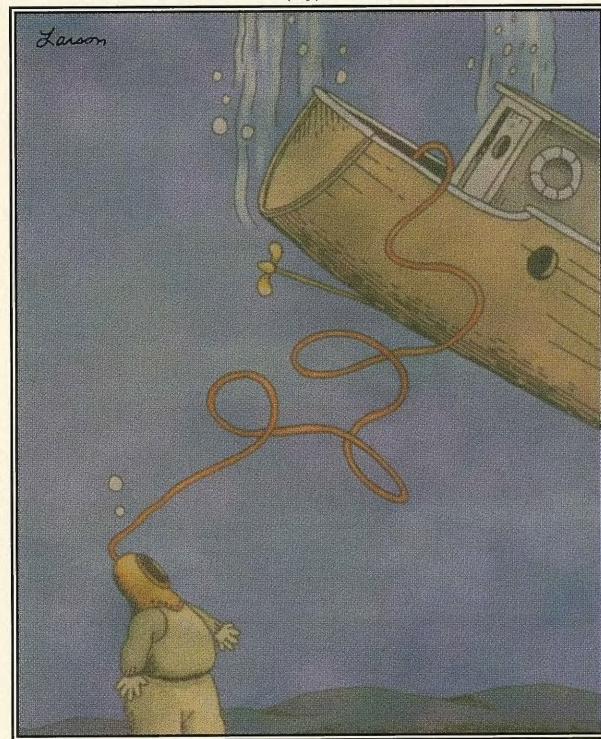
"Hello, I'm Clarence Jones from Bill's office and ...
Oh! Hey! Mistletoe!"

December 1981

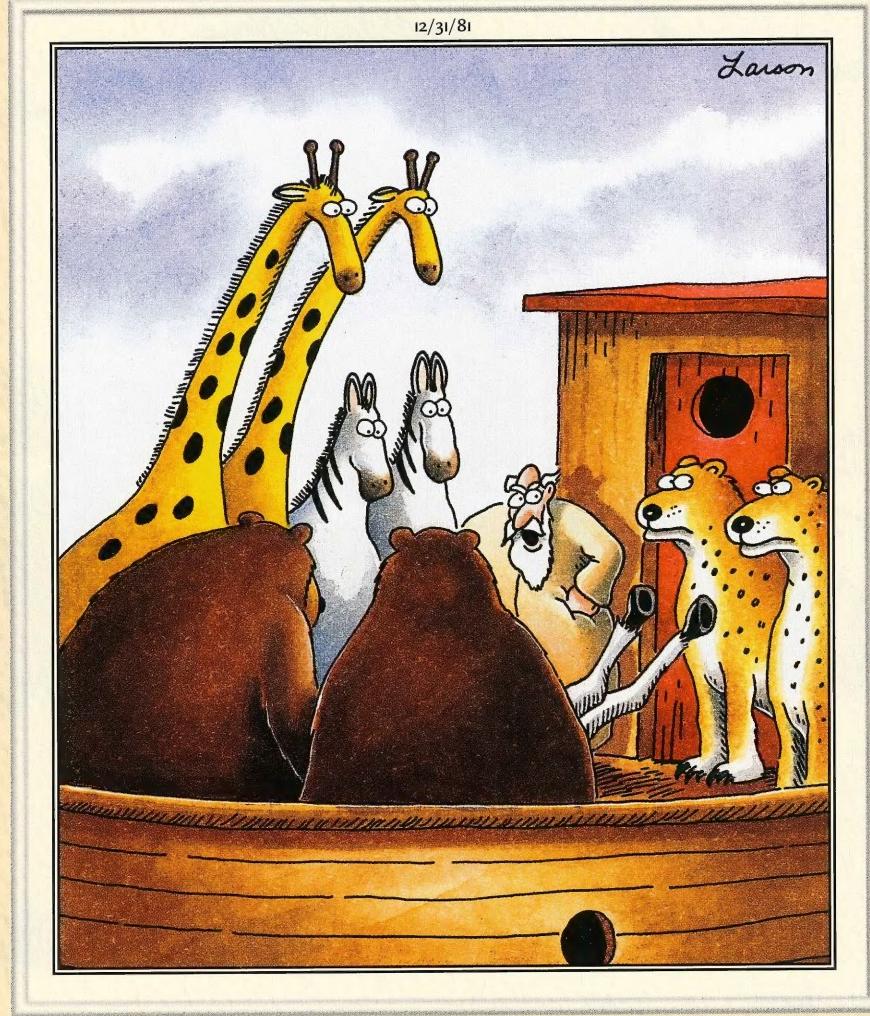
12/28/81



12/29/81



12/31/81



"Well, so much for the unicorns. ... But, from now on, all carnivores will be confined to 'C' deck."